WEEK
ENDING
MAY 24, 1930

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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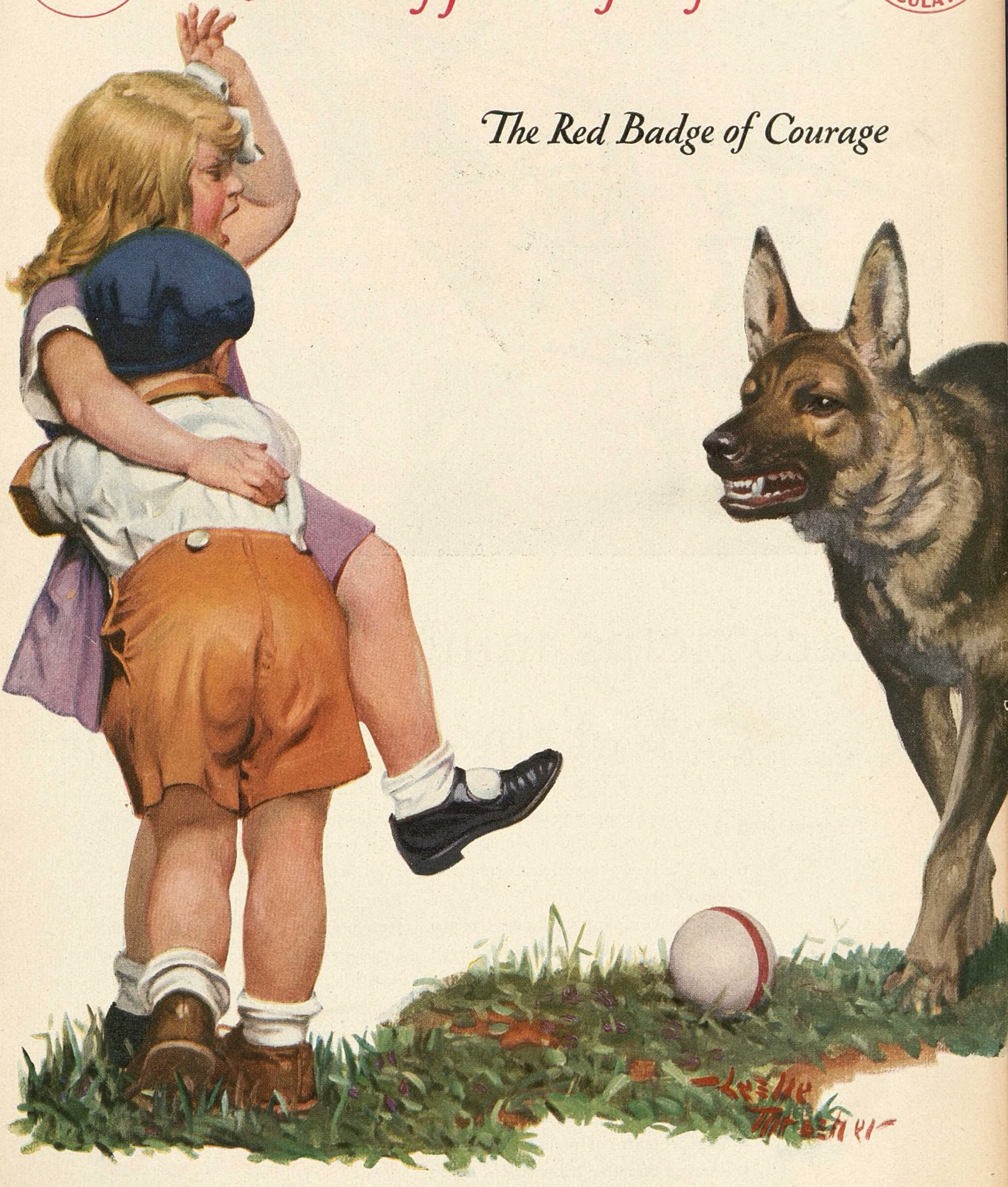
CIRCULATION

The Red Badge of Courage



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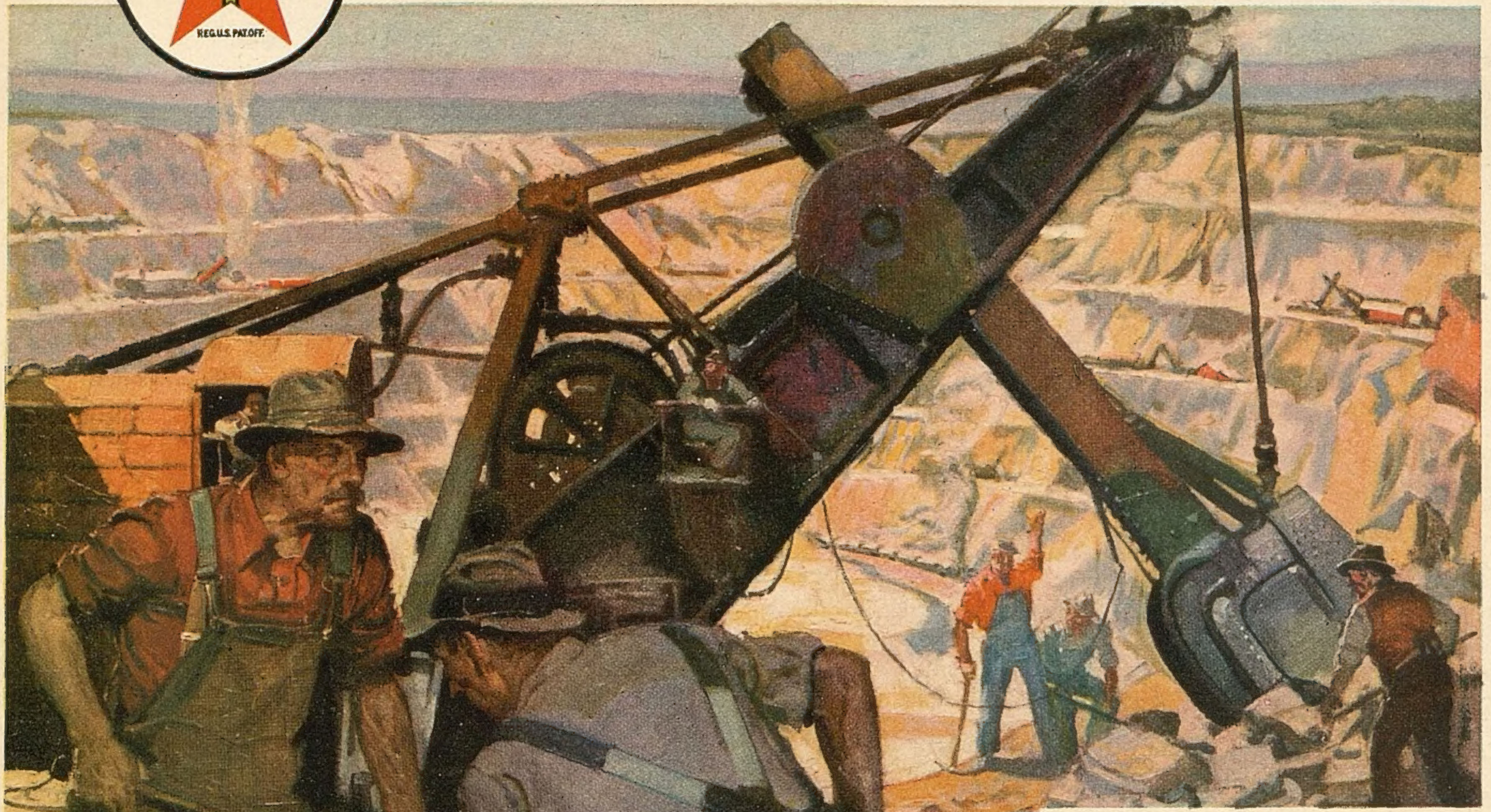

RESEARCH . . . THE GUIDE TO PROGRESS
Anticipating every development; insuring ever higher standards of quality . . . Texaco Laboratories are the source of Texaco progress.

Texaco helps mine 64% of the nation's copper

OF all the copper produced by the United States in a single year, two-thirds is provided by mines using Texaco Lubricants.

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When your daughter asks this question

surely it is easier to let her read for herself "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene"

The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene

IT should be a source of happiness for any woman to have her daughter's confidence. Far better that she should go to you with an intimate question, than to casual friends and acquaintances. Far safer that *you* should tell her about feminine hygiene, knowing that the correct information may keep her from acquiring misinformation, may save her from future distress.

It is possible that telling your daughter could be a little difficult, even embarrassing. Surely it is easier to send for the frank yet scientific booklet called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." Send for it. Give it to your daughter. Let her read it herself.

Warning Against Caustic Poisons

Should caustic poisons be used for feminine hygiene? "No," says the doctor. Of course, he realizes the importance of surgical cleanliness and sympathizes with the women who question him upon this subject. But he *will* warn them against bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid. He knows too well the dangers.

Careful grooming and hygiene are hand-in-hand. The dainty woman finds innumerable uses for Zonite in the regular routine of her toilette.

In the past, unfortunately, the question of the antiseptic was a very serious one. Just imagine! The only germicides powerful enough for this purpose were all caustic and poisonous. No wonder the doctors were grave when women insisted upon using them. But now all the worry is over.

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With the coming of Zonite, the whole situation changed. Zonite is non-caustic and non-poisonous. It can never cause hardened membranes. It can never produce areas of scar-tissue. It can never interfere with normal secretions.

Zonite is safe. As safe as pure water. Not the slightest danger even when used regularly. No danger even if accidentally swallowed. Think what a comfort that is, particularly when there are little children in the home. Zonite will not harm them. In fact dentists all over the country employ it in their practice and recommend it to their patients for preventive oral hygiene.

Zonite is actually soothing to tissues and helps promote healing. It is difficult to realize the strength, the power, of this marvelous germicide. *It is far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.* Zonite is a real blessing to women. It is sold in every drug store.

Send for this book of complete information

Send for this book today. It contains the whole story of feminine hygiene. It is written freely and frankly in words your daughter will understand. Give it to her with confidence because it is entirely authentic and scientific in its advice. Read it yourself and lend it to your friends. Women are always grateful for "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." Mail coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

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☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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MAY 24, 1930

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 7
No. 21

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

PUNCTUALITY

The writer of these lines recently attended a luncheon at which he was twenty minutes late.

There was no very good reason for this. He was detained by one little thing and another—a letter to be signed, someone with a special communication to make, a bill that needed O K-ing. So the time for getting to the luncheon was cut too fine, the taxi was delayed by traffic, and the hands of the clock slipped ten, fifteen, twenty minutes past the appointed hour.

The saddest thing about it was that the tardy one was the host, and the guests were a party of friends and business associates. The purpose of the luncheon was to renew acquaintanceships, cultivate good-will, and talk things over, particularly with one or two men whom the host likes and admires but seldom sees.

Of course what was accomplished was exactly the opposite of what was intended. The guests felt, and properly so, that the host had been inconsiderate.

Especially was this true in the case of one gentleman who left the place possibly in dudgeon before the host arrived.

This was the gentleman whom the host particularly hoped to please—and a marked copy of this editorial is going to be mailed to him. Which may or may not do good or rather undo the harm already done.

But the episode did the writer a lot of good. It emphasized anew a thing that needs frequent emphasizing—to wit, the importance of punctuality in everyday social and business life.

We think it fair to say that the ladies, on the whole, offend more than the men in this regard. They are generally the ones who keep folks waiting.

In the cities, the effect of tardiness is most noticeable at the theater, where the audience governs the time of the curtain's rise and fall. Late comers interrupt a performance, distract the customers, and penalize those who have been punctual by climbing over their feet and knees.

It started in wartime, when people turned up whenever they liked, without apology, and it has been getting worse ever since. So the theater managers have been chasing back the curtain time until now, in New York, plays begin at 8:50 or 9 and even that isn't late enough for the rear guard.

The thing is deeper than a mere matter of habit. It is a matter of character, and of morals.

If we waste our own time it is bad enough, but if we waste that of others it is worse. At least, the others think so, and it amounts to the same thing.

For a business man, it is one of the surest little tricks by which he may ingratiate himself and further his own interests, to be on time at all appointments. It is not difficult to manage, assuming that his appointments are intelligently arranged, and the results are all out of proportion to the effort involved.

Likewise, being late is one of the worst handicaps he can impose on himself, not only because it irritates his associates, but because it indicates or suggests an element of slackness in all his dealings.

Some wit has said that punctuality is the thief of time, but the old bromide, "procrastination is the thief of time," is a far truer and more dependable statement of the case. Most bromides are like that. If they weren't true they wouldn't be bromides.

Well, this is a long-winded and sententious apology, and we can only hope it will be seen by the right people. It ends up with a solemn resolution to do better in the future. And if any of our readers share with us the bad habit of being late we should like to say that it will be a good thing manfully and sternly to overcome it. It is one of the best things we can do.

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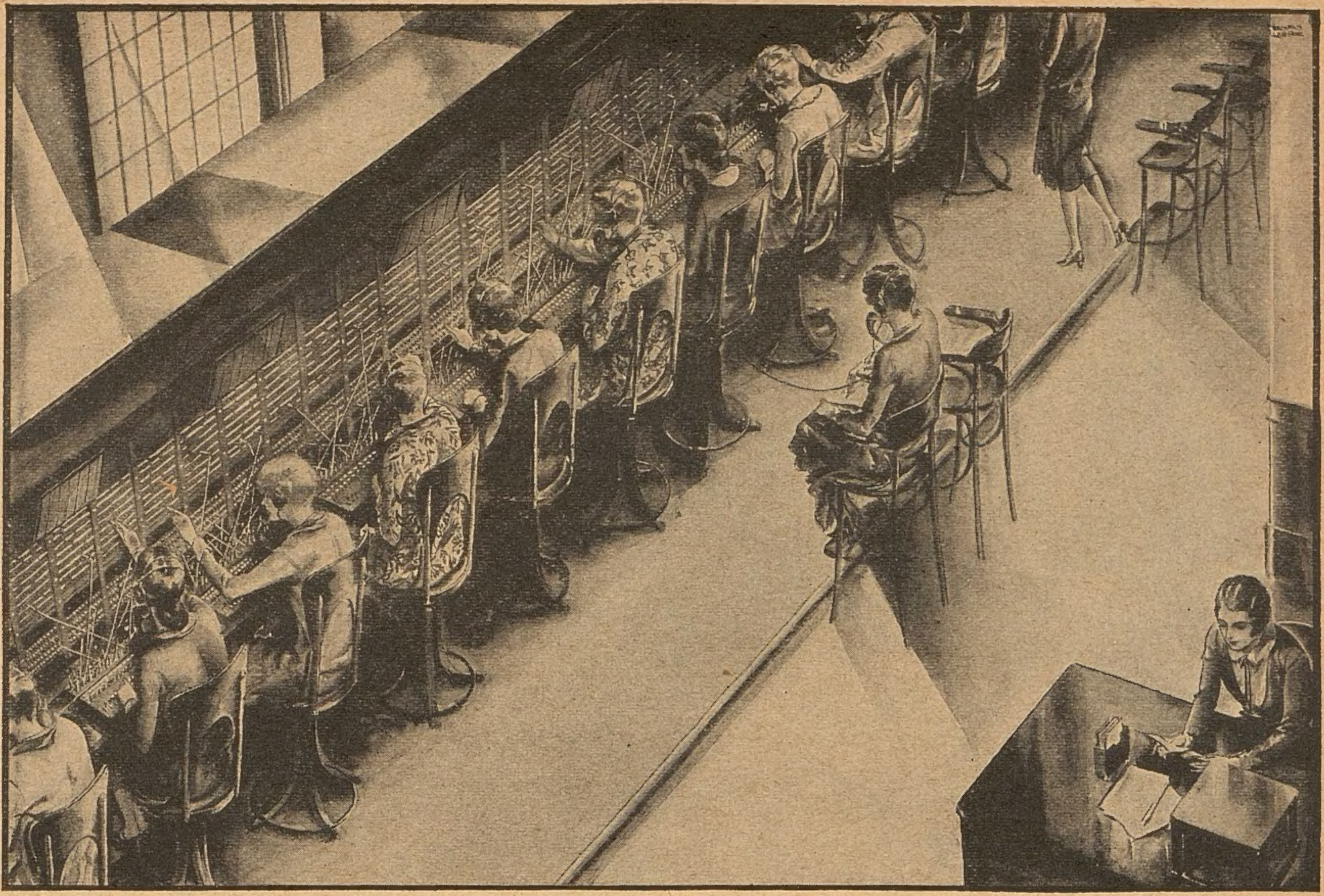


EACH CALL MUST BE HANDLED SEPARATELY, EACH FITTED TO THE NEEDS OF THE INDIVIDUAL WHO MAKES IT

65 million calls a day . . . each one made to order

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

When you pick up your telephone, you may use $10,000 worth of equipment to talk to your neighbor three blocks away, or $10,000,000 worth of equipment to talk 3000 miles across the continent. Each call must be handled separately, each made to order.

To render this service in a way that fits the needs of the American people, the operation of the System is conducted by 24 different companies, each adapted to the area it serves.

These Associated Companies have the benefit of study and analysis by the staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, leading to progressive improvements in service. Each of the Bell Companies takes advantage of the research findings of the Bell Laboratories, commanding scientific talent unsurpassed in any industry.

The quality and precision manufacture of the telephone equipment and apparatus used by the entire System are assured by the specialized production methods of the Western Electric Company, which manufactures for the Bell System.

Today the Bell System is building ahead of the requirements of the public—to the end that the people of this nation may have the greater telephone facilities which they will need tomorrow.

BELL SYSTEM

Its Bubbles wash Impurities from *Between* the Teeth

Colgate's not only polishes the smooth outer surfaces . . . but also washes out the tiny crevices where ordinary brushing can't reach. Thus, it cleans teeth completely.

MERE surface polishing of teeth is only *half* cleansing. Danger lurks in the spaces between teeth; in the tiny fissures where food particles collect and where decay may begin.

Colgate's cleanses these hard-to-reach places. Its bubbling, sparkling foam penetrates the crevices; softens the deposits and flushes them away in a hygienic wave of complete cleanliness.

This Colgate foam is unique. Scientific tests prove that it has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading toothpastes. Its washing action is amazingly thorough. After brushing with Colgate's, your mouth *feels* clean . . . because it *is* clean . . . as no other toothpaste *can* clean.

Colgate's polishes teeth brilliantly . . . using the soft, chalk powder which all dentists use for this purpose. But any good toothpaste will polish the teeth. Colgate's, *in addition* to polishing, gives the *extra* protection of a thorough washing action which makes the cleansing operation *complete*.

Superiority in cleansing and economy have made Colgate's the most popular toothpaste on earth . . . used by more people and recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice made.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the Largest Selling Toothpaste in the World

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREA
COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CR
25c

If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder. It has the same superior cleansing power as the cream.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

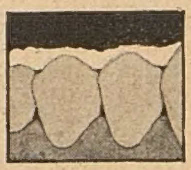
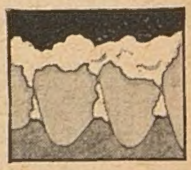


Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-527, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. C. Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name..

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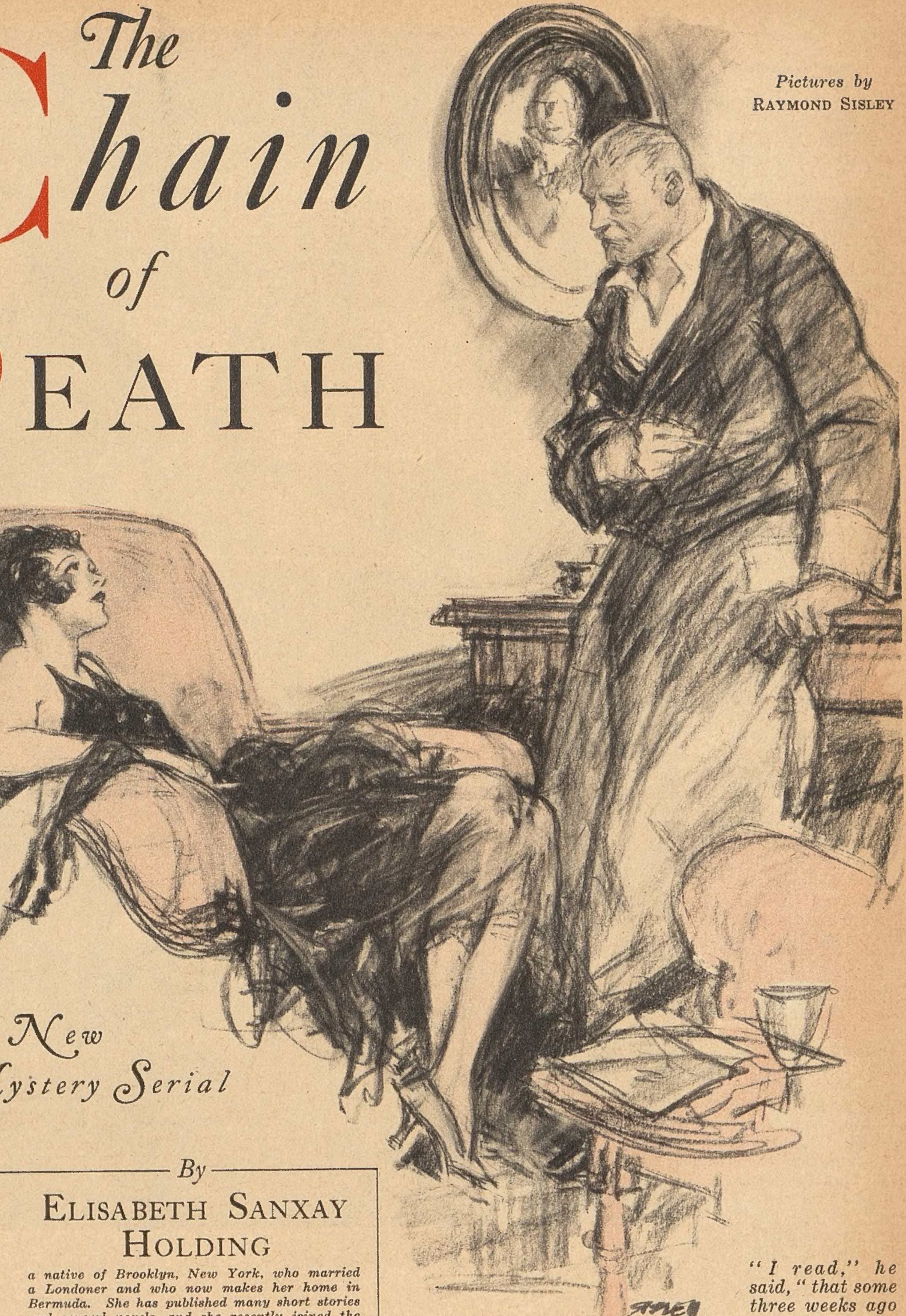
The Chain of Death

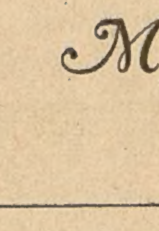
Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY



"I read," he said, "that some three weeks ago your father was shot dead by a burglar he'd surprised in the act of stealing the silver."

A New Mystery Serial

By



ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

a native of Brooklyn, New York, who married a Londoner and who now makes her home in Bermuda. She has published many short stories and several novels, and she recently joined the ranks of mystery-tale tellers.

PART ONE—A HOUSE IN SUSPENSE

THE telephone rang, and Clement reached for the instrument, took down the receiver, and said "hello" in a muffled voice, without glancing up from the book that lay open on his knee.

"A lady to see you, sir."

"A lady?" he repeated, startled. "No!"

There was no lady now alive in the world whom he wished to see, and none who had any right to come disturbing him in his own flat at this hour of the evening.

"Ask her what's her name."

There was another pause

[CONTINUED NEXT PAGE]

THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Cont'd from page 7

"Says it's a relative, sir."

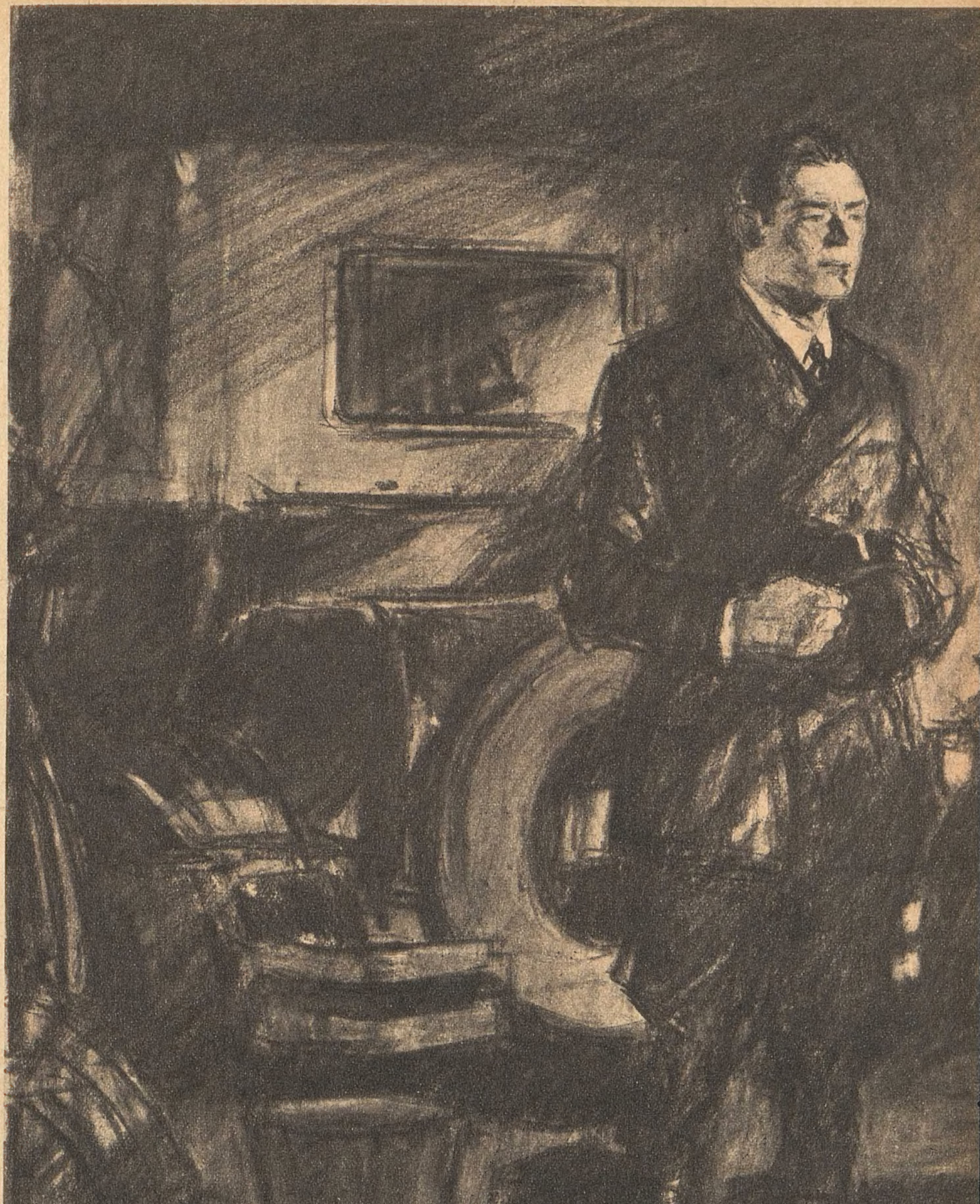
Clement frowned and sighed.

"Well . . . All right! Let her come up!" he said.

For, like most people, he had female relatives and they were, he thought, capable of anything. He hung up the receiver and rose, a big man, with a stoop to his heavy shoulders, and cold blue eyes, and a grizzled mustache that did not conceal a mouth like a steel trap. His friends — and his enemies—had a nickname for him; his name suggested "cement," and so did his disposition, and they called him "Old Portland."

HE looked about the room to see if everything were in order. It was a big, high-ceilinged room, filled with massive old furniture, a heavy and somber room, lit only by a green-shaded lamp on his desk. It was a wet, chilly night, but one of the long windows was open at the top and the rain blew in a little. He didn't care; rain would not hurt the ancient solidity of his furniture, and he never left anything about that the wind could flutter.

The bell of his flat rang and he went out into the hall and opened the door. Standing there in the brightly lit corridor was a girl: a thin, dark, vivid young creature, bareheaded, with a fur-trimmed wrap over a black evening frock.



He saw something odd. . . . Lois had spoken again, and Stevens had smi

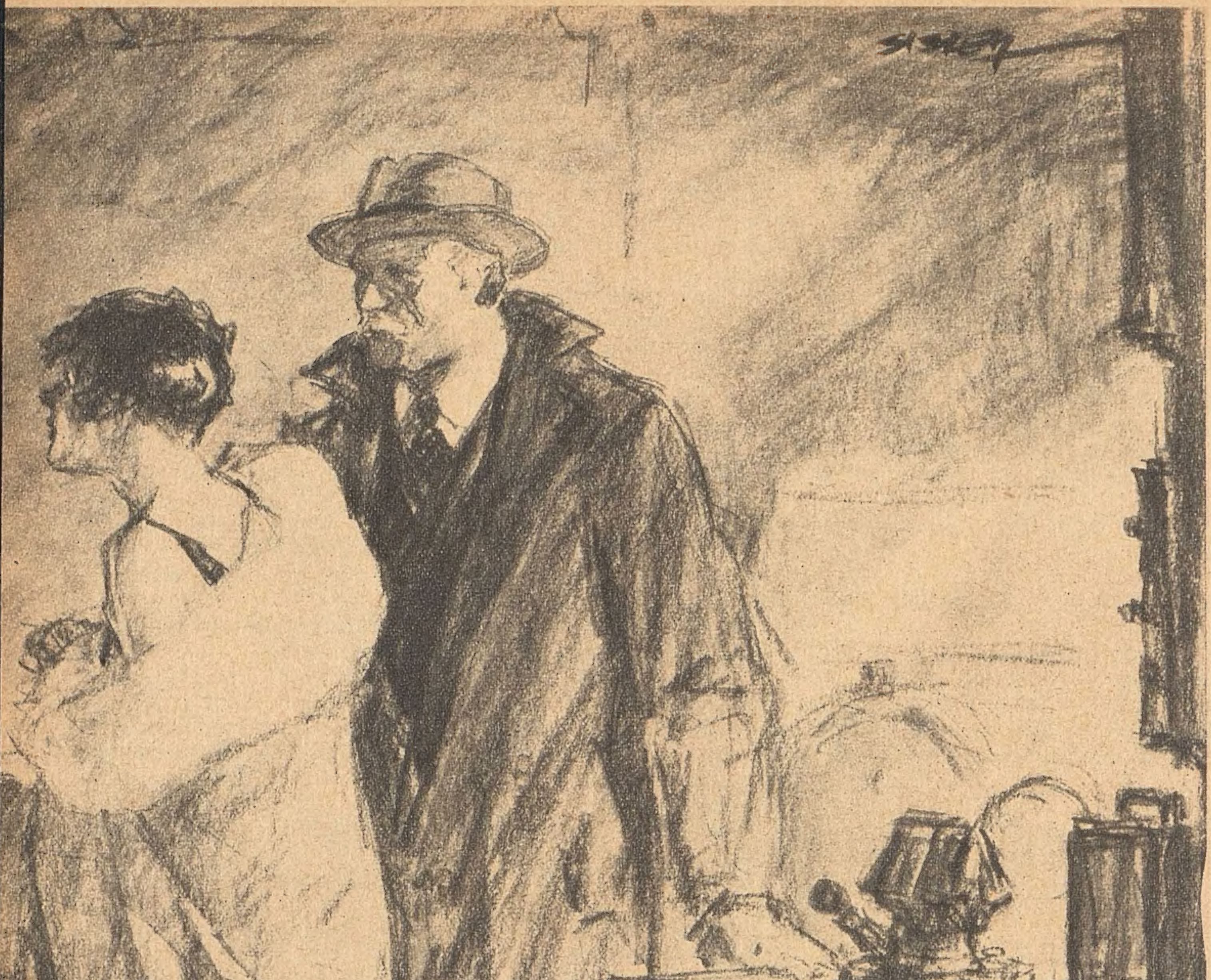
"Sorry to bother you, Uncle Barty," she said casually.

"Ha! Lois . . ." he said. "It's you. . . . Come in!"

Neither of them made any pretense of smiling; he stepped aside, and she went past him into the gloomy sitting room. For a moment she stood there, looking about her, then she slipped off her wrap and sank into a huge leather armchair, while Clement stood looking down at her.

She was the only child of his only sister; but that fact failed to touch him. Also, she was now an orphan; and that did not touch him, either. Her father's death had been tragic; but when he had last seen the girl, at the funeral three weeks ago, she had not appeared grief-stricken.

Since childhood she had been remarkably self-sufficing, and to Clement entirely unappealing—a careless, arrogant, self-centered young nuisance. He had never troubled himself about her, and she had never before seemed aware of his existence.



tle, and from the corner of his mouth there came a tiny trickle of blood.

From her rhinestone bag she took out a silver case and a lighter and lit a cigarette. And now he observed that beneath her nonchalant manner she was much agitated; her hand was not steady, her breathing was rapid.

"Do you know why I've come?" she asked brusquely.

He sat down on the edge of a table.

"I suppose you're in some sort of difficulty," he said.

"I don't get in 'difficulties,'" she retorted scornfully. "And if I did I wouldn't ask anyone else to get me out of them."

"Well, then . . .?" asked Old Portland in his muffled voice.

"It's about father," she said, and was silent for a moment. "Of course you read all about it in the newspapers."

Old Portland now lit a cigarette for himself.

"I can't say I read 'all' about it," he answered. "Simply the main facts."

"What facts?"

He glanced at her sidelong before he spoke.

"I read," he said, "that some three weeks ago your father was shot dead by a burglar he'd surprised in the act of stealing the silver."

He made no attempt to soften the statement, and she did not flinch.

"That's the tale," she said, and was silent for a moment. "The police are satisfied with it. Everyone else is—except me."

"And what's your idea?"

AGAIN she was silent for a moment. She was sitting within the circle of light from the shaded lamp, and he saw that her young face had grown pale and grim.

"I never believed in that burglar," she said. "And now—I'm sure."

"Is that feminine intuition?" asked Old Portland. "Or have you any evidence?"

"It's evidence enough for me," she answered slowly, "but I've got to have another opinion. I want the opinion of someone who doesn't give a hoot for us—someone who'll try to find out the truth, and not care who gets hurt by it."

He looked at her with a new interest now; she had suddenly become a human being and not a type.

"Let's hear all about it," he said.

She opened her bag again, and took out a folded paper.

"I've written it down," she said. "Just the facts. I haven't said anything about the people, because you can judge for yourself when you see them—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Continued from page nine

"See them?" he interrupted.

Her dark eyes looked steadily into his blue ones.

"I thought you'd come out," she said.

"Well, why? I've got work—a life of my own."

"I thought you'd come, though," she said.

"But why? I don't mean to be hard, or anything of that sort—but I don't see . . . I wasn't a friend of your father's. I'm not particularly interested in abstract justice. It's not my job to punish the guilty. Why me?"

He waited with considerable interest for her answer. And he made up his mind that if she reminded him that he was her mother's only brother, if she said she needed his help, he would acknowledge her claim and would go.

"I ask you," she said, "because you're—impersonal."

That answer a little disappointed him.

"If I'm so impersonal," he said, "why should you expect me to be interested enough to give up my time to this—wild-goose chase? You haven't told me anything yet."

"It's all in that paper," she said. "If you don't agree with me after you've read it, then—all right."

"Then you'll find someone else?"

"No," she said in her scornful way. "There isn't anyone else. I'll just try by myself."

"You're bound to avenge your father?"

She rose and took up her wrap.

"It's not that," she said curtly. "Only I'm satisfied, myself, that the person who killed him is still in the house. And I'd feel responsible if anything else happened."

He had risen too.

"Expecting another—crime?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "Maybe *that's* nothing but 'feminine intuition'—but I do."

"Hold on!" he said, as she moved toward the door. "This isn't settled yet, young lady!"

"There's a boy waiting for me outside in a taxi," she said. "We're going to a play. It's late already."

"Step in on your way home."

"I can't. I'll have to hurry for the last train out to Moorewood. I'll ring you up tomorrow morning."

"This boy who's waiting . . . like him?"

"No," she said. "Not much. But I was glad to get away from that house for an evening."

"Why do you stay there if you're uncomfortable? Can't you visit—"

"I don't care about being comfortable," she said disdainfully. "And I told you I thought something was going to happen there."

HE did not point out to her that this was illogical; indeed, he did not find it so. One didn't run away from a place where things were going to happen. She was struggling impatiently with her wrap, and as he stepped forward to help her he caught a glimpse of her profile, her clear, clean features, her fine, dark brow. An old memory stirred in him.

"Do you remember your mother?" he asked.

"No," she answered curtly.

She faced him again, with her eyes narrowed; then, under his steadfast glance, she frowned and her eyes widened, grew serious and thoughtful.

"Did you ever read anything of Dr. Watson's?" she asked.

"Never heard of him."

"He's the behaviorist, you know. He thinks that your environment—your early training—is the only thing that counts."

"Nonsense!" said Old Portland. "Character—that's the thing. Napoleon said it: 'Character is destiny.'"

"I guess you don't know," she said. "I guess you were brought up in that nice, old-fashioned way. By nice, old-fashioned, *sure* parents."

A queer little vision came to him, of the breakfast room of his old home; his mother, gracious and gay, sitting behind the coffee urn; his father, absent-minded, a little stiff, but so courteous, punctilious even to his children. . . . For an instant he recaptured the very feel of those summer mornings of his childhood—the perfume of the stocks in the garden, the aroma of coffee, the glitter of the sun on silver and glass, all the sense of clean, cheerful well-being. . . . It had been a long time since he had thought of any of those things.

"Yes . . ." he said, half to himself.

"Well," she said, "things like that count. People *told* you what to do—and you did what you were told until you got into nice habits. But when nobody tells you anything—"

"Your stepmother's taken a great deal of trouble—"

"You needn't think I'm complaining," said she. "I was just thinking out loud. Well . . . read that paper, won't you? And I'll ring you up in the morning."

He went out into the corridor with her, stood at the head of the stairs, watching her as she descended.

THEN he went back into his austere room, sat down in one of the tremendous chairs, with his long legs stretched out. He was thinking of what she had said.

"Environment . . . no!" he said to himself. "No; it's character that counts. . . . She's got character—that girl. . . ."

He thought of his sister. Certainly Lois did not resemble that gentle, pretty mother of hers.

"And she doesn't take after her father!" he thought.

He had always regarded the late Gilbert Emery as the most unnecessary and objectionable man alive, and the fact of his being dead gave him no halo. No wonder his daughter was running out to theaters three weeks after his death.

"But that notion of hers," he reflected. "Nothing in that, of course."

He took down the receiver and spoke through the telephone.

"See if you can get me the newspapers for the twenty-seventh of last month," he said.

He didn't ask whom he was speaking to; he didn't know; he didn't care. What he wanted done would be done. And within fifteen minutes the hallboy came up with those newspapers, crumpled and by no means clean, but smoothed out and neatly folded now.

"The janitor happened to—"

"All right!" said Old Portland, and gave him a tip.

Then he sat down and began to read, with care, the accounts of his brother-in-law's tragic accident. They all agreed; things were perfectly plain and straightforward. At a quarter past twelve on the morning of the 27th a shot had been heard by several members of the household. The first person to reach the dining room from which the sound came had been Mr. Barrow, Emery's secretary. He testified that he had found Emery, in pyjamas and dressing gown, lying on the floor by the sideboard, shot through the heart—and that he had seen a man running across the lawn. Captain Marcus Snow, a relative of Mrs. Emery's, had also seen this man from an upper window. Several valuable pieces of silver had been taken from the sideboard. The police were in possession of important clews.

There had been an inquest, with the obvious verdict of murder by some person or persons unknown. There was no suggestion of anything more than a burglarious assault.

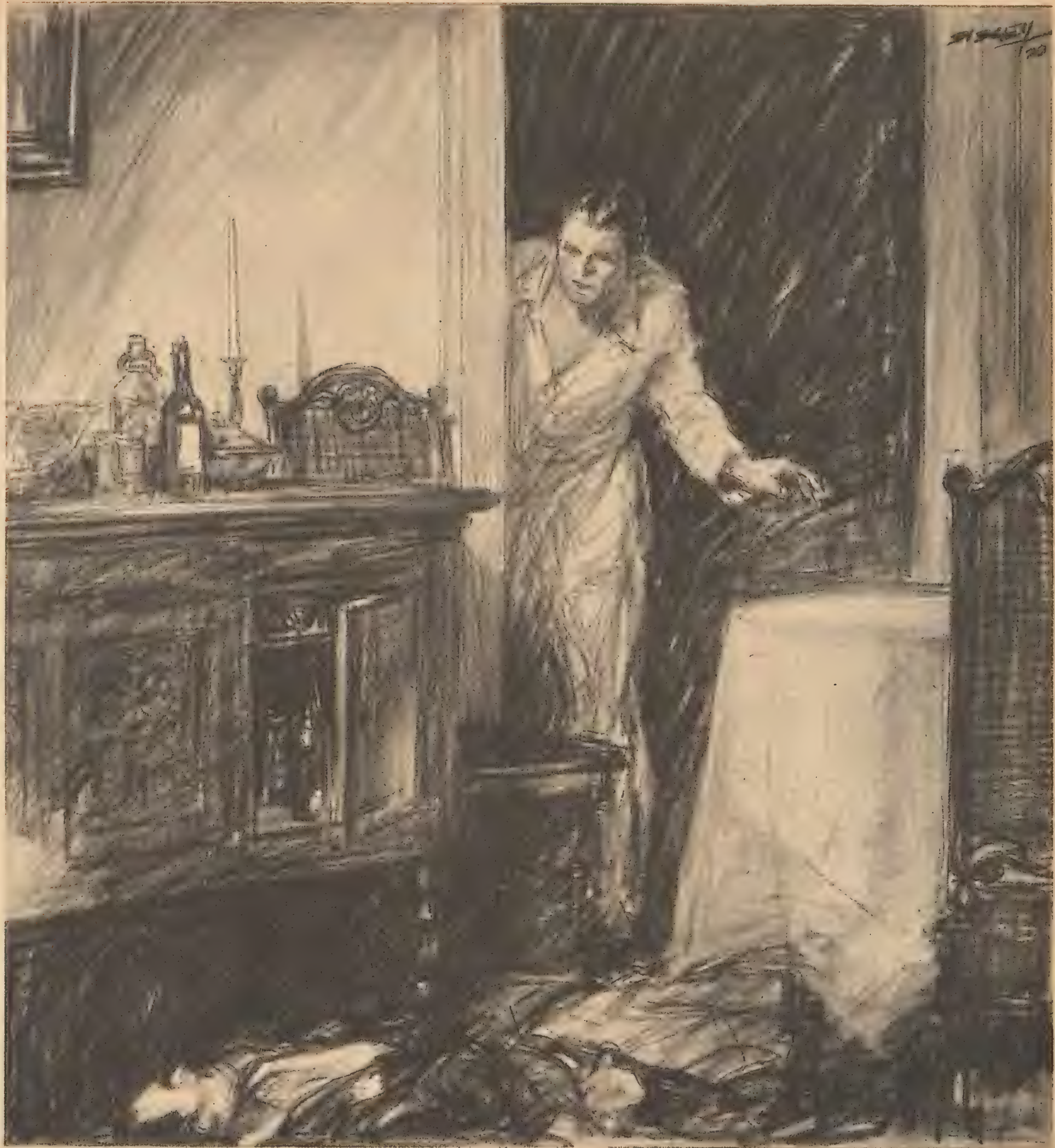
"No," he thought. "The girl's upset—overwrought. I'll have a look at her precious paper, though."

As he unfolded it, he was surprised to find, not a schoolgirl scrawl, but very neatly typed pages, headed "Confidential."

The first page bore the title:

PERSONS WHO I BELIEVE WERE IN THE HOUSE
AT 12:15 AT NIGHT ON THE 27TH

1. Myself.
2. My stepmother, Lydia Emery.
3. Marcus Snow.
4. Jack Barrow.
5. Elsie Evans.



The first person to reach the dining room from which the sound came had been Mr. Barrow, Emery's secretary.

6. Duncan Sommerfield.
7. Selma Petersen, the cook.
8. Agnes Croly, the housemaid.

ALIBIS

1. I claim that I was reading in bed.
2. My stepmother says she was asleep.
3. Marcus Snow says he was sitting smoking by the open window in his room.
4. Jack says he was reading in the library.
5. Elsie says she was studying in her own room.
6. Duncan says he was out.
7. Selma says she was in bed and asleep.
8. Agnes says the same.

Nobody can corroborate anyone else's statement. Nobody admits seeing anyone until Marcus Snow ran downstairs when he heard the shot, and met Jack. I have figured out that any of the persons in the house could have fired that shot, and run up the back stairs, which are very near the dining room.

Excepting the servants, whom I don't know much about, everyone in the house had a pretty good reason for wanting to kill my father.

The second page was headed:

REASONS FOR DOUBTING THE BURGLAR THEORY

1. I heard father go past my door and downstairs at least half an hour before the shot was fired. It is pretty certain that he went to the sideboard in the dining room, because he always did. So there must have been a light in the dining room half an hour before the shot was fired. That would mean that the burglar came in *after* father, and shot him.

2. When I got down there, I am sure I saw the silver filigree

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Continued from page eleven

bowl on the sideboard. I went upstairs when they carried father up, and after that it disappeared.

3. Everyone in the house is suspicious and miserable. I am sure that not one of us believes in that burglar.

. . . . .

Old Portland read this document through twice. Then he took down the receiver again.

II

DOWN the great flight of steps in the Grand Central came Lois, like a haughty princess, her little dark head held high, her fur-trimmed wrap held about her with one hand. Old Portland watched her with a sort of severe admiration.

Then she caught sight of him, stopped short, and came on, unsmiling as usual.

"Where's the boy?" he asked.

"Just left him," she said. "I've had enough of *his* company. I've got to step to get that last train—"

"No," he said. "Wait!"

He was pleased to observe that she did wait, without question, standing before him and looking at him. He realized then that he was rather proud of her. People turned to look at her. He detested her powder and lipstick and short hair, her wisp of a dress, her high-heeled silver slippers, her general air of insolent assurance. But he liked the way she stood, so straight and proud, and he liked the look in her black eyes.

It did not occur to him that people likewise turned to look at him; that he was a conspicuous figure, not only for his size, but for the force, the relentless intelligence, in his handsome face.

"Anyone could tell you were somebody," she observed.

"Who?" he demanded.

"You look darn distinguished," she proceeded.

"Bah!" said he. "Now! I read your paper. I don't admit that there's anything in it. And if there is it's not my business. But I'm going with you—"

"We'll have to get along—"

"I'll drive you out," he said. "Now! I suppose somebody was going to meet you at the Moorewood station—"

"No," she said. "I'd have got a taxi. You see, Lydia's idea is to trust me."

"Well, it's a good idea, too."

"No, it isn't. Because it's not real. She's always awfully worried and miserable about me. But she thinks that if she pretends to trust me it'll keep me straight."

"Come along!" said Old Portland abruptly. "My car's outside."

As she followed him, he had vague memories of Young Ladies he had known in his youth. They had had—at least, some of them had had—a gracious charm he saw no more in the world. But at this moment Lois surpassed them. Not one of them could have set off anywhere without putting things on, arranging and composing herself, consulting people. And Lois, bareheaded and in silver slippers, was ready to go anywhere.

He felt, too, that she would appreciate his car and his masterly driving. He turned his head to ask her if she herself drove, and he saw that a man was running after them across the rotunda.

"Is that a friend of yours, Lois?" he asked.

She looked back, and a singular change came over her face, a look of bitter and insolent recklessness. She stood still and waited, and the man came up and caught her by the arm. Neither of them heeded Old Portland. They were absorbed in some drama of their own, looking only at each other, in anger and pain and a sort of fear.

The man was young and extraordinarily handsome, but in a fashion especially repugnant to Old Portland. He was too heavy, obviously badly out of condition; his dark face was haggard and drawn; there was a theatric air of dissipation about him, like a stage villain. He even had the little black mustache proper to a villain, and an overlarge seal ring on one finger and diamond studs in his shirt.

But he was not being theatric now. He gripped the girl's arm fiercely and his eyes blazed.

"I've been looking for you all evening!" he said. "I've rung up all your friends—all the ones *I* know—"

"I went to a show," she said coldly. "Any objection?"

"Did you forget you'd asked me out for the weekend?"

"No. I thought you'd be able to get that far by yourself."

"Where are you going now?"

"My uncle is driving me home." That reminded her of her uncle's presence. "Uncle Barty," she said, "this is Duncan Sommerfield."

"I've heard of you, sir," said the young man, holding out his hand. Clement took it, said "Ha!" and nothing else.

"You'll have to hurry if you want to get that train," said Lois.

"Look here, Lois—" he began.

She turned to her uncle.

"Can we pick him up at the Moorewood station, Uncle Barty?" she asked.

"We can," said Old Portland curtly.

"Then I'll see you there, Duncan," she said. "If you get there first, wait for us."

And without another word or glance she turned her back on him and walked on with her uncle.

Neither of them spoke until they had entered Central Park.

"Who's *he?*" asked Old Portland.

"He's what the tabloids would call my 'millionaire sweetheart,'" said Lois.

"What do you mean by 'sweetheart'?"

"We're engaged, in a way."

"What do you mean, 'in a way'?"

She was silent for a time. Through the bare branches of the trees he could see the lights in towering apartment houses and hotels, blurred in the rain that pattered on the top of the car and rattled against the windows.

"I mean," she said, "that sometimes I think I'll marry him, and sometimes I think I—can't."

HE drove out of the park at 110th Street and turned up Seventh Avenue.

"Making a problem out of it, eh?" he said. "That's what women always like to do."

"I don't think you know much about women," said his niece.

That made him angry for a moment, but he got over it.

"Maybe not," he said. "Suppose you try to explain."

She did not answer for a time.

"We couldn't be engaged before," she began in her scornful tone, "considering that Duncan's just got his divorce."

He was glad it was dark. He had heard and read enough about the changed viewpoint of the present day, but hitherto he had been perfectly indifferent. Only—this was different. . . . He thought of things he would like to do to Duncan Sommerfield.

"Father wanted me to marry him," she said.

"Oh, did he?" said Old Portland frigidly.

There was another silence.

"Do you care for the fellow?" he asked.

"I'm trying to," said she.

"What do you mean—trying to?" he burst out. "Why should you try to?"

"Well, I've got to care for someone, haven't I?" she cried, as hotly as he. "I can't go on like this! I—I'm not—*human!*"

He was startled and profoundly touched.

"I don't quite see . . ." he said.

"Duncan's wild about me," she said. "And he's just going to pieces. I could—do a lot with him, I guess. . . . But I don't want to talk about it any more. I've had some—perfectly rotten scenes with that boy. It's—I'm sick and tired of—everything!"

"Well . . . suppose we discuss your—mystery," he suggested.

He felt her start. And he remembered what she had written: "Everyone in the house had a pretty good reason for wanting to kill my father." Sommerfield too? He would have liked to ask about that, but he could not endure to mention the fellow's name.

"Tell me something about these other people," he went on. "Elsie Evans—Snow—the secretary—what's his name?"

"I'd rather you saw them first," said she. "I want to hear your impression first, and then I'll tell you what I think."

"I imagine it was the secretary fellow who answered the telephone—"

"Telephone? When did you telephone?"

"As soon as I decided to come. I'm not in the habit of arriving uninvited at people's houses at one o'clock in the morning. I asked your stepmother if it would be convenient for her."

They were out of the city now, on a wide boulevard that stretched endlessly before them like a black river, bordered by lampposts whose globes seemed melting in the downpour. They were driving in the teeth of the wind now; the rain was like hail.

"Lydia doesn't like Duncan," said Lois abruptly.

"Doesn't, eh? Why?"

The girl did not answer for a time. "If I don't tell you someone else will," she said. "Lord knows, his wife has enough to say about her troubles. She says he threatened to kill her. I don't know if it's true. I don't care. I admit he's got a pretty awful temper, but she'd provoke anyone." She paused. "You might as well hear all the bad things about him. Everybody knows them. He drinks, and he gambles. The other things about him, the decent things, nobody wants to hear."

Nor did Clement want to hear them. He had taken a profound dislike to Sommerfield, and the thought of this girl, this child, and her "engagement" filled him with a passionate anger.

"But I've got to go slow," he thought. "Got to be careful here . . ." And aloud he said: "Now, about these motives—?"

"DUNCAN didn't have any 'motive,'" she said. "He was about the only one who didn't have one."

He smiled faintly to himself at her quickness.

"Ever talked to him about it?" he asked.

"No," she said. "I—didn't want to. I haven't talked about it to anyone but you."

"I'd like to know why you chose me."

"Well . . ." she said. "Because you're like me."

"Like you?" he repeated, startled.

"Yep," said she. "I feel pretty sure you'd see things the way I do. I mean, you wouldn't care so much about punishing anyone. You'd just help to keep anything else from happening."

He thought that over for a time.

"What do you imagine is going to happen?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said. "Only—when you get there, you'll know. You'll—feel it. It's like living on top of a volcano. There's a sort of horrible atmosphere—of suspicion and—and dread."

"But what do you think I can do, my dear child?"

"Oh, I can't tell you!" she cried impatiently. "When you get there, I guess you'll see. . . ."

"You don't want me to find the guilty person—if the guilty person's not that burglar. You simply want me to come and observe this 'atmosphere,'" he went on remorselessly. "I'm not very sensitive to 'atmosphere.' I don't—"

"Look here!" she interrupted with vehemence. "I've asked you because I can't handle this alone. I'm worried. And you've *got* to help me!"

"All right!" he answered meekly.

They drove on in silence, through the wind and the rain, and Old Portland was smiling to himself.

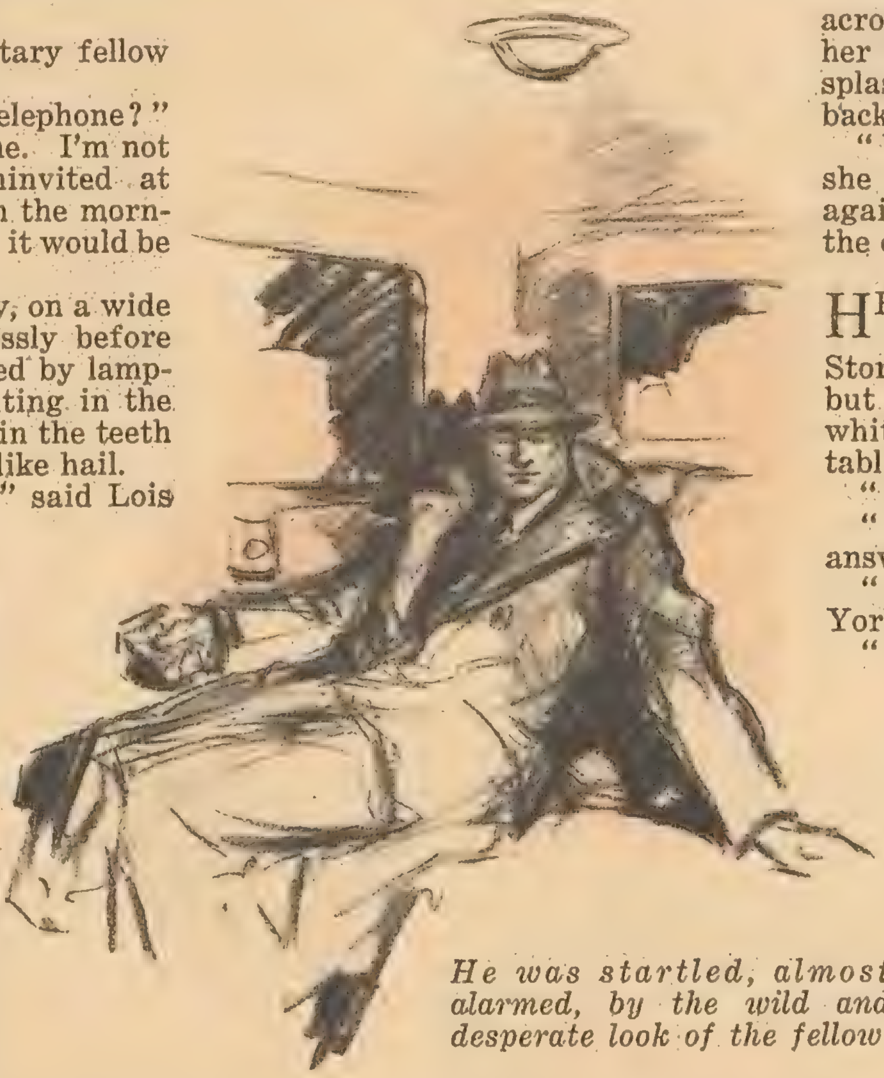
"Turn to the left for the station," said Lois.

He did turn, and drew up presently beside the platform. It was empty, and the rain drove across it.

"He'll be in the waiting room," said Lois. "The train got in twenty minutes ago."

She jumped out and ran across the platform; he saw her silver slippers twinkling, splashing in the wet. She was back almost at once.

"Waiting room's locked," she said, getting into the car again. "Let's see if he's in the drug store."



He was startled, almost alarmed, by the wild and desperate look of the fellow.

HE drove across the street to Hague's All-Night Drug Store. There was no one there but a sleek young man in a white jacket, sitting at a small table and reading a magazine.

"Hello, Harry," said Lois.

"Hello, Miss Emery," he answered, rising.

"Is the last train from New York in yet?"

"Came right on time," said Harry. "Mr. Barrow came up by it, and he sure was mad!"

"Why?"

"Well, there was only one taxi come to meet the train, and he let it go. Said your car was coming to meet him. And he waited in here about ten minutes, and then he telephoned up to the house, and they told him the car started long ago. Must of had trouble on the way. He stayed a while cursing out your shover, then he tried to get the taxi on the phone, only the garage was closed up, and he's walking. Been gone about twenty minutes."

"Didn't anyone else come by that train, Harry?"

"Nary a soul," said Harry cheerfully.

Old Portland had been listening to this dialogue with a curious satisfaction.

He liked the girl's way of talking to that Harry. She had the careless frankness of a well bred boy; not any kind of ladylike condescension.

"By Jove!" he thought. "If she was a boy she'd be all right. It's only when you judge her by feminine standards—"

"That's—queer, isn't it?" she asked.

"Not so very. He's changed his mind about coming, that's all. He impressed me as the sort of fellow who changes his mind pretty easily."

He saw that she was very much distressed; and his heart sank. Did she really care so much for that cad?

"I'll telephone," she said, and went into a booth.

Old Portland bought a cigar from Harry, and lit it, and they conversed about the weather until Lois came out again.

"Come on, Uncle Barty," she said. "'Night, Harry."

And, once they got into the car: "I telephoned to his flat in New York," she said. "He's not there."

"There are one or two other places in New York where a man might be."

"No," she said. "Something's happened to him."

"That's a little too psychic," said Old Portland. "You've absolutely no grounds for saying that."

"I know it," she said, unexpectedly apologetic. "I don't mean to be hysterical and silly. I really have got a feeling that something's happened, but I know that lots of times these feelings don't amount to anything."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Continued from page thirteen

Old Portland had been at sea for half his life, and he had in him superstitions older than his cynical common sense. Old memories stirred in him of "feelings" that had been amply justified.

"What does your feeling tell you has happened to him?" he asked, scornfully because his uneasiness made him angry.

"That he's dead," she said.

He started the car and, swinging round the corner, left the lights of the station and Hague's All-Night Drug Store behind. The rain rattled like hail against the windows, the wind came in a rush. And he had a "feeling" himself, a feeling that death and disaster were in the air tonight.

"We'd better keep an eye out for Jack," said Lois.

"Who's Jack?"

AGUE'S
NIGHT DRUG STORE
AL

"Jack Barrow. If he's walking, we might pick him up in a moment." Her voice was a little unsteady for a moment, but she conquered that and went on: "I'd better tell you a little about Jack before you see him. Because you wouldn't get a very good first impression of him, like this."

"Do you want me to get a good impression?"

"Yes, I do."

"Like him?"

"No; I hate him. That's why I want to be fair. Drive slowly, won't you? . . . You see, he's in love with Lydia."

He was glad of the darkness, so that this brutally outspoken young creature could not see that she had shocked him. To speak that way of her father's wife, and her father dead only three weeks!

"I see!" he said.

Then once more he was startled by her quickness. She seemed to read his mind from the tone of his voice.

"There's nothing in it," she explained. "I mean, Lydia never encouraged him or anything. And father knew about it. You couldn't help knowing. He simply *adores* Lydia in an abject way. . . . I hate that sort of thing! And Lydia . . . But I suppose that's the way she was brought up. To be gracious, you know. Like a queen. She couldn't imagine being friendly with a man. And men never feel friendly to her. They just cringe."

"She seemed to me a very charming woman."

"She is. Too darned charming. I don't see any sense in that."

"Don't think it's possible for a woman to have a good influence?"

"Not charming women," said Lois. "They just make men miserable. She makes Jack miserable. And she makes him worse. He's begun drinking."

"Like Sommerfield?" he said, and was sorry he had said it. But her appraisal of the older woman's charm had somehow nettled him.

"I know," she said. "I don't seem to be much good in the influencing line myself."

He would have liked to shake hands with her then, he so admired her honesty.

"I'M not running down Lydia," she went on. "She's wonderful, in lots of ways. I'm fond of her. And she's terribly unhappy. I only— I think I see him!"

Ahead of them a man was striding along the road. He passed under a street lamp, and Clement had a clear glimpse of him, tall, slight, his coat collar turned up, soft hat pulled down. Lois had opened the door of the car.

"Hi!" she called. "Jack! Jack Barrow!"

He turned and stopped, waited until the car reached him, and got in without a word. Clement expected some sort of introduction, but none came, and he snapped on the light for a good look at the newcomer. And he was startled, almost alarmed, by the wild and desperate look of the fellow. He was brown as a gypsy, with a narrow face and long dark eyes and a bitter mouth; and now, in his limp hat and sodden collar, he looked as if he had been wading through mud and rain for hours.

"Why didn't you wait for the car?" asked Lois.

"I don't mind the rain," he answered briefly.

"You didn't happen to see Duncan anywhere, did you?"

He jumped as if the question were a gun.

"No!" he cried with a sort of violence. "Why should I see him?"

Finding himself completely ignored, Old Portland started the car again, and that recalled Lois to her social duty.

"Uncle Barty," she said, "this is Jack Barrow. Jack—my uncle, Mr. Clement."

"I believe I saw you at the funeral, sir," said Barrow, and getting no answer the conversation dropped.

Clement wanted to think. Sommerfield had made a poor impression upon him; young Barrow made no better. Indeed, there was something of the same air about him, a suggestion of intolerable tension and dread.

"Damned queer lot . . ." thought Clement uneasily.

HE was a remarkably good driver, but that night he nearly had an accident. In turning a corner he came full into the blinding glare of the headlights of another car speeding along in the middle of the road. He swerved aside, and they would have passed without further trouble, but the other driver lost his head, jammed on the brake, skidded in a half circle, and stopped across the road not six inches from Clement's car. Barrow began to swear almost hysterically.

"Shut up!" said Lois sternly. "There's no harm done. Wait! Why, it's Stevens!" She opened the door of the car and called:

"Stevens!"

"Yes, miss," answered a soft, drawling voice. "It's all right."

"Then get out of the road," said Old Portland.

"Yes, sir. I'm stalled. Half a moment."

The man jumped out, to crank his engine. Clement saw him plainly—a tall, loose-limbed young fellow with a pleasant face.

"Where on earth were you going?" asked Lois.

"To the station, miss, to meet Mr. Barrow."

"But you're so late!"

"I had tire trouble, miss."

"But why—" she began, and stopped. "We've got Mr. Barrow here," she said.

He started his engine, backed aside, and let them pass. A long trip, this seemed to Clement, but at last they turned into the drive of the late Gilbert Emery's house.

"We'll let Jack out here," said Lois, "and I'll go round to the garage with you, Uncle Barty."

They stopped under the portico. Barrow got out, and Clement turned the car.

"Don't you see—how queer . . ." she said. "Jack had had at least twenty minutes' start of us, and he'd only gone half a mile."

"I thought of that myself," said Clement.

For a moment they stood looking at each other. And he realized that, within a few hours, this child had become of supreme importance to him. The realization did not at all surprise him; it seemed inevitable.

"Do you think that perhaps he met Duncan?" she asked, "and said something to make him go away again?"

"Is there anything he *could* say?"

"Yes," she said slowly. "I guess there is."

"What?"

"It's—about a girl," she said. "Nobody thinks I know about it. . . . The housemaid. . . . The night father was shot, I saw Duncan with her, holding her hand. . . . It was after father'd been brought upstairs. I'd left my little bag down there in the library, and I was going to run down the back stairs. I saw them, halfway down. . . . I went away quietly: they didn't hear me. But just as I was going to shut the door of my own room, I saw Jack go along the hall and open that door. If he saw them too, he'd have something to hold over Duncan's head."

"Lois!" cried Old Portland. "Child! Good God! That

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

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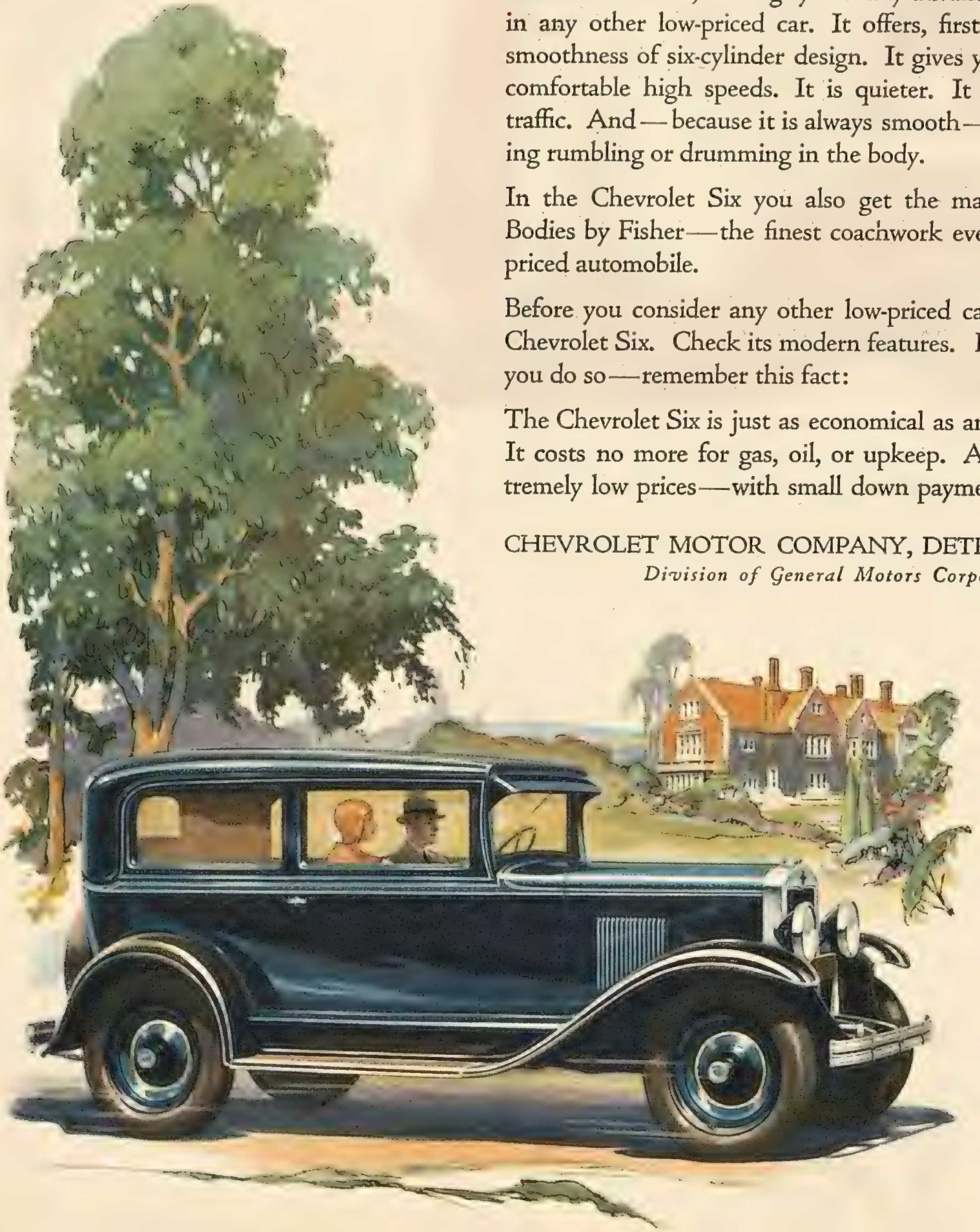

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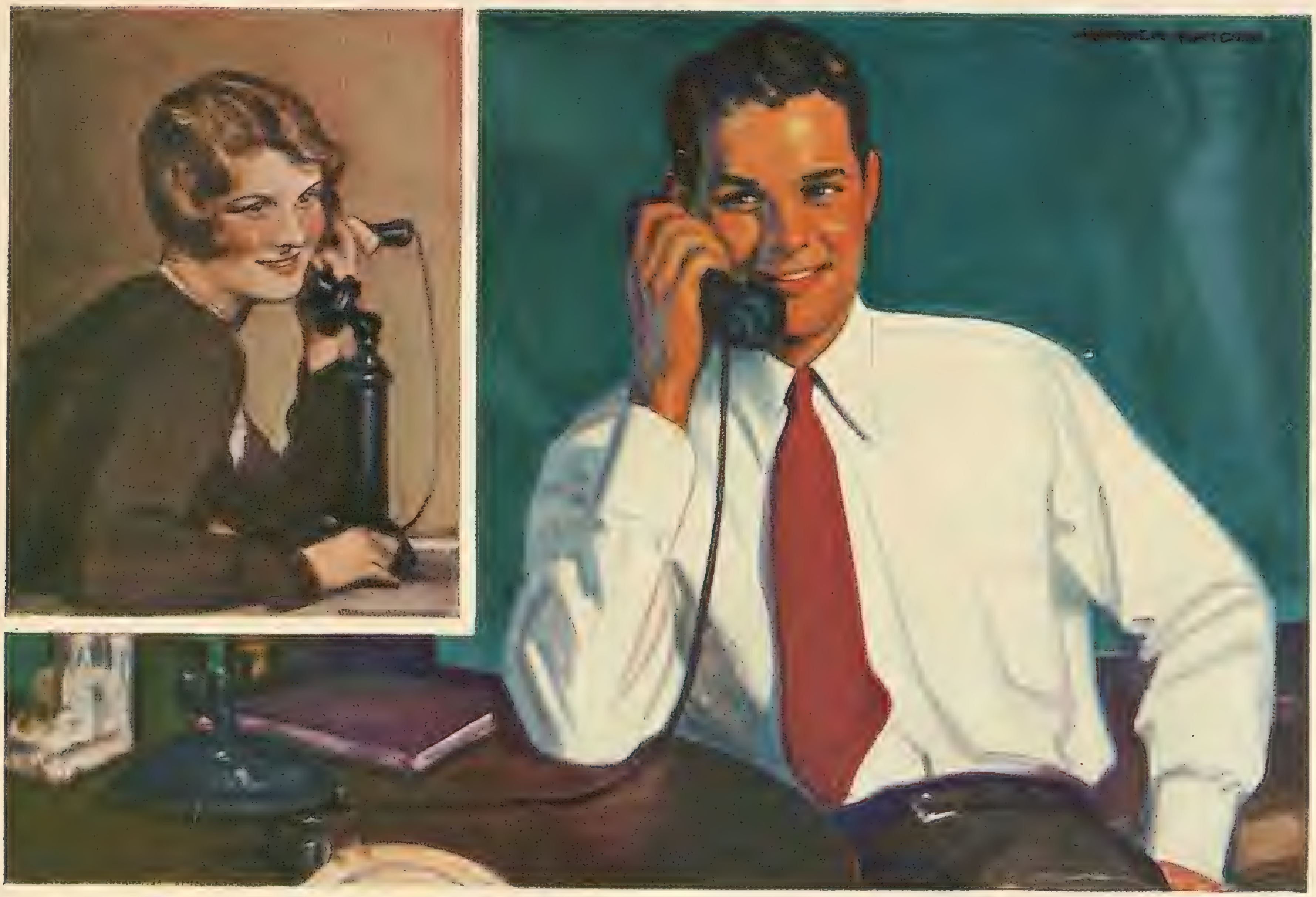

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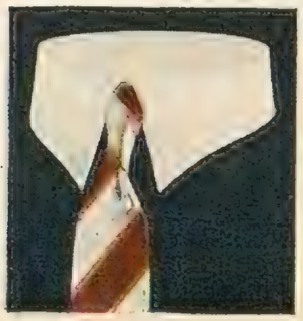

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

man—that man with a wife . . . a drunkard, a gambler—carrying on some low intrigue with a servant girl. . . . Lois! You can't—you can't seriously think of a man like that!"

"I don't know how to explain," she said. "Only—Duncan's the only person who ever *needed* me. The worse he is, the more he needs me. He's—sort of lost his bearings, like I have. He doesn't know what to do with life. He's—lost. And he—needs someone—so awfully badly . . ."

Her voice was unsteady, but not her glance. And looking into her face, with its proud honesty, its incurable courage, he felt a thrill of pride in her.

"You're a young fool!" he said. "Same idea women had in your grandmother's day. Marry a rake to reform him."

"It's not that—" she began, with her invariable willingness to explain, when Stevens came into the garage.

"Hello!" she said. "Did you have any more trouble?"

"No, miss," he answered in his soft drawl. He was standing bareheaded before her now, and it occurred to Clement that the fellow looked curiously out of place here, clad in uniform.

"Looks like a cowboy," he thought.

And as he looked at him he saw something odd. . . . Lois had spoken again, and Stevens had smiled a little, and from the corner of his mouth there came a tiny trickle of blood. He wiped it off quickly with the back of his hand, and continued to grin with his lips closed.

But the impression had been made. He had, in that instant, looked horrible; his pleasant sunburned face had been altered; he had put Clement in mind of a once faithful sheep dog that had suddenly turned killer.

He tried to dismiss this fancy; he was angry with himself for having it. But while he and Lois ran through the rain to the house, there it was, that image of the soft-voiced, good-looking young man with blood running out of his mouth. . . .

Under the portico Lois stopped to draw breath.

"Perhaps Agnes will open the door," she said.

"Agnes?"

"That's the housemaid—the one I told you about," she said.

THERE was a bright light here, and by it he saw how bedraggled his niece looked, with her dark hair wet and ruffled, the fur collar of her wrap matted.

"You look like a drowned rat," he remarked.

"I wish you could see yourself!" she retorted. "You look like a—pirate."

"No wonder! The way you've dragged me around in the rain and mud at my time of life."

Then, for the first time that evening, she smiled. It was a funny little smile, half grudging.

"Thank you—lots!" she said.

"Come on, you little drowned rat!" he said brusquely. "Ring the bell!"

The door was opened very promptly, but not by any housemaid. It was Lydia Emery herself who stood there.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she cried. "It's so late! I was —worried. . . . Lois! My dear! You're drenched!"

She held out her hand to Clement and he took it, a little uncomfortable. After all, he was the brother of Emery's first wife; perhaps Lydia didn't like seeing him.

"I have a splendid fire for her," she went on, "and hot coffee and—"

"I guess I'll go right to bed, thanks," Lois interrupted. "'Night, Lydia; 'night, Uncle Barty!"

She ran off up the stairs, and the two persons left in the hall, alone together for the first time in their lives, were aware of a considerable constraint.

But Mrs. Emery was well disciplined in social matters.

"You'll have a cup of coffee and a sandwich, won't you, Barty?" she asked, with only the faintest hesitation before his name.

"Thanks, yes," said he, and followed her down the hall.

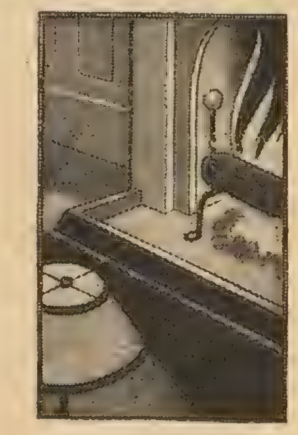
He had seen her only two or three times before. She had seemed to him then a charming woman, and she seemed even more so now. She was much younger t[illegible] Emery had been, not more than thirty, he guessed, v[illegible] slender, with clear, fine features and remarkably beaut[illegible]ful bronze hair. But, though young, there was nothing girlish about her. She had a mature poise and dignity.

"I like her," he thought.

The room to which she led him was very attractive this wet, chilly night. A fire of wood blazed in the hearth, an electric coffee percolator bubbled. But Clement was not too pleased to see a stranger there.

"This is Captain Snow," she said. "Mr. Clement."

The two men greeted each other without shaking hands. Then they sat down, and, as he lit a cigarette, Clement covertly inspected the other.



HE liked the look of this fellow. Ther[illegible] something cool and solid about him w[illegible] Clement could at this moment appreciate pro[illegible]foundly. He had this evening met two men whom he did not like; he had been so often reminded of Gilbert Emery, whom he had always found particularly objectionable; he had been dragged into an atmosphere of feverish distress, of very ugly complications. And here at last was someone of his own sort.

Lydia talked because she felt it her duty to talk, and the two men answered her politely enough, but with a sort of detachment. The clock struck one, and Lydia stirred as if she were going to rise. But she did not rise, and a long silence fell.

"Lois seemed to expect this Sommerfield down tonight," Old Portland observed. "I don't—"

He stopped, astounded by the look he got from Snow—a blank, icy glare that entirely changed his inexpressive face. It was an outrageous look. Old Portland's brows drew together in an ominous frown. Then he remembered Lydia, and turned his head. And found her staring at him, white as a ghost.

"*Is* he—coming?" she asked.

"He didn't get the last train, anyhow," said Clement.

"I hope—" she began in her pleasant, polite way; she tried to smile, but her upper lip twitched, and abruptly a loud sob burst from her.

"G-good night!" she cried, rising. "Sleep—well. . . ." And hurried out of the room.

The two men stood facing each other. Snow no longer wore that outrageous look; his face was blank again.

"Like a spot of Emery's prewar whisky?" he asked.

Clement forgot to answer until Snow repeated the question.

"All right, thanks," he said, and sat down again.

He had come here in a skeptical mood. He had realized that there might be something in his niece's contention that her father had not been shot by a burglar, chiefly because it was very easy to believe in people wanting to put Emery out of the way. But he had not believed at all in her notion that something else was going to happen. Now he did believe that. Now he saw that there were here a score of invisible threads making a dark and evil pattern.

He thought of the haggard and reckless young Sommerfield; he remembered the strange appearance of Jack Barrow, and his unaccountable delay on the road in such weather; he remembered what Lois had told him—that Barrow loved Lydia. He remembered with great disquiet how the chauffeur had looked, with that trickle of blood from the corner of his mouth. He thought of Lydia's recent agitation; and, still more, he thought of Snow's frigid, baleful look.

"No . . ." he said to himself. "There's something going on here—something I don't like. . . ."

Snow set a glass down beside him.

"I hope we'll get good news of Sommerfield," he remarked amiably.

"Good news, eh?"

"Yes. That he's broken his neck—or that someone's broken it for him!"

Clement knows he has come into a house in which almost anything may happen. But even he is unprepared for the startling developments in next week's installment.

P. & A. photo

Rudy Vallée as he looks in the act of crooning a wistful song of dreams and longing through his megaphone.

Vagabond Lover

A Close-Up of Rudy Vallée

By

AVERY STRAKOSCH

who comes honestly by her interest in musical topics, being related to Patti, Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch, and Max and Maurice Strakosch. She used to handle musical publicity, but gave it up to write magazine articles. In private life her name is Mrs. Knox Denham.

IF you were asked to describe Rudy Vallée from the various tales that are going around about him you would find yourself mixed up in a pretty little controversy, now for and now against this modern playboy of the western world.

The difficult thing to make worldly-wise people believe is that Hubert Prior Vallée has remained pretty much the same sort of boy that he was in 1927 when as a Bachelor of Philosophy he was graduated from Yale. This despite the questionable publicity that has shrieked from the housetops to portray him as the present generation's flaming Casanova.

Broadway regards Rudy with questioning eyebrows. What is there about him, what has there ever been about this callow-looking youth to give him two years of fame along the Main Stem? And two years there means a long, long time. Broadway shrugs its shoulders. It can't last, they say. The end is in sight. His popularity is on the wane. Yet Rudy continues, his mail clogged with contracts, and Central answers "Busy" when you call his number. You can pick up the evening paper almost any night and read that Rudy Vallée and his orchestra have been engaged to play at the smartest tea, the most elegant dance, the gayest deb party; you pick up the morning paper and find that verily he has kept these engagements with the wives and daughters of the great captains of industry. Heigh-ho! Rudy Vallée on the wane? Broadway is rather annoyed. How did this sax player from down East put himself over, anyway?

From Rudy himself it has always been difficult to get information. He is a reticent person. Some say that he has been drilled by some mysterious Somebody, who, according to one of the Vallée legends, put him over when first he came to New York. This isn't so. The fact is that Rudy isn't naturally a big talker. It has been to his advantage, too. It's what a fellow doesn't tell about himself that piques curiosity, creates wonder, and causes speculation.

Is he the great lover, the fiery vagabond lover? Is it true that all women who have talked with him, danced with him, or who have been with him for five minutes under any circumstances, feel that peculiar magnetic appeal which he is said to possess?

"Vallée? You want to know really what Rudy is like?" It is his publisher talking, one of the men who have profited richly for two years from the royalties on songs that Vallée has made popular. "Well, it's this way. Say you are here, just talking with me. Rudy comes in. You don't know him. He's never seen you before. I introduce you. He looks at you. That's all. *He looks at you.* You don't know what's happened. He doesn't. *Maybe* he doesn't. . . . But that look! I can recognize it. It's just like watching a Romeo fall for another Juliet. There's something in the air. Understand? If you don't, I guess I can't tell you any better. That's what Rudy Vallée is like."

YOU see the undefinable, indescribable attributes of romanticism that are spread along Rudy's way? Isn't he wise to keep rather mum?

Yet the music publisher is but one man, one of the few who have a good word to say for Rudy. Men by and large hate him. I have seen perfectly calm, civilized members of the so-called sterner sex become raving maniacs at the mention of his name. And after a good dinner, too, which you must admit is something of a test for hating. At first they are incoherent, but when the vitriolic vapors dissipate they give the strangest reasons. I have never yet met a man at one of these anti-Vallée meetings who had actually known him. This is what they say: He is so conceited. He thinks he can sing. He hasn't a bit of talent above the average. He goggles his eyes at every woman he meets. He closes his eyes when he sings. He thinks he's a great sax player. He thinks he's a great movie actor. He thinks he's the world's greatest lover. He thinks . . .

Oh, what's the use? How do you know what Rudy Vallée thinks? I ask them, but they just grind their teeth into their cigars and look at me with an air of pity.

Rudy Vallée with Sally Blane in The Vagabond Lover. This talkie is suggestive of the actual story of his career and its unexpected turning-point.

The ending of The Vagabond Lover, when Rudy as both lover and song-crooning band leader comes into his own after many a snub and setback.

There are men who know Vallée in the flesh, who knew him at college, and later when he was looking for a job in New York. They say that he is all right. A nice boy. Nothing to set the world on fire when it comes to brains. Musical, a pallid personality, but with a certain boyish charm. They don't know what all the hullabaloo is about, either. Their sisters danced with Rudy at Yale proms. Dancing with him didn't change their lives. Indeed, they have difficulty now in recalling the occasions. But these girls are no longer in the flapper stage.

THERE is an adage to the effect that you can never know a person until you live with him. Everybody knows there's a lot of truth in this saying. The next best thing to living with a person is working with him. The people who work with Rudy Vallée constantly, who see him from noon one day to the dawn's early light the next, week in, week out, should be the best judges of his character. The seven men of his orchestra, the very real, unenameled young women who are called secretaries but who attend to all sorts of things for him outside their province—they have fashioned a little pedestal for him. What a day it will be for them if he falls off!

He is the most unaffected person in show business, they say. The most natural; absolutely unspoiled. He never nags about rehearsals. He never gets excited about letters that should have been written and weren't. He takes for granted that if you want to work for him you will do the best you can. It is this free and easy spirit that has kept the Rudy Vallée orchestra intact. When he got them together several years ago he wanted to call them the Yale Collegians. The strong men of Old Eli's faculty were aghast at this sacrilege.

"There seems to be a tradition against an alumnus using the name Yale, or anything pertaining to the university, in any line of commercialism, except the bond business!" laughed Rudy. So he named his orchestra the Connecticut Yankees.

Rudy Vallée is so much better looking than any picture of him that it doesn't seem possible he realizes his good looks. People of his type, whose personality lies in their vivacity of expression—quick lighting of the eyes, changing expression about the mouth, rush of color, or a sudden, thoughtful pallor—never take good photographs. Surely he can't be conceited or he would immediately scrap the silly, pretty-boy pictures of himself. He is

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

fairly tall, five feet ten and one-half inches. He's careful to add that half inch!

Rudy Vallée will always live his own life. He has no desire to become a part of the Broadway picture; to do so, he believes, is to be an automaton of the public's fancy.

He has his own code. It is a simple one.

Live and let live. And his idea of living is diametrically opposite to the popular conception of it. He works eighteen hours a day, and spends the other six whenever possible at his home in Sunnyside, Long Island. He regrets that he has no idea of ever living the flashing, dashing life that people expect of him. He is grateful to the New York public, because it has been New York's recognition that has made him, that has brought him fame and wealth and a fair amount of happiness. Yet he has no intention of marking time to public opinion.

Rudy has a rare tranquillity, an utter calm which even his best friends find irritating at times. No one has ever been able to find out if it is natural or a quality acquired through intense self-control. It is as though when in the beginning he beheld fame and money and swift friendship coming his way he had stopped in the midst of it and said to himself warningly—a bit shakily, too: "This Broadway stuff isn't going to get me. Nor this idol stuff either." It hasn't.

He isn't a poseur, this boy with the soft voice. He refuses to be anybody but himself. His character has had a strange tempering. New England is the background. Ireland was his mother's home—her name, Catherine Lynch. His father came from France.

HE was born in Island Pond, a little town in Vermont, and christened Hubert Prior Vallée. The family moved to Westbrook in Maine when he and his brother and sister were small children. The surname is real, and not a manufactured one as so many think because of its theatrical sound. Charles D. Vallée was the leading druggist of Westbrook. All three children were well brought up in homely surroundings where the one luxury was a piano. They were musical but not in a classical sense. The sister played the piano, bought the latest song hits as they arrived; and many an evening was spent in the Vallée parlor, singing. Sometimes they sang the old songs: Just a Song at Twilight, Sweet Adeline, or In the Gloaming, and other stand-bys.

One night Mrs. Vallée sat sewing and listening to the family trio. The sweetness of her elder son's voice seemed unusually pleasant, and she told William and her daughter to keep quiet.

"Sing that again, Hubert," she said. She closed her eyes. He repeated Just a Song at Twilight in a low, velvety drone, with a mere trace of a sob in it. The shy tones floated plaintively upward. "Oh, a little louder! I can hardly hear you!" When Hubert explained that he couldn't sing any louder she thought he had become suddenly self-conscious, and did not urge him. But it was true. That small, sweet voice has never developed in volume. To Mrs. Vallée it was a lovely voice, and doubtless to the mother's ears sweeter than honey! She told him then, and has many times since, never to sing any other way. She liked those soft, soothing tones. In fact, she spoke so admiringly of her boy's voice to her neighbors that Hubert began to think rather well of it himself. Thereafter, if any singing was to be done around the piano after dinner he was the one who did it. No more family chorus. Only solos by Hubert Prior Vallée.

Years later, when some human barnacle sought to attach himself to Rudy for life and couldn't, he sued Vallée. He claimed he had taught this young man to sing in his low-toned, slow-rhythmed manner, and that a certain percentage of Rudy's earnings were due him for that reason. The case was quickly quashed. It was so easy to prove that Mrs. Vallée had been her son's only teacher.

P. & A. photo

The morning after Rudy announced that he would send anyone his picture, 12,000 requests for it came in at one broadcasting station alone.

WHEN Rudy was fourteen he ran away to sea. Those were the days when everybody spouted about making the world safe for democracy. The boy looked then almost as mature as he does today. The same shell-like complexion, a mass of taffy-colored hair, and those peculiarly veiled yet eager gray-blue eyes.

After a few fibs he joined up and was shipped on the battleship Texas. Everybody expected war to be declared immediately and the prospects for excitement thrilled this little New Englander. War was declared, and he had the exciting job of deck-swabbing. Just before they were to leave port Rudy caught German measles. Now there's nothing that will show up anyone's true age like fever. The attending doctor was surprised to notice the disintegration of a pretty good sailor into a very distressed and homesick little boy! Rudy had never been ill away from home before. The doctor grew suspicious. A few weeks later the runaway was back in Westbrook, in high school. He conceded home had its advantages. Could he take saxophone lessons? The elder Vallées didn't think much of this idea and said so. With the war on, and in the necessity of economizing, they thought it would be a waste of money.

Young Vallée didn't agree. He went to Portland, the nearest large city, and got a job ushering at night in a moving-picture theater. A member of the house orchestra taught him to play the clarinet, just for fun, and rented him a discarded saxophone for five dollars a month. Between performances at the picture house on Saturdays Rudy used to go to the Y. M. C. A. pool for a swim. One day he carried the saxophone in its case with him.

Harry J. Bogardus happened to be taking a plunge that same afternoon. He was an older man who had formed several amateur orchestras in Portland for the mere love of getting musical people together. He had also directed the Y. M. C. A. band. His eagle eye saw the saxophone

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

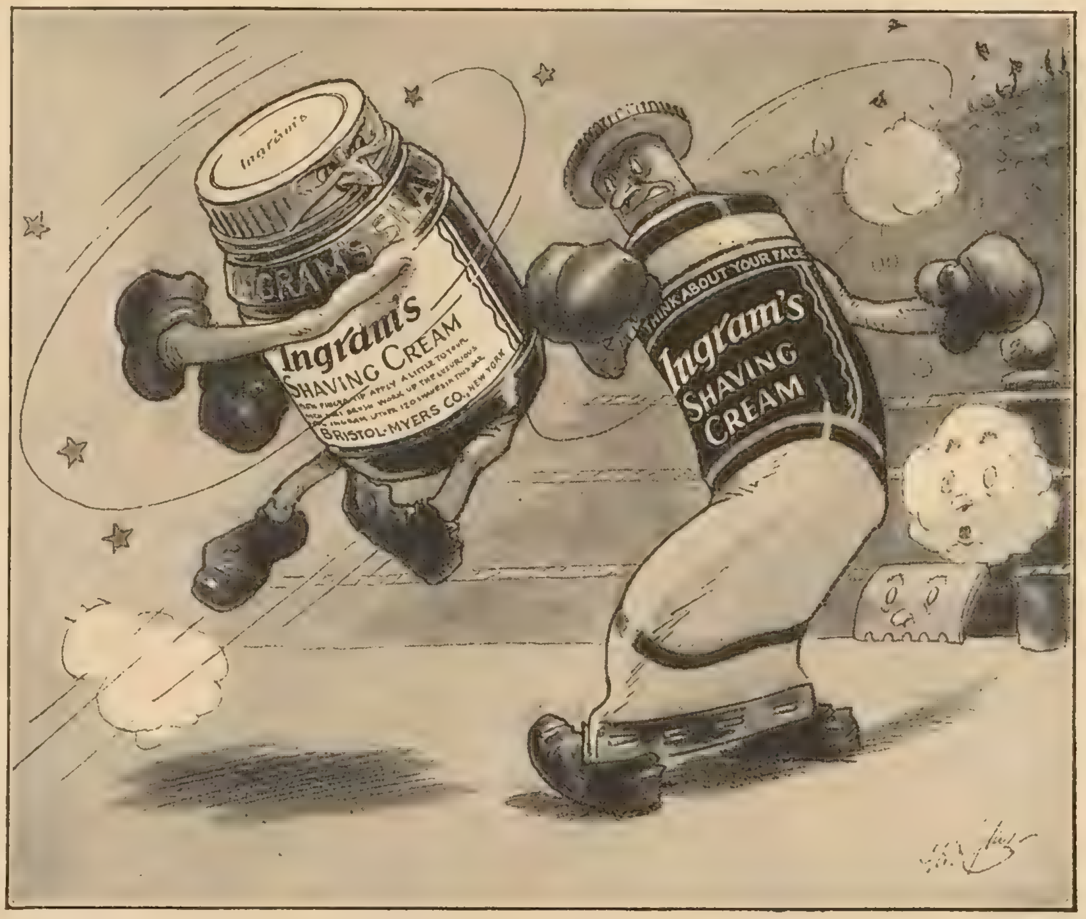
The battle of the Tube *vs.* Jar is going great guns

Opinions differ . . . Judgments clash in the $5,000.00 *Contest*

"The jar will win," predicts J. L. Warner, Assistant Treasurer.

"The little blue jar has a firm place in the good graces of one million shaving men! I ask you to remember that when you make your predictions! The jar is still the favorite—and so far as I can tell, it will remain so."

J. LaRoy Warner



But Wm. M. Springer Chief Chemist and Director of Research, supports the tube!

"Most Ingram users have bought the jar because it brought them the cool, stingless comfort of better shaves! Now that Ingram's is available in the new tube, my advice is that it will give the jar a stiff run even this year!"

William Moore Springer

INGRAM'S $5,000.00 contest is as simple and easy to enter—as free from red tape and bother—as an Ingram shave is *cool!* No slogans to write. No complicated rules to worry with. Here's the proposition:

Shortly before January 1st, Ingram's was placed on the market for the first time in a tube as well as a jar. Users now have their choice! The Director of Research thinks the tube will outsell the jar—but as the Assistant Treasurer points out, the jar introduced Ingram's. And most Ingram users like it. In five years, with very little advertising, the jar has made Ingram's one of the largest-selling of all shaving creams in the world!

Here are Ingram's sales for the last four years:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929	1,992,998 Jars

Now—with a new Ingram tube for men who prefer it, Ingram sales will climb still higher. They're bound to! But which will appeal to most men? The jar? The tube? That's the question we want you to decide.

Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less,* how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have upon the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	$1,000.00
Second prize	$500.00
Third prize	$250.00
Next 325 prizes	*each* $10.00

Have you ever tried Ingram's? It was the first of all *cool* shaving creams. Because of three special cooling and soothing ingredients, Ingram's tightens and tones the skin *while you shave.* You can get either the tube or the jar from your druggist. Or we'll send you a 10-day supply of *cool* Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon. But, whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest today!

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.

2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.

3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest, but none must exceed 75 words in length. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.

4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 31, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 31, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

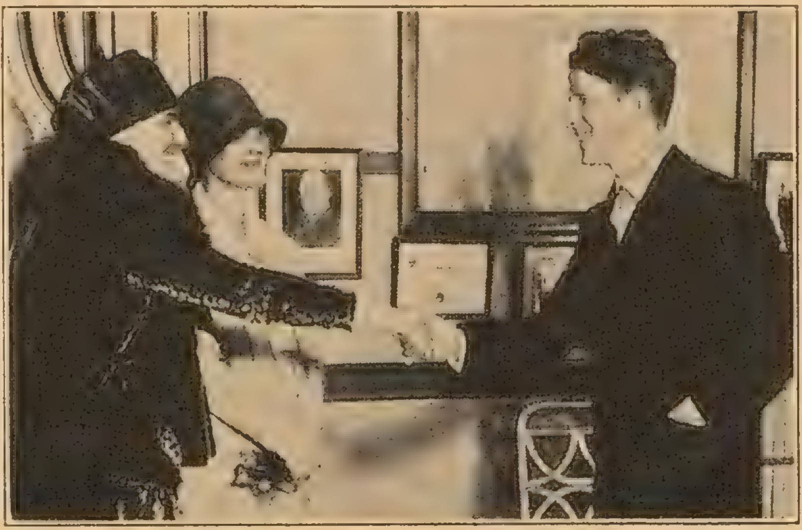
*City*____________ *State*________

(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

case. Another musician! He spoke to Vallée, who confessed the truth. He could get little more than a calflike bellow from the thing. Bogardus offered to teach him. This was the beginning of Rudy Vallée's career as a saxophonist. Soon he had saved enough from his pay as usher to buy a saxophone of his own.

Rudy's first year in college was spent at the University of Maine. It was while there that he took an informal correspondence course with Rudy Wiedoeft, saxophonist and teacher. Because of his admiration for Wiedoeft and his quick mastery of the instrument, the students nicknamed him Rudy. His sophomore year he transferred to Yale, where he became the leader of the Yale band. He played private engagements at dances in and around New Haven, and earned enough through his music to pay his tuition. In the summer he joined a vaudeville band. An Englishman heard him play a solo, liked it, and, when he returned to England, cabled Rudy to come over to London to join the Savoy Hotel orchestra. This seemed like a marvelous opportunity. Rudy got permission to leave his studies for a year.



P. & A. photo

Mrs. Herbert Hoover congratulating Rudy on his performance at a country club breakfast that was given in her honor.

Although a great deal has been said of how every member of the British aristocracy took lessons on the saxophone from Vallée, there is very little truth to it. He did give a few lessons before the season was finished, and a friend of the Prince of Wales ventured that His Royal Highness might like to study the saxophone when he had finally mastered the ukulele, but nothing came of it. Rudy was eager to return to this country. He wanted to finish his college course.

When he came to New York three years ago he was somewhat surprised to find there were no doors waiting open for him. The jazz-band field is composed of cliques. He saw that he was very much of an outsider. Fame within the narrow boundaries of a college town was one thing. No one had ever heard of him in New York. The summer after his graduation he had played in a few dance bands in Boston. That meant nothing, apparently.

IT may have been that he was too much the gentleman when he called at one Broadway agency after another. There was that closely woven, perhaps colorless background that a small town gives its children. It still clung to him. Tin-Pan Alley likes noise, and more noise. Plenty of self-assurance. Rudy was quiet, a little afraid of it all. He couldn't make an impression against the false but arresting glitter of fellows who had risen from the East Side, where the survival of the fittest was the natural law. He had a college diploma. That didn't mean a thing. What could he do? Play the saxophone? Well, just one more jazz player. New York was full of them; they flocked there like flies to honey. In the agencies where young hopefuls go to seek jobs in jazz bands a college education is hardly a recommendation. On the contrary, it carries the trade-mark of the amateur. The rest didn't seem to matter.

Daily conversations in the agencies ran something like this: " Played in the college band, didja? Yeh? Now ya 'xpect to get a job with Ziegfeld? " No. Rudy didn't expect to go with Ziegfeld. He'd had other experience. Vaudeville. Hotels. Once he had been on the road with Rudolph Valentino, a member of his dance orchestra.

" Oh? Tryin' to ride on the Sheik's name? Tryin' to get a little free publicity? " No. That had never been his idea at all.

" Wha's 'at thing in your other hand? A megaphone? Wha's the big idea? To get a job cheerin'? " No. His voice was small. He—he sang through the megaphone to make it sound bigger. This naïve statement brought the biggest laugh of all.

And still nobody asked to hear him play. It seemed to him that he was the big joke from New Haven.

After this he did get some substitute and " outside " work in Vincent Lopez' bands, and a little with Ben Bernie.

He wasn't starving. He didn't have the urge of an empty stomach to inspire him to drastic action of some sort. But he was blue. And mad. Then one day he chanced to hear of a new night club that needed an orchestra.

Don Dickerman is a young man who has several restaurants in the Bohemian neighborhood of New York. He wanted to try his luck uptown with a night club in the theater district. Vallée called on Dickerman and told him that he wanted a job, a lasting one.

The other man listened and, as he did so, summed up the boy's personality. He liked Vallée's face, his quiet, earnest manner. And, being a shrewd person, he saw something more. It was a face and manner that he believed would appeal especially to women.

Rudy wired to Boston and got together the men he had played with there. On January 9, 1928, after very few rehearsals, and in a new dress suit that wasn't paid for, Rudy Vallée with his Connecticut Yankees opened their first New York engagement.

THE orchestra played several jazz numbers to begin with. Rudy led them with his saxophone. No one noticed at first that this band had no loud brass instruments with brash fanfare effects. There was no elaborate orchestration. The melodies he played, some old, some new, were bare of the usual trimmings. But the rhythm of ragtime melody was there with a tantalizingly slow beat.

The blasé crowd swayed to it, forgot its sophistication in the silken magic. The demand for encores was deafening. Through the racket Rudy suddenly put down his saxophone, picked up the megaphone and began to sing. Engrossed in dancing, conversation, laughing, eating and drinking, nobody noticed at first. Then gradually, as the soft sweet croon came through, the din subsided. The chatter stopped, the square of dance floor emptied. People tiptoed to their tables to listen. What was this new thing? This soothing, warm wave of melody? This small, still voice, so real, so calm?

As he finished the silence was complete. Suddenly the sharp cackle of a woman's nervous laugh broke through. A staccato smattering of applause followed. People stirred uneasily as though uncertain. The innovation had been too sudden. Too long had everybody's nerves been frayed by the loud, raucous rhythm of jazz.

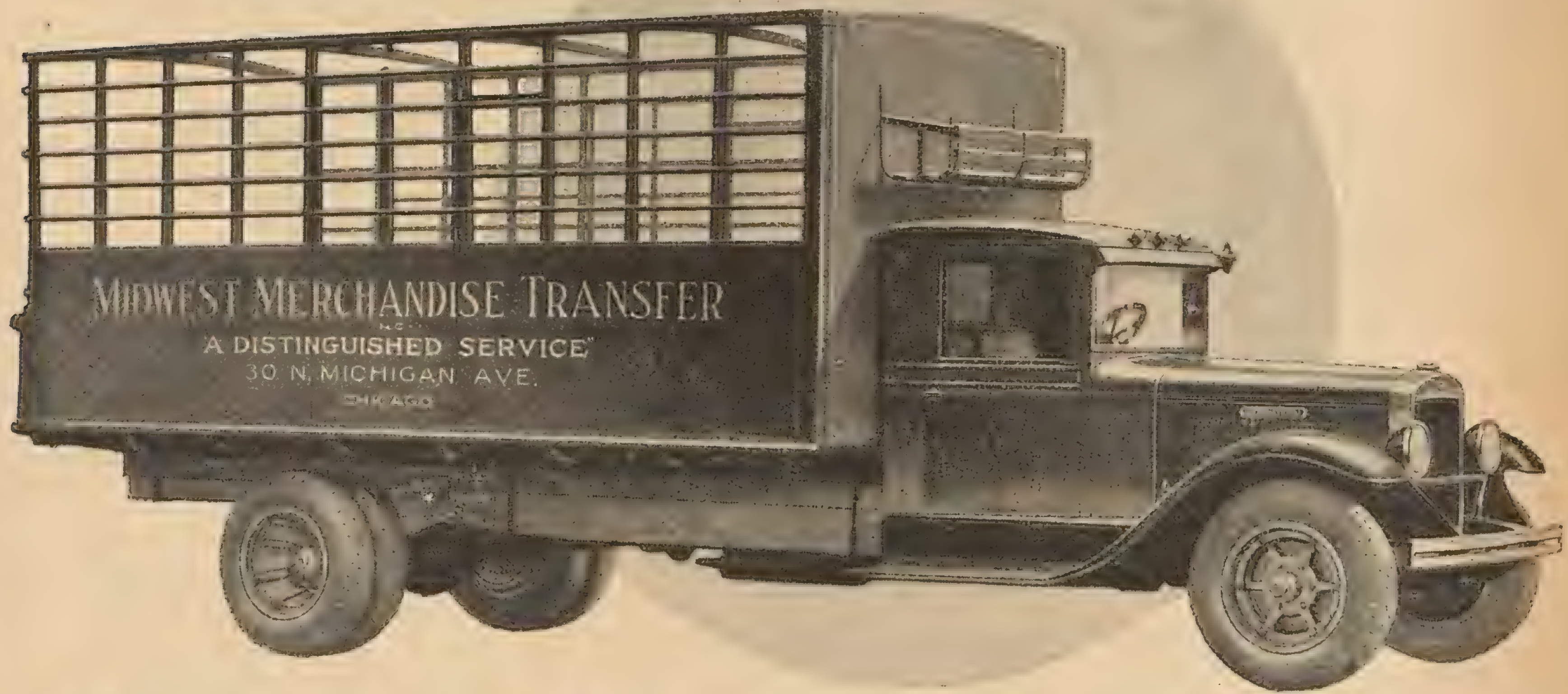
The proprietor stood at the end of the room with pursed lips, wondering if he had been wrong. Then he motioned to Rudy. " Sing again! " he ordered in a stage whisper. Rudy began. This time the crowd got it. The kings of jazz were forgotten. The coon-shouting queens of the night clubs, too. Rudy's voice, to fall back on the verse of Oliver Wendell Holmes, " like a poultice came to heal the blows of sound."

Rudy will never forget that night. Of course, no one could realize that it was the beginning of a country-wide popularity. Who could see that his star had risen? It was put down in Broadway parlance as a lucky break. When Station WMCA offered him twenty-five dollars a performance with his orchestra, they all jumped at the opportunity. He wasn't above advertising a small jewelry firm which did not employ a regular announcer.

Here was a second break, although he didn't know it for

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

International's "7 FOR 1" Record



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Every truck user should give full consideration to this fact and its bearing on his own future success with trucks:

● *In ten years International Truck production has increased 700 PER CENT while the total truck production of the industry has increased only 100 PER CENT.*

Such an increase from a *small* beginning would not be important—it is necessary that you know and bear this in mind also:

● *Ten years ago, in 1919, International Harvester was already a highly successful truck builder of fifteen years' experience. Even then it was one of the leaders of the industry, with a production of thousands of trucks per year.*

From that vigorous starting point International production went into high gear. Demand for International Trucks sprang ahead by leaps and bounds, with this result:

● *Last year International Harvester built seven times as many trucks as it was producing in 1919. In the same year—1929—the industry as a whole was building only twice as many trucks as were being turned out in 1919.*

Year by year International Harvester reaches and passes new and significant milestones in truck success. The consistent march of the Company toward a dominant position in truck building is the best possible evidence of the value of the International product. It is the everyday truck buyer, himself, who provides this evidence. We offer this steadily growing preference for International *Trucks* and *Service* as a guide to any man in search of economical transportation.

International Trucks include the ¾-ton Special Delivery; the 1-ton Six-Speed Special; Speed Trucks, 1¼, 1½, 2 and 3-ton; and Heavy-Duty Trucks to 5-ton. Company-owned branches at 181 points, and dealers everywhere.

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A tip to wives—and their husbands! And especially to those who have youngsters: try Yeast Foam Tablets, the modern, non-fermenting, non-objectionable form of pure yeast. One of the best conditioners the human system ever had!

You or your children may not like raw yeast, but you'll swallow or chew these little tablets with relish. Purity and potency guaranteed... this yeast is used and recognized as the standard for vitamin studies by leading universities and by the U. S. Government.

5 cents for the glassine envelope with six tablets or 50 cents for the 10-day bottle.

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Address.......................................
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Every Wednesday 7:00 P.M. Central Daylight Saving Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers"—WJZ—WBZA WBZ—WHAM—KDKA—WJR—WLW—KYW—KWK—WREN—KSTP—WTMJ—WEBC—KFAB

VAGABOND LOVER
Continued from page twenty-two

a long time. When his slightly husky speaking voice told of glittering diamonds in a slow, hesitant cadence, the unseen audience listened. These tones, trained by nature for the air, appealed to the imagination. All diamond dealers profited by Rudy's announcements! A song was added. Soon a few letters of inquiry came in. Rudy was raised to sixty-five dollars.

Now fan letters began to pour in. Several months ago he announced over the National Broadcasting network that up to then he had been unable to answer numerous requests for his picture, but that now he had made arrangements to send pictures out. The hook-up was on forty-two stations. If you wanted his picture, all you had to do was to write to your nearest station. The next morning, in the first mail at one station, over 12,000 letters were received! His average weekly mail runs over 5,000 letters, a greater number than Rudolph Valentino received at the height of his popularity.

Rudy and the home folks. Left to right, Charles A. Vallée, his father; Ben Platt, a friend; Rudy himself; and his mother, the only singing teacher he has ever had.

Rudy Vallée has always considered himself unlike the rest of the human herd. For this reason he never dreamed that he could appeal to the great mass of the people. He thought perhaps a few would like his music.

WHEN his widespread success began to echo from all directions he was stunned. He withdrew into himself, kept away from everybody he wasn't working with. Naturally many people concluded that everything had gone to his head. This wouldn't have been out of the ordinary at all. Large offers of money, invitations from the so-called socially elect, mash notes from flappers of all classes, and sentimental and often heady letters from older women arrived daily. Stronger minds than Vallée's have been warped by less fantastic stuff.

International photo

Leonie Cauchois, whose marriage to Rudy Vallée was annulled.

" Rudy," said one of the Connecticut Yankees, " had to decide for himself what he was going to do about it, whether he could stand the gaff or not. No one knows, who doesn't get slightly scorched himself in the limelight of sudden popularity, what it does to you. Why, if you let it, it'll burn you up! "

Rudy had to be strong in his success or it would have turned into his defeat. He had no one to lean on who was close to him, who knew the game. It was up to him to keep his head above the whirlwind. He began to distrust everyone. Especially women. He became a recluse, a hermit.

Then one day he burst out laughing. This life of a popular jazz star—what was it, anyway? A lot of froth; and here he was picturing himself as a composite of Arturo Toscanini and Richard Wagner! Absurd. He would continue to laugh it off, but to make hay while the sun shone.

HE accepted an engagement to play at the Palace Theater in New York. That has always been the mecca of vaudeville performers. He listened to business men who said that his name was valuable and he must make the most of it. He left the Hi-Ho Club at the end of his contract, but left on the best of terms with the proprietor, and opened a place of his own. Villa Vallée became one of the swankiest night clubs in the swanky East Sixties. He trained orchestras to play his way and sent them out under the golden Vallée banner. He appeared in several different movie palaces a few moments each day. His first engagement at the huge Paramount Theater in New York stopped the show and brought out an extra reserve of police. A cue of women extended, from the entrance on Broadway, the entire distance of the very long block to Eighth Avenue. For the first time in motion-picture history the box office had to discontinue the ticket sale at intervals all day, to avoid possible riots.

Contract piled upon contract. Six hours' sleep out of the twenty-four now became an event. And in the midst of all this din Rudy kept himself aloof.

It is not unusual for a musician to see some face in the passing throng of audiences that catches his imagination. Musicians are incurable romanticists. Eugene Ysaye, the famous Belgian violinist, says he was inspired for years by the face of an unknown beauty who attended all his concerts. Such an aloof artist as Heifetz does not play his best when his wife, Florence Vidor, the moving-picture actress, is not in the audience.

So it came about that one afternoon early in May, 1928, Rudy Vallée, leading his orchestra in the Villa Vallée, saw not one but four lovely faces. Four beautiful young women seated at a table, chatting and drinking tea.

Fascinated, he watched them. Then suddenly he found that one face seemed lovelier than the others. It appealed strongly to him. A strange face, oval and dark, with a wide low forehead; blue-black hair; fascinating, irregular small features that might have been carved by some master hand from ivory; eyes that looked now at him, now beyond him with an eternal questioning.

Three weeks later Rudy Vallée and Leonie Cauchois were secretly married. He had been swept off his feet by the most beautiful of the four beautiful daughters of the late Frederick Cauchois, coffee king and millionaire dealer in real estate. Nobody knows what happened. Nobody dares to ask Rudy. On July 31, only two months later, the marriage was annulled. Smash went Rudy's plans, his dreams. The home that he was to create for her, the specially built motor car, the string of pearls he had ordered perfectly matched for her, everything was stopped, canceled.

There is a sad quality in Rudy's only comment concerning this emotional adventure.

"I am afraid," he told a friend, "that I am not made for marriage." But when someone asked him to describe his ideal girl he said without hesitating, "She must be beautiful, brunette, over twenty-five; someone who will love me right or wrong; someone who wants no modern fifty-fifty arrangement in marriage, who is not ashamed of being a clinging vine."

AFTER this experience he threw himself with even greater ardor into his work. He began to show an unusual collaborative ability. That is, he can take a mediocre song and develop it into a song hit, by rewriting both the lyric and the music. He knows he is no Byron, but he has a decided gift for giving an unusual twist to an ordinary melodic phrase.

Once when on tour with his orchestra he happened to hear a chorus sing a melody that caught what Tin-Pan Alley calls his song sense. The title, he learned, was Girl of My Vagabond Dreams. No one seemed to know who had written it. Rudy wrote to the copyright bureau in Washington and eventually secured the composer's permission to rewrite the song. Under Rudy's title, Vagabond Lover, it has made what they call history along Broadway. And, strange to say, this youth, whose very touch has become that of a Midas, whose income fluctuates between $4,000 and $20,000 a week, has himself come to represent the Vagabond Lover in the public mind.

Even in his own mind, Rudy is a vagabond, the runaway of his boyhood. There is a longing quality in the expression of his eyes when he talks, a worlds-far-off expression.

"I should never be surprised to hear that he had suddenly disappeared," said an elderly woman who has known him for years; "that he

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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S. Albert Roth, druggist

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EX-LAX

The safe, gentle laxative that tastes like chocolate

[VAGABOND LOVER
Continued from page twenty-five]

had thrown up all this success and business of being in the limelight. He has always had the imagination of a rover. He has always been in love with the word vagabond. I fear that life has given him too much, has made the mistake of giving it to him when he is too young. He has always wanted to go to the far places of the earth, and if he had not had an unusually strong affection for his parents I am sure he would have gone. But, wherever he goes, he'll charm them with that voice of his!"

And so Rudy roves in his imagination. Witness the names of the songs he has made most popular: Love Has Made a Gypsy Out of Me, and Deep Night, which he wrote himself and which wails in a minor note for the mystery of night and the stars above! This in itself proves his inhibition. But he is the person to have turned the theme of his suppressed desires into a fortune!

RUDY VALLÉE has never known what it is to be poor. Really poor. This may explain why, now that he has all the money he can spend, he does not spend it. He's not stingy, nor even noticeably thrifty. But he's a little disappointing. Prince Charming should always be seen to gesture with an open hand.

Rudy saves his money by not throwing it away on himself. He refuses to clutter up his life with a lot of things. He does not pose as a great reader, although he would like to have the time to read a few of the books that appeal to him. He says naïvely that a serial story written by Wadsworth Camp changed to a great degree his entire outlook on life. Nor is he an equestrian of parts. He began to ride for the first time when he was in California last summer making his picture, The Vagabond Lover. He's not much of an athlete, although he swims well; nor is he a good shot. So, you see, he's something that might be labeled the press agents' despair.

IN this despair they have built up the legend that he is the greatest modern lover! His voice is the voice with sex appeal!

Rudy Vallée hasn't a single illusion about himself. He flees from flattery. For instance, he has been told that he has a good head for business. He would like to believe this—musicians always love to fancy themselves practical!—but he knows that music is his only business, so he takes no chances.

The world today is filled with crooning tenors and barytones, singers who have found it profitable to follow Rudy Vallée's style. This doesn't bother him, although he says that the popularity of anything as fleeting as song lasts only as long as the novelty of its emotional appeal.

When this proves true Rudy will pack up. Fifty million flappers will have grown up by that time. And Rudy, so he says, will be on his vagabond way.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Jeanne Eagels

The Story of Her Life

By

Edward Doherty

See Page 35

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is a lapidary?

2—What is a squatter?

3—What is a monosyllable?

4—Where are the Vosges Mountains?

5—What is the native name of Japan?

6—Is any part of Asia on the equator?

7—What is the common name for the scapula?

8—Who were the Pharaohs?

9—What is a *bon vivant?*

10—What islands comprise the Greater Antilles?

11—What is the minimum age at which a person may become a senator?

12—Who were the Picts?

13—What is the name of the fat of whales from which oil is obtained?

14—What American Indians are known for their weaving of rugs and blankets?

15—Where is the Hall of Fame for Great Americans?

16—What is the name for two dots placed over a vowel, as in zoölogy?

17—What is Mohammed's flight from Mecca called?

18—What is spavin?

19—By what amendment to the Constitution was slavery abolished?

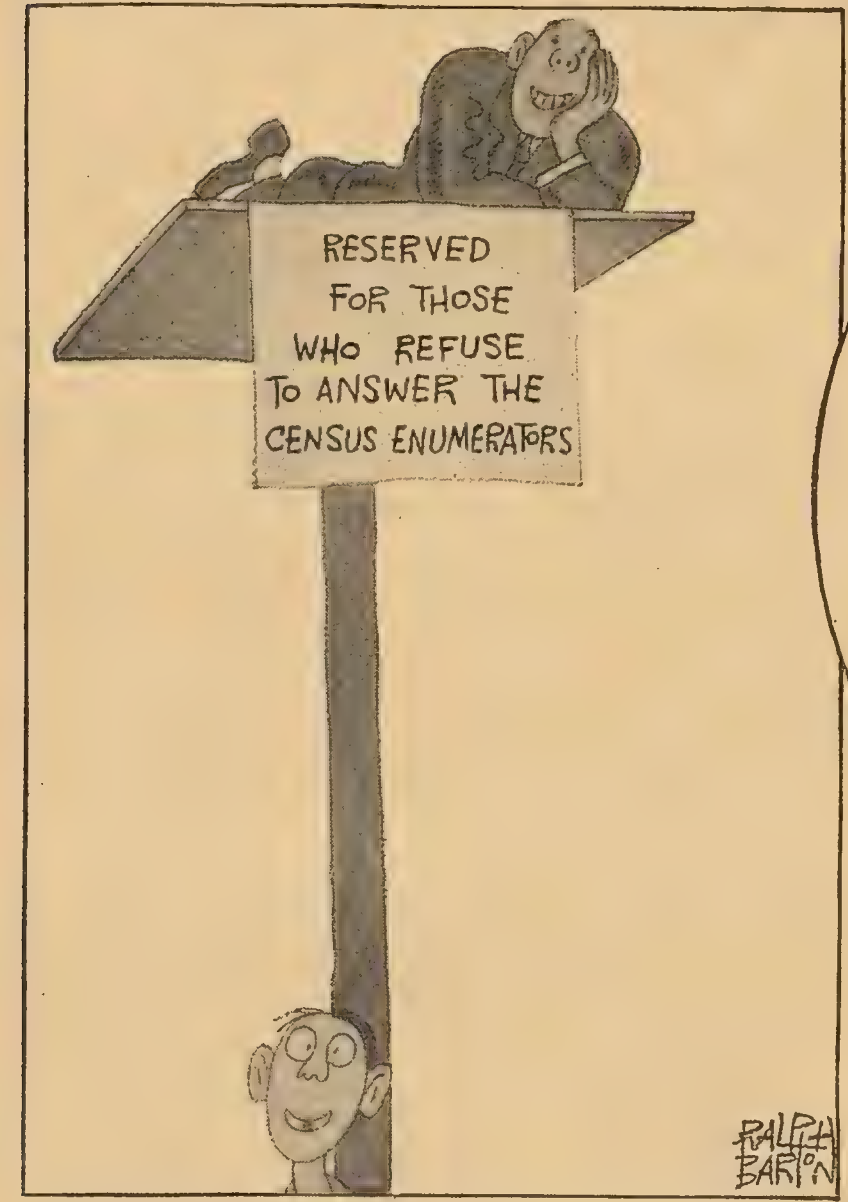
20—What is the standard of measurement in the metric system?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-seven)

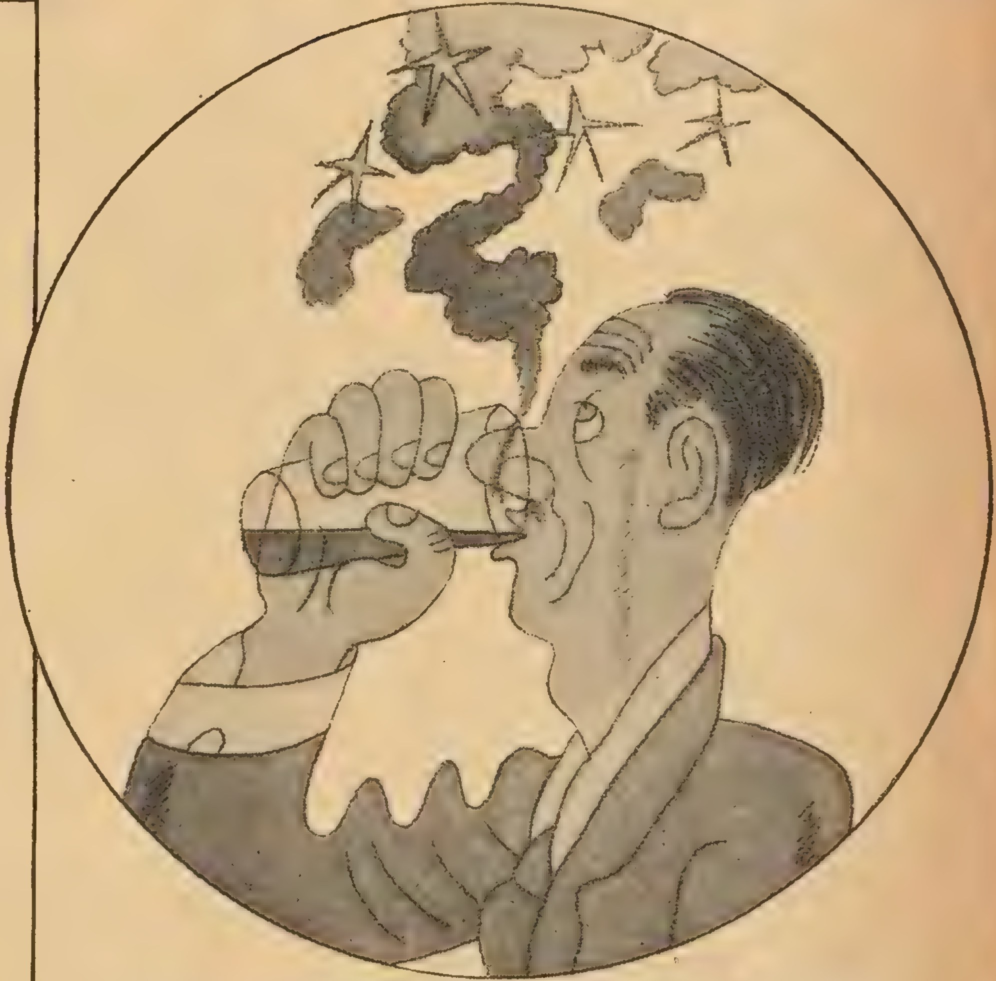
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

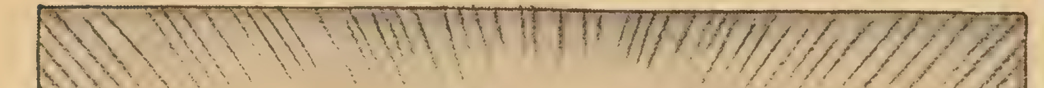
By RALPH BARTON


RESERVED
FOR THOSE
WHO REFUSE
TO ANSWER THE
CENSUS ENUMERATORS
RALPH
BARTON

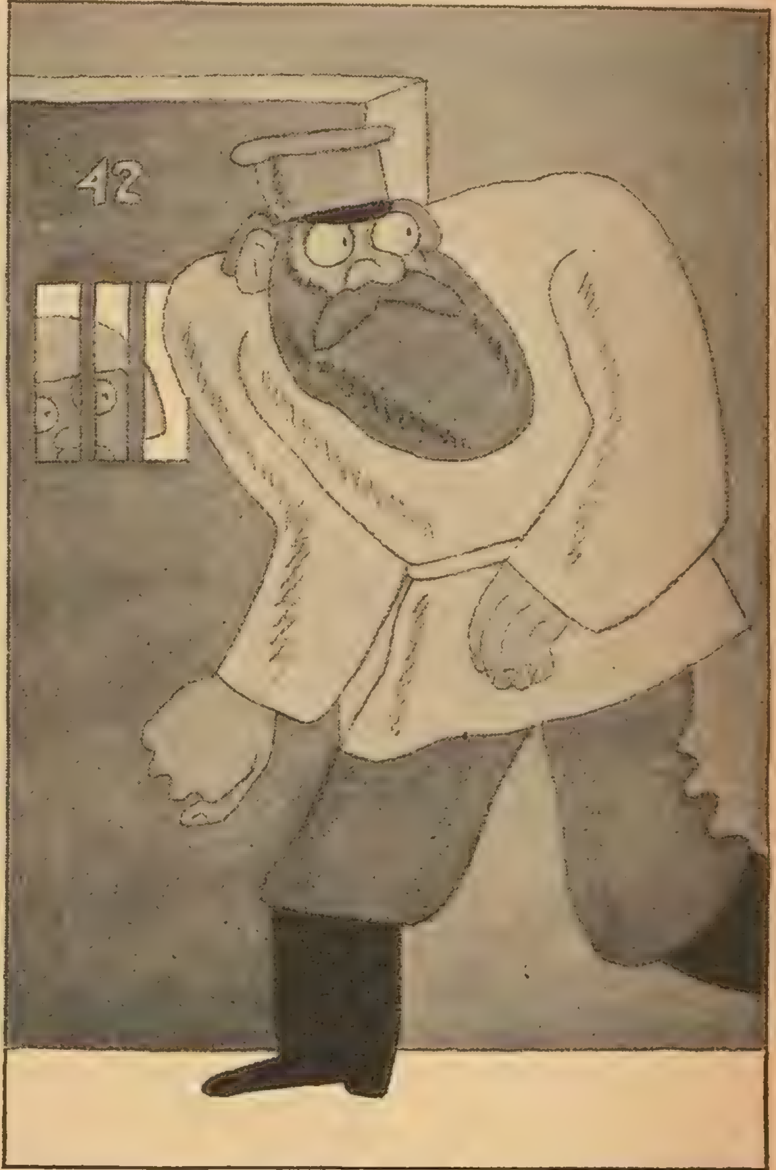
ONE NOTCH HIGHER in the scale of foolishness than the flagpole sitters.



IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR KANSAS to be dry. They've had Prohibition since 1880 and have had time to get used to the stuff.



TELEPHOTO of the Eighth Heaven recently inaugurated for the reception of heads of firms which send, with their monthly bills, pre-stamped, self-addressed Business Reply Envelopes (Permit No. 22, Sec. 384½ P. L. and R.).

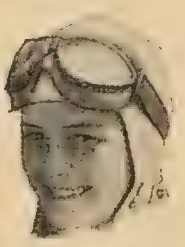


WE KNOW HOW IT IS. Study of a citizen going to church in a district in Russia where religion is prohibited.

Joy Ride

A Story of Love—and Wings

By



ALICIA PATTERSON

a young writer with experience as a newspaper reporter, known to readers of Liberty through her articles on hunting, fishing, and flying. This time she has turned to fiction.

Pictures by

KATHARINE STURGES AND CLAYTON KNIGHT

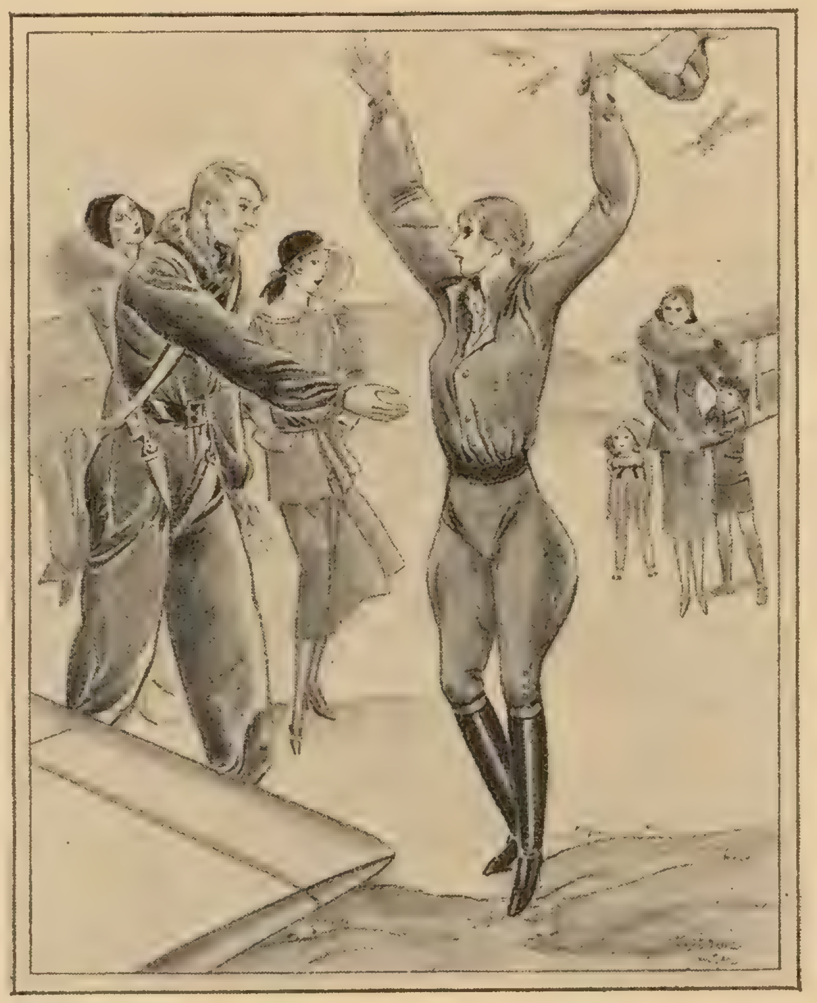
LAURA WITHERS was bored. Not the casual brand of boredom that smart women like to wear. But a stifling boredom. Like a sticky sheet on a hot night. It was always there—hemming her in, pulling her down. Laura wondered if people could die from being bored.

She wouldn't mind so much dying. At least, she wouldn't know she was bored then. But, of course, she wouldn't die. People didn't do it. She would go on listening to Harvey's health.

That was all there was to do. Mademoiselle got sulky every time she wanted to take the children out. Mademoiselle said it interfered with their scientific routine. Almost the only time she ever saw them alone was for a second just before their supper, when they were all dressed up. They hardly seemed like her children. They were shy in her presence. They were obviously relieved when Mademoiselle came to fetch them for supper. Harvey said it was much better to have Mademoiselle take care of them. She had resented it at first—made a few scenes. But that was so long ago. What was the use?

Of course, there was the house on Long Island and the house in town. She had thought it would be rather fun fixing them up and running them. But Harvey had such an efficient housekeeper—Mrs. Deeps—who had been with him years before they were married—indeed, since the time of the first Mrs. Withers. Laura had to admit Mrs. Deeps knew more about housekeeping than she did. And that was that—as a good many other things were.

She had been married nearly ten years now. She was thirty and Harvey was sixty-five. Harvey really was a dear. He gave her everything in the world. She had position, money, and power of a sort. She had been terribly poor. Everyone knew it was a brilliant thing for her when she achieved her engagement to Harvey Withers, son of the first Harvey Withers. She didn't want to be ungrateful. But she wanted something more. For one year of life she would swap everything. What was the use? She would go on tending Harvey till every bit of brightness had gone out. Oh, well. Since she had made a bargain she would stick to it. . . .



Laura was crazy with joy. She was a licensed pilot. Freddy came up to congratulate her.

"Oh, come on, Laura! Don't be such a stuff! Do drive out to the country. It is a heavenly morning, and I am mad to get some fresh air into my lungs. Do you realize this is the first day of spring?"

"Hello, Ruth," Laura yawned sleepily into the phone. "And do you realize that you woke me up? Whatever do you want to do in the country? I think it's a poisonous idea at this time of year—slush and mud. We'll catch our death."

"Come out of it! You're as bad as Harvey with all this health propaganda. It will do you good to get away from that depressing house for a while."

"All right. Call for me in an hour."

Laura started the business of getting dressed. So Ruth thought she was getting like Harvey. She probably was. Lord, she was growing old! Growing old before she had even grown young. She must, as Ruth said, snap out of it and find some interest to keep herself from utter decay.

"I know what let's do," suggested the irrepressible Ruth one and a half hours later as they were ambling along Motor Parkway. "We can stop by Roosevelt Field and say hello to Freddy Kirby. He's a flyer, a professional pilot, but educated. You'll like him, Laura. He's a throwback to your favorite Greeks. Carefree, gallant, and completely indifferent to feminine charms. Flying is his only love."

"NOW, Ruth, what would I do with a Greek flyer? I'm a respectable married woman with two children. And, besides, I think airplanes are so noisy."

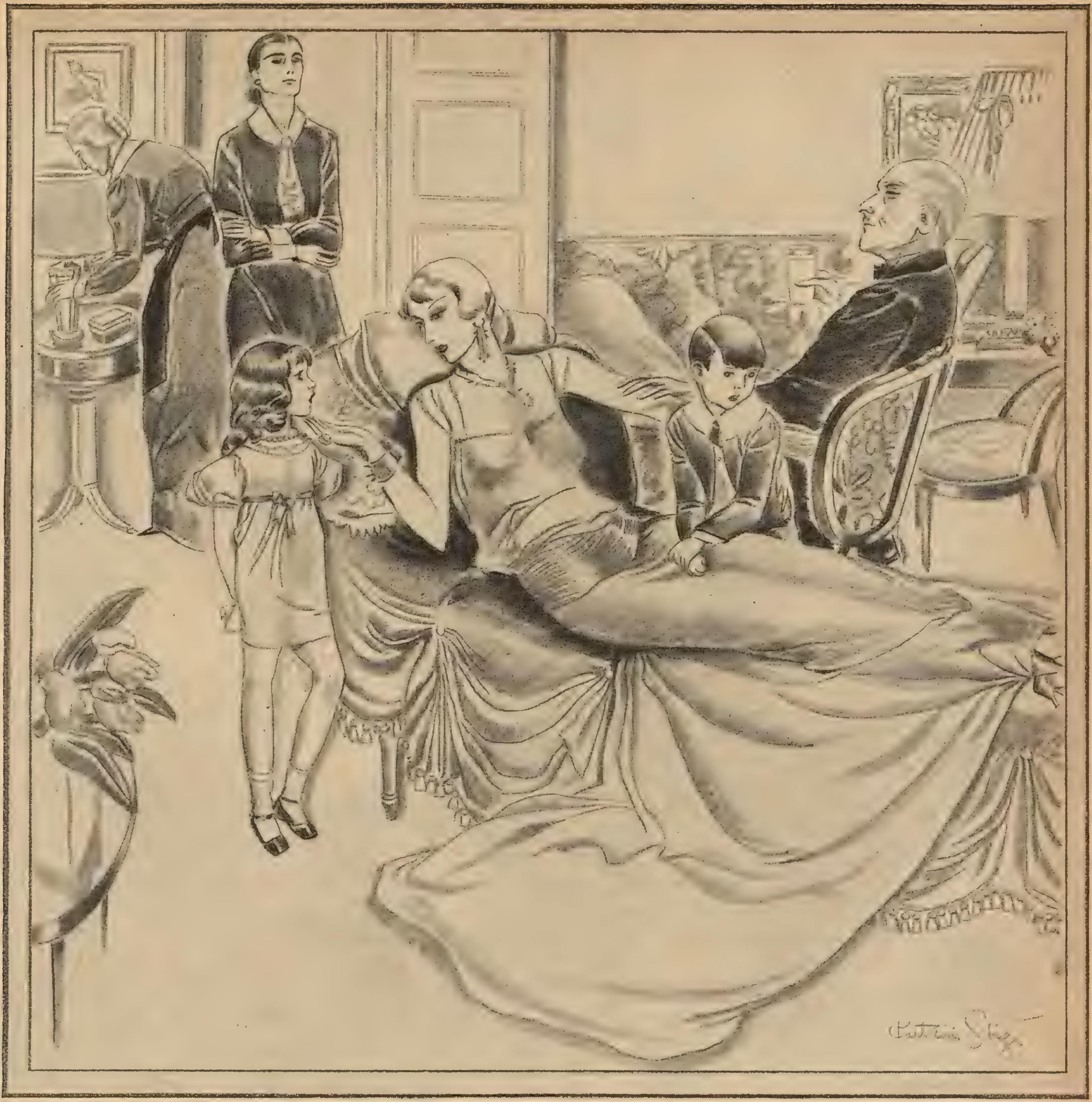
"I'm not asking you to elope with the man. I'm asking you to meet him. As for the noise—it's no worse than the noise you hear every day in New York. You are getting stodgy, Laura."

"I am not stodgy," answered Laura, smiling. "And to prove it I will meet this young Greek of yours and tell him he's wonderful."

They drove into the field and found a parking space with some difficulty. It was Saturday and the field was crowded. The grand stand was overflowing with sensation hunters hoping for a crash, potential aviators, and lovesick ladies.

Scores of planes were lined up with their props turning over. Aviators swaggered around in their leather flying suits, feeling vastly superior to the ground hogs. Mechanics, all over with grease, worked hard to get their engines ready. It was the first day of spring and all who could were out to take a flight.

Laura was thrilled. She had never seen so many planes before. She liked to watch them glide in for a landing



They hardly seemed like her children. They were shy in her presence. Harvey said it was better to have Mademoiselle take care of them.

and settle softly on the ground. It looked so smooth and effortless. She almost hoped she could go up in the air just to feel what it was like to be way above all the grub and drabness.

"Well, for heaven's sakes! Look who's here! And what are you doing in our country?"

Laura looked around to see a slim, straw-blond man hold out his hand to Ruth. He had the bluest eyes she had ever seen.

RUTH introduced Laura to Freddy. So this was the Greek. He looked Swedish. He bowed briefly and went on talking to Ruth. Laura was piqued. She was accustomed to have people make a fuss over her. Wasn't her position one of the best in New York? Besides that, she was good-looking. She knew that.

"I brought Laura around to initiate her into the mysteries of flying," Ruth was saying. "Can you imagine, Freddy? This girl has never even been up in an airplane!"

"Yes," put in Laura. "I thought you might take me up for a ride if you aren't too busy."

"So sorry. I'm all tied up today. I'm testing a four-passenger Ciro for a friend of mine. I hope some other time."

Ruth drew Freddy aside. "Listen, Freddy. Take her up as a favor to me. She's all tied up with complexes, and terribly unhappy. I want her to get out of herself—to get a new slant on things. She can go as part of your load. Leave out one hundred and ten pounds of sandbags."

"Well, Ruth"—Freddy hesitated—"you know I'd do almost anything for you. It's against the rules, but as long as this test isn't official I guess I can manage it. I don't know how much she's going to like sitting on a lot of sandbags, but if you say the word, it's a go."

"You are nice, Freddy," said Ruth. "I'll do something for you some day."

They joined Laura. Ruth turned to her, "Freddy says he will do it. Now come along and he will show you the plane. You'll have to weigh in as part of the useful load."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Kirby," stammered Laura.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

" Don't mention it. I'm always glad to do anything for Ruth or her friends."

So that's how he thought of her. One of Ruth's friends. Well, she'd show him.

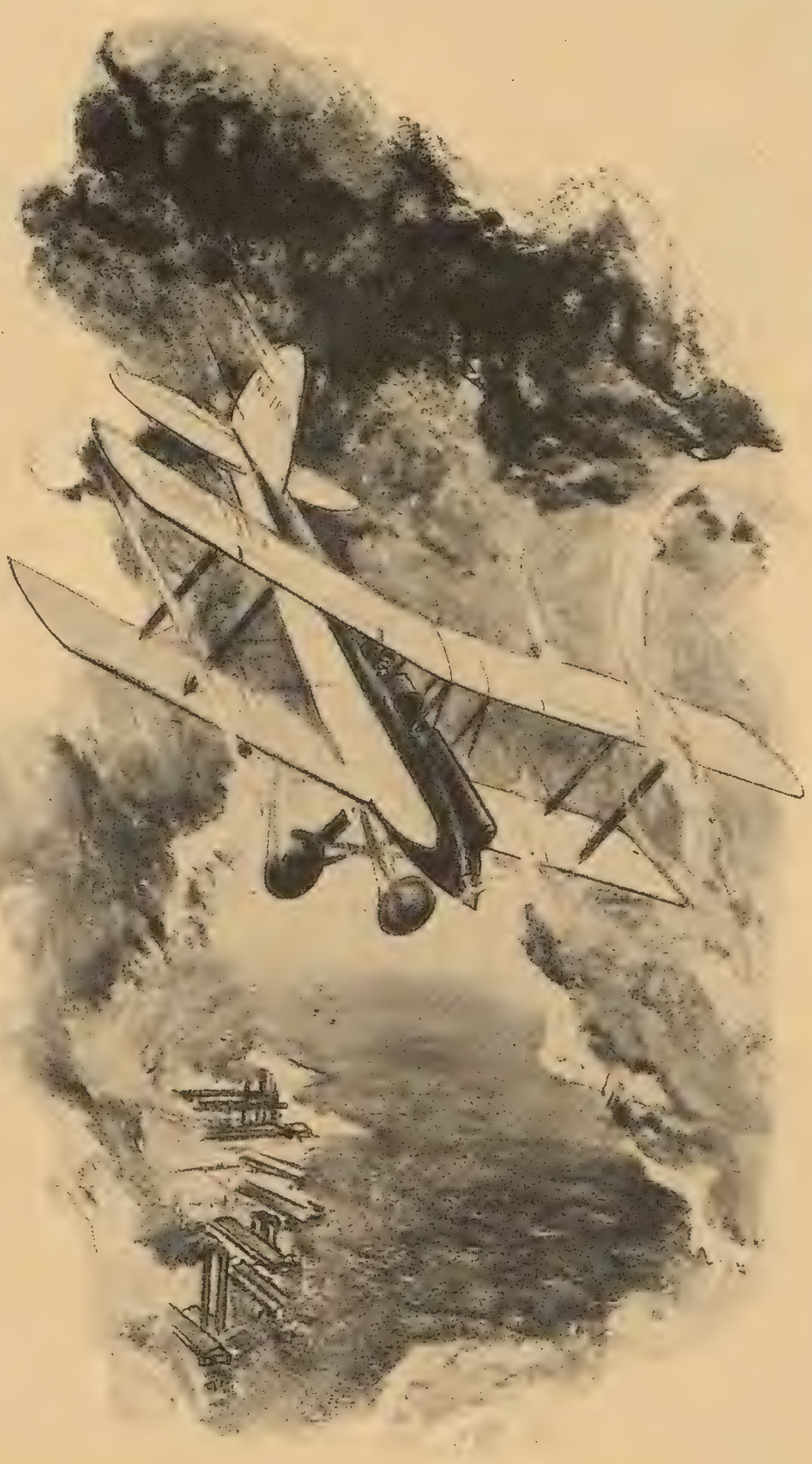
They weighed her in and hustled her to the plane. The engine was turning over. She was pushed into the back amongst the sandbags. It was terribly exciting to Laura, but Freddy and the mechanic seemed to take it as a matter of course. The mechanic was going along to check up the results of the tests.

There was a blast of the motor and the plane lumbered down the runway. Laura clutched the seat. Freddy turned the plane and looked back at Laura.

" All set? " he yelled. Laura nodded.

Freddy gave her the gun. The plane started up the runway—faster, faster, faster. Laura looked at the ground and gasped. It was slipping away. She was in the air. She saw the planes lined up, the crowds. But they were below her now. While she—why, she was climbing to the sun. She saw all the world stretched below—the crawling automobiles, the silly little houses, the hair-line highways. She was leaving behind her all the endless quarrels and the worry and the sickness. This was release.

SHE looked at the back of Freddy's head. He was quite unconcerned. He had forgotten that she was there. He didn't know that this was her great adventure. All at once Laura understood. Of course he wasn't interested in her—he who had all of the sky for his mistress. Why, she was only one of the millions of crawling earth worms. Laura became very humble. This man was the symbol of everything she had longed for—life, romance, love.



She looked at her gas. It was almost gone. The engine sputtered. The water was coming up to meet her.

Freddy throttled down and glided in for a landing. He taxied to the line. Laura clambered ungracefully to the ground.

" I want to tell you," she said, looking up at him, " that this is the nicest thing that ever happened to me."

" Don't mention it," he smiled. " Glad, indeed, to have met you." He shook hands and was gone.

" You look as if you'd seen a couple of ghosts. What's the matter? Didn't you like the ride? " Laura turned to find Ruth next to her.

" It was glorious," she breathed.

For the next two weeks Laura walked in a trance. She listened patiently to Harvey's health. She played with the children. She went to luncheons and bridges, but her eyes were full of wings. She was still up in the sky with Freddy, flying over the world. She liked to close herself in her room and go over every second of that morning.

She broached the subject of flying to her husband. She hadn't told him about her ride. They were at one of their solitary dinners. Harvey Withers liked the long polished table, the massive plate, the footman behind his chair. After all, dinner was a ceremony and should be treated with respect.

" HARVEY," she began nervously, " what do you think of flying? Do you think it has a future? "

" Of course it has, my dear," he answered her. " I think so much of it that I'm buying aviation stocks right along. It is one of the greatest inventions of all time. Lindbergh and Byrd have proved conclusively that it will be practicable."

" I'm so glad you feel that way about it, Harvey. Do you know, I think I should like to take lessons myself. Pretty soon, of course, everybody will be flying, and I'd like to get in on the ground floor. That's always been your theory, hasn't it? " Laura laughed uncertainly.

" Laura, have you gone quite out of your mind? Please don't ever mention anything quite so absurd again. Leaving the danger out—how do you suppose I would feel having my wife associating with that sort of people? I married you so I could protect you from the ugly side of life. Aren't you happy? Heaven knows I have tried to make you so. You have children to think of. You have a lovely house, a devoted husband. What is it you want? "

" Nothing, I guess. But I do get so tired of being

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

6 Vital Improvements

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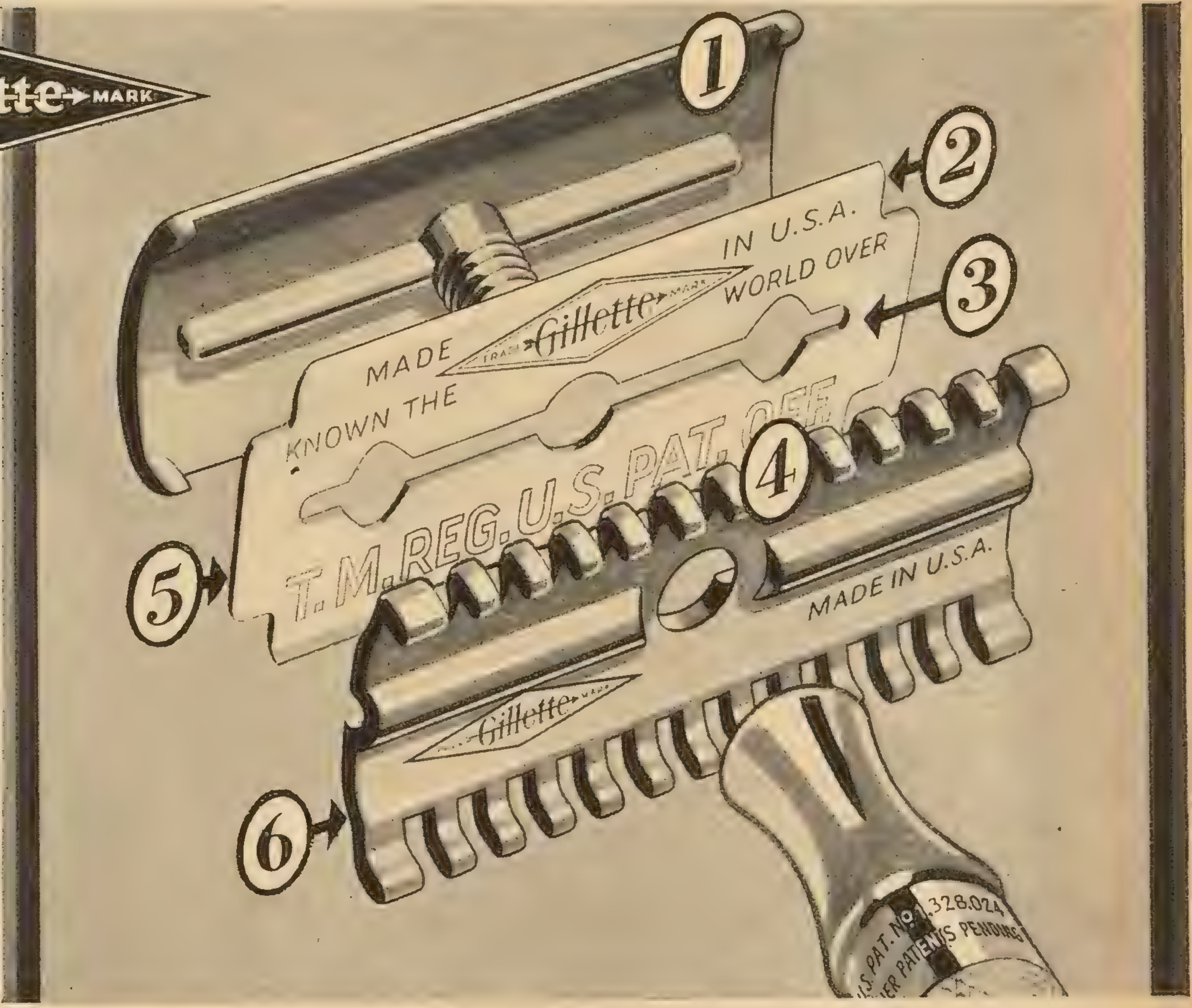
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SIR WALTER RALEIGH

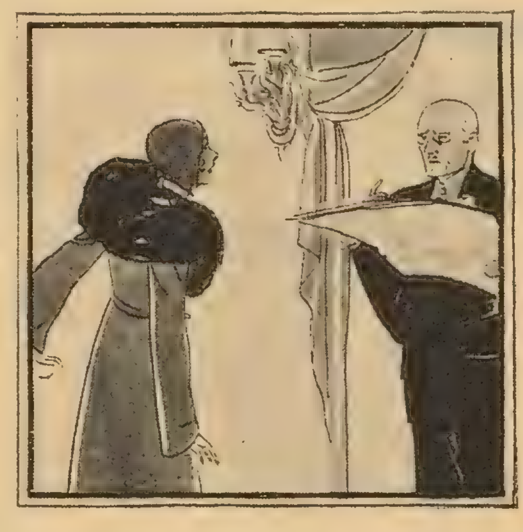
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

sheltered. I want to live myself, don't you understand? I want to live *myself*."

"You are not yourself. You haven't been for some time. I shall make an appointment for you with Dr. Randolph tomorrow morning. You undoubtedly need a rest."

"Harvey, will you never understand?" sighed Laura. She daren't tell him of her flight. What was the use?

Thinking about a person was all right, but Laura decided at the beginning of the third week that she wanted something more concrete. She would go down to the field once more. Perhaps Freddy would give her another ride. Surely there was no harm. After all, Freddy was only a shadow. She had never been the least bit unfaithful to Harvey and she never would be. She only wanted to look at Freddy. To hear him say good morning. To see the sun glisten on his hair.



The next morning Laura ordered her car and started out for the field. She had an "elevator feeling" in her stomach. It was rather fun being all prickly inside. Supposing Freddy weren't there. Oh, but he would be. Ruth said he was always there. Would he take her up again? Probably. He might even ask her for luncheon afterwards. Then, to return his hospitality, she could ask him in town for dinner. Somehow she would arrange it. After that . . . Laura's dreams led her into fantastic fields at the other end of the world from Park Avenue.

THE field was almost deserted. It was a week day. The weather was raw. There were no crowds. Laura felt lost. What would she say to Freddy if she did see him? Maybe she shouldn't have come. If Ruth were only along! She wandered around from hangar to hangar trying to look as though she knew all about planes. Her heart gave a jump. There was Freddy. He was talking to a person in overalls. She waited till the person had gone.

"How do you do, Mr. Kirby! I was just passing the field and thought I'd drop in. How's the flying?"

Freddy looked blank. "Why—er—how do you do? How are you?" He had forgotten her.

"I'm Mrs. Harvey Withers," she laughed nervously. "You took me up for a ride the other day."

"Mrs. Withers? Oh, yes, of course, Mrs. Withers." But he continued to look blank.

"Yes, I came out with Ruth Carson. Don't you remember?" Laura's face was hot with embarrassment.

"Oh, Ruth! Why, of course, I remember you now. You see, Mrs. Withers, I'm the vaguest man alive. You will have to forgive me. They kid me about it around the field—tell me the only thing I ever think about is flying."

"Is that true?" Laura asked.

Freddy grinned uncomfortably. He didn't like women. They were always asking the darndest questions. "Oh, I don't know. I've always liked the air. Used to dream about flying when I was a kid. Guess it's sort of part of me now—it's my job."

"Will you teach me to fly, Mr. Kirby? I think I could feel about it just the way you do." Laura gasped. What on earth was she saying? Had she gone quite mad?

"I'M sorry, Mrs. Withers. I don't instruct. I'm a test pilot. If you go over to the office they'll give you the information you need. I think it's fine you're going to take it up. Well, good-by. See you again."

Laura was left feeling sick and miserable. She had made a fool of herself. What on earth had she ever come out for? He didn't care—didn't even know that she was alive. She started walking to the car. Maybe if she did learn to fly—learned to love the thing he loved—then there would be a bond between them. She would feel closer to him. He said that flying was a part of him. She could make it a part of her. Anyway, it couldn't do any harm to ask about it at the office.

She did ask. She signed up for ten hours' instruction after a physical examination by the doctor at the field. She made an appointment for the following day.

Laura was scared. She knew Harvey would never countenance her flying. What should she do? She wouldn't tell him. He did not have a right to take away her chance of happiness. After all, it was her life. She had given ten years of it to him. She wanted to live *herself*.

The weeks passed by in exciting succession. Laura wasn't bored any more. Her cheeks were red again. Her eyes were bright. Harvey was uncomfortable. It made him feel old to see his wife. Why the deuce did she have so much energy? At thirty a woman should be ready to settle down.

Laura was sweeter to Harvey now. Her happiness reached out to include him. She was sorry not to tell him of her flying, but it could only worry the poor darling. And it was too late to stop. It was in her blood. It was part of her.

And Freddy was all mixed up in it. Laura loved Freddy. Flying was her

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

HE PLAYS BASEBALL FROM THE BLEACHERS

...Yet he has "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

HE practically runs the team from his seat. "Watch that bunt," you hear him yell. "Cover second on that throw"—"s-l-i-d-e"—his lungs get all the exercise, but his feet would feel strange in "spikes."

Yet this hard-playing member of the Bleacher Brigade has a well-defined case of "Athlete's Foot." He is bothered by a dry, scaly condition of the skin between his toes, with i-t-c-h-i-n-g.* It's a nagging infection and seems to be getting worse every day, but he doesn't know what it is or how to get rid of it.

And he is only one of millions of Americans who have the ringworm infection, commonly called "Athlete's Foot," and who wonder what it is!

**Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home*

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere.* It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds *"It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."* And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton,* has made itself a nuisance in America.

---

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUNBURN too!

Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools instantly; takes out soreness and inflammation; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteria counts and by photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

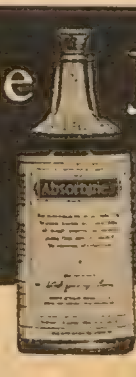
It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent.* The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours only a very short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.



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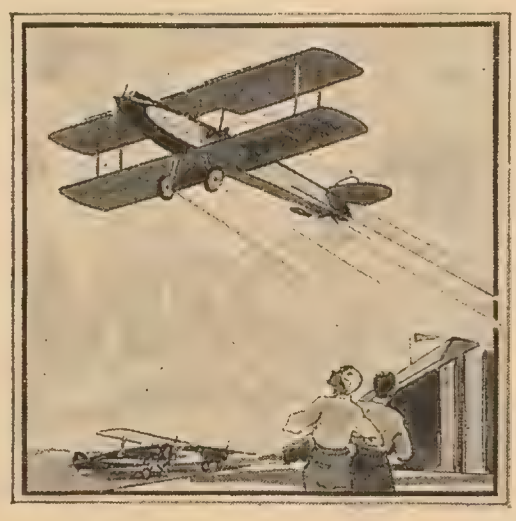
Flexes With Foot
Exercises The Arch

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

offering to love. It was the only gift she could give. He didn't know. He hardly knew of her existence. It made Laura feel heroic—like one of the ladies of old. She was the Lady of Shalott, Joan of Arc, Melisande. She, too, could sacrifice her life for the man she loved.

“For heaven's sake, don't lose your flying speed. How many times do I have to tell you that you'll be killed if you let the ship stall?”

“I'm sorry, Lieutenant Morris. I keep forgetting. There are so many things to remember.”



“My dear lady, this is a game where you're only allowed one mistake.”

“And that's the last one?” She smiled.

“Correct. Are you sure you want to fly? I don't like to discourage you, but there are some people that never make flyers. I'm not saying that you're one of them. Maybe after you get the hang of it you'll be O. K. But you've already had over twenty hours' instruction and you aren't ready to solo.”

“Oh, but I'm sure if I did solo I would be all right. I just feel it. Won't you let me?”

“Mrs. Withers, that's what they all say. The first time I think you're ready I'll let you go. Don't worry about that part of it.”

Laura walked wearily to the locker to change her clothes. What was the use? She would never learn to fly. She was a failure. She might as well give it all up.

“HELLO, Mrs. Withers. How's the flying coming?”

It was Freddy. Laura felt weak.

“Not very well, I'm afraid. I guess I'm just dumb. I do wish I knew how to keep a ship from stalling.”

“Don't feel so blue about it. You ought to get one of these little Arnos with the slotted wings. You can stall them all you like and they won't hurt you. I'll give you a demonstration if you like. I've got the agency for them.”

“Oh, would you? I'd be so happy. When will you take me up?”

“Right away, if you want. They're swell little airplanes. I think you'll like them.”

The demonstration was successful. Laura loved the plane because Freddy said it was “swell.” She would have loved anything.

“But if I bought the plane,” Laura ventured, “I couldn't get anyone to teach me. The instructors aren't allowed to use other planes for instruction. I know, because I asked.”

“Well, maybe I could manage half an hour a day. I'm not very busy right now. And you're nearly ready to solo.”

Freddy had a prospect and he wasn't going to lose it.

Laura bought the plane. She sold one of her bracelets to get the money.

The next few months were the happiest of her life. She was really learning how to fly. With Freddy for an instructor she had made amazing progress. He had soloed her and now she was flying around the field by herself. And Freddy was proud of her. He would point her out to his friends and prospective buyers. He said she hadn't any real flying ability, but she was conscientious and she was doing very nicely with the Arno, which only showed that the Arno was foolproof and had a great future.

LAURA'S world was complete. She had found the romance she was looking for. She was living at last. She asked nothing more. All the grayness of the last ten years vanished. She was a woman reborn.

The only cloud in her sky was Harvey. She knew she had to tell him some day. It wasn't fair not to. But she kept putting it off. Making excuses. Telling herself that it would only worry him. And the weeks kept slipping by.

Then one day she took her private license test for the Department of Commerce. She was horribly nervous. She had to make three landings, some figure eights, and a spiral landing. She made rather a poor showing, but she just managed to crawl under the ropes. The inspector passed her. Laura was crazy with joy. She was a licensed pilot. She had won her wings. Freddy came up to congratulate her.

“Well, how's the new pilot?” he asked her. “I'm very proud of you. Do you mind if I take a little credit? After all, you know you are my pupil.”

Laura fairly danced to her car. She sang all the way home. She rushed into the house and threw her arms around Harvey. He was standing in the hall waiting for her. He was holding a copy of the Sun in his hand.

“Laura,” he said in a trembling voice, “will you come into my study? I want to talk to you.”

Laura was instantly sober. The gayety vanished. Something was the matter. She knew what it was.

He showed her the paper. There on the front page was her picture. She read the caption, “Society woman wins wings.”

“Is this true?” he asked her. Laura felt sorry for him. He seemed suddenly ten years older.

“Yes, Harvey.”

“Oh, Laura, how could you deceive me? Please, my dear, promise me that you'll never fly again. Please, I ask you. This has upset me terribly.”

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

Jeanne Eagels

in her greatest success RAIN

WHITE STUDIO, N. Y

Genius and drunkard
Artist and hellion
Poet and devil
She battled to the stars!

THE brief career of Jeanne Eagels was crowded with thrills. Starting with nothing—not even health—this fragile girl battled her way to stardom. . . . She had genius. Women envied her. Men were fascinated. A few she loved devotedly. But no man could dominate her.

From Times Square to Hollywood, Liberty sent Edward Doherty to pick up the many threads of Jeanne Eagels' story and weave them into one colorful pattern. . . . It is a story crowded with gay parties, feverish rehearsals, brilliant first nights, stormy love scenes. Through its pages moves a procession of celebrities. . . . The Prince of Wales, Belasco, George Arliss, Ethel Barrymore, Jack Gilbert, Ted Coy, Clifton Webb, Ina Claire and countless others from Broadway, Wall Street, Park Avenue, and Hollywood Boulevard.

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A Weekly for Everybody

Was she the greatest actress America ever knew? Many believe so

NEXT WEEK

But must my hair be dry after a permanent wave?

Joyfully, we tell you—it need NOT be! It is quite true that practically all systems of permanent waving do tend to dry the hair and make it brittle, but clever women know that an ounce of prevention and another ounce or so of cure will keep their hair normal and healthy in spite of the heat of wave machines.

The solution to the whole problem lies in the handy bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. It's so good for the hair. Before your shampoo, apply it directly to the scalp and massage the head thoroughly with the fingertips. Move the scalp—don't rub. This treatment cleanses the pores, supplies oil to the roots and stimulates circulation. Follow it by your usual shampoo. The hair will be soft and lustrous, your wave will look smooth and natural.

And "Vaseline" Hair Tonic is fine for setting your wave, too. Moisten the hair first with water. Then smooth a very little Tonic over it with the palm of your hand and with comb and fingers shape and pinch in the wave as you like it.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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Whether you want to escape the drying effects of a permanent or just to keep your scalp healthy and your hair lovely, do try "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. You can buy it at any drug store, in bottles of two sizes with shaker-type tops. Made by the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

JOY RIDE
Continued from page thirty-four

"I can't promise. Don't you understand? It's my life. I'll never never give it up. I like it better than anything in the whole world. I'd rather die than give it up."

"What about your children? Don't they count any more?"

"Oh, Harvey, I know I'm beastly! Forgive me if you can. I don't suppose I can make you understand what flying has meant to me. I was getting stuffy. I was rotting. I was getting old. Flying changed all that. I am young again. I am living the youth that I was cheated out of. I know I'm hurting you. But I don't mean to. I wish I could make you see it. You lived a whole lifetime before you ever met me. Do you now deny me my chance? Of course I love my children. But I can't see how flying is going to hurt them."

"My darling, I'm sorry if your life with me hasn't been happy. I know I've been difficult a lot of the time. Believe me, I won't be any more. We'll go away somewhere. You may not realize it—perhaps that's my fault—but you mean more to me than anything in the world. And the children. What will they do if something happens to you? I am getting old. I haven't much more time. They need you, Laura. You haven't the right to desert them."

"Harvey, that's melodrama. Nothing is going to happen to me. Flying is perfectly safe. You just have to be a little careful. If it were dangerous, why do you suppose so many people fly?"

"That's not the point, Laura. I personally think flying is dangerous and I object to your taking unnecessary chances. Nothing can convince me otherwise. I am not asking it for myself. I am asking it for the sake of your children. I don't see how you can honestly refuse me. When your children were born you undertook a responsibility. You are shirking that responsibility now."

"What's the use of all this?" sighed Laura wearily. "We aren't getting anywhere. I'll promise to think it over. I'll let you know tomorrow. I think I'll go to my room now. I'm tired. I won't be down for dinner."

"Good night, my dear—and I pray to God you will come to your senses."

LAURA spent an unhappy night. She couldn't bear to give up flying, and yet there was a lot in what Harvey said. She did owe the children something. After all, they were more important than she was. Then it meant that her life didn't matter. She was only the mother of her children, no longer a person in her own right. And there wasn't any other way out. She knew she must tell Harvey in the morning that she would give up flying. She had won her wings only to have them clipped. She hadn't even tested them.

For the next two months Laura kept her promise. She had grown terribly thin. There were purple shadows under her eyes. She sat all day on the balcony off her room, looking up at the sky. She hardly ever spoke any more.

Then one hot sultry day in August she felt she couldn't stand it any longer. She couldn't breathe. Just to get up in the heavens once more, to feel some clean air, and she would give the rest of her life. It couldn't do any harm, and no one need ever know. Tomorrow she would sell her plane and put temptation out of the way. But today she would fly again.

She drove out to the field. She had telephoned ahead and her plane was standing on the line. The mechanic was warming up the engine. She changed into her flying clothes. She looked around for Freddy. She wanted to say good-by. He was standing by one of the Curber jobs arguing with a fellow flyer. They were discussing the pros and cons of a new-fangled landing gear. She walked up to him and held out her hand.

"I want to say good-by, Freddy, and I want to thank you for everything you've done for me."

Freddy looked surprised. It was the first time she had used his Christian name.

"Why, where are you off for, Mrs. Withers? I haven't seen you for a long time."

"I'm giving up flying."

"Well, I'm sorry to hear that. I think you'd have made a first-rate pilot if you'd stuck with it."

Freddy turned to his friend as soon as she had gone.

"They're all alike, these women. They haven't the guts to stick to anything."

Laura climbed into the plane, opened the throttle, and took off. She started for New York. She wanted to see it from the air. Some white, heavy-looking clouds were drifting in from the southwest, but Laura didn't pay any attention to them. She was having a glorious time.

She looked down on New York and laughed. So this was supposed to be the greatest city in the world. It looked very unimportant to her 5,000 feet in the air.

She flew over it for a while, picking out the bridges, the islands, and Central Park. Then she turned her nose toward the Jersey coast. She had gas enough for another two hours. She would fly till the last possible moment.

The clouds were getting thicker and Laura was forced down to a thousand feet. Still she didn't sense her danger. After another half hour she turned back, but it was too late. The clouds had trapped her. They were hanging over the tree tops. She was wrapped in a thick, wet, white blanket. She couldn't see the ground or the sky. She didn't know where she was.

BUT she wasn't afraid. It was peaceful being buried in the heavens this way. She barely touched the controls. She remembered that Freddy had once told her if she ever got caught in a fog to leave the plane alone and it would fly itself out.

She thought of a quotation she had once read in Shakespeare: "We are such stuff as dreams are made on; and our little life is rounded with a sleep." She wondered if this was the sleep. She almost hoped it was. It would be a nice way to leave. And she would be going out with her boots on. She wouldn't ever have to be a ground hog again. And maybe there was a heaven with angels; and maybe they did have wings. Then she could fly always, and nobody would mind.

She looked at her gas. It was almost gone. At that moment the clouds parted below, and instinctively she dove through the opening.

A broad expanse of restless water came up to meet her. Far off to the right in the suddenly clear air, she could see the Jersey coast. She had been flying the wrong way.

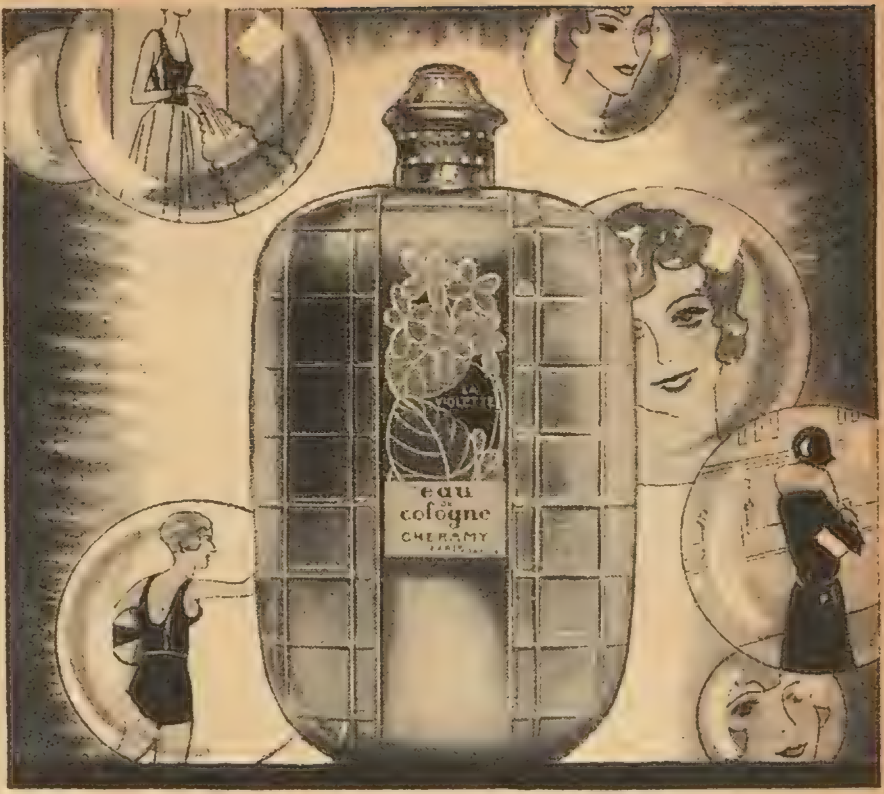
She leveled off for a moment. Her head was clear now, her hands steady on the controls. So this was the end. She hoped that her children would forgive her. But she was not sorry. . . . The engine sputtered. Now the water was coming up again to meet her.

The papers carried front-page stories of the death of Mrs. Harvey Withers the next morning, and friends gasped over her horrible fate.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

1—One who cuts, polishes, and engraves precious stones and gems, or a connoisseur of lapidary work.
2—One who settles on land without a right or title.
3—A word of one syllable.
4—Between France and Germany.
5—Nippon.
6—No.
7—Shoulder blade.
8—Sovereigns of ancient Egypt.
9—A lover of good living, especially of the table.
10—Cuba, Haiti, Jamaica, and Porto Rico.
11—Thirty.
12—A people who inhabited Great Britain from prehistoric times.
13—Blubber.
14—The Navahos.
15—On University Heights, New York City.
16—Diæresis.
17—Hegira.
18—A disease of the hock of horses.
19—The thirteenth.
20—The meter.



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Pat some over your weary body, over your tired limbs. Suddenly—miraculously—your blood awakens, muscles become supple, the thrilling ecstasy of new life surges into your very being. Into each pore it seeps, toning, deodorizing, cleansing. How cooling, tingling, how like an expert massage. And how seductive is the subtle fragrance that lingers about you like a dream.

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The time, the place, and the girl—but, also, the boy: Chester Morris and Norma Shearer in The Divorcee.

Ladies Astray

The Talkies Continue to Ponder Their Problems

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

Bebe Daniels in Alias French Gertie.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE DIVORCEE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER present Norma Shearer in a play made from Ursula Parrott's autobiographical novel, the title of which the censors would like withheld. The picture is called The Divorcee and the story has been altered to make a better introduction of the characters and to furnish a satisfactory ending. But for the rest of it the director, Robert Z. Leonard, hewed to the line of Mrs. Parrott's story and made a smashing good job of it. Under the cheap sensationalism of the book there was a human and dramatic story and the director made the most of the drama.

The acting throughout is fine, and although Norma Shearer is not so beautiful here as she usually is, she gives more to the part of Jerry than she has ever given to a characterization before. Chester Morris is superb as Jerry's husband, and Robert Montgomery, as the husband's best friend, is his most attractive care-free self. Conrad Nagel, as the rejected suitor, does a splendid bit of acting in the scene of the motor accident, and that scene, by the way, is one of the most realistic I have ever seen in a picture. It is a breathtaking incident.

The Divorcee, I think, will be a sensational success at the box office, just as the book was a best seller for months last year. There isn't a moment of the picture that drags. It all works out to an illogical conclusion, but it is an ending that will satisfy the great majority of those who see it.

These expensive-looking girls are Marie Prevost and Barbara Stanwyck as they appear in Ladies of Leisure.

★ ★ ★ Ladies of Leisure

This Columbia picture glitters with distinguished names, both of screen and stage, and fine performances by everyone in it make it a high-standard photoplay.

Barbara Stanwyck is the bright particular star of the piece and her presentation of the character of Kay Arnold is something fine to behold. Her beauty is not startling. It grows on you. Gradually you feel her appeal and realize her beauty, so that at the end of the picture you know that she has walked into your heart. She puts into her rôle of the party girl all the fine acting ability that made her famous as Bonny when she created that part on the stage in Burlesque.

Ladies of Leisure is taken from a play by Milton Herbert Gropper which David Belasco produced a few years ago; but not only has the title of it been changed—the play itself, as I recall it, has been altered considerably. Not to the disadvantage of the film, however.

Ladies of Leisure is a touching picture of a girl who lives on her own in New York and manages a precarious existence by hiring herself out for parties. Her life changes when she meets Jerry Strange, an artist, sympathetically played by Ralph Graves.

William Powell and two police assistants do some scientific sleuthing in The Benson Murder Case.

★ The Benson Murder Case

Paramount once more brings to the screen the fascinating character of Philo Vance in the person of William Powell. The famous amateur detective created by S. S. Van Dine was introduced to us by way of the screen in The Canary Murder Case, and we had the thrill of seeing him again in The Green Murder Case.

In The Benson Murder Case he solves successfully the riddle of who killed Anthony Benson, and Powell is just as suave and artful here as he was in the other pictures. But something happened to the story. Great liberties were taken with the Van Dine plot and the result is that the ending falls somewhat flat.

The cast is a good one. Besides Powell, we again have Eugene Pallette as the self-assured Sergeant Heath. E. H. Calvert is effective as Markham, the district attorney. William Boyd, who won fame as Sergeant Quirt in the stage version of What Price Glory, gives a good account of himself as a hard-shelled crook. Paul Lukas is good as one of the suspects. The women in the cast—Natalie Moorhead and May Beatty—are just so-so.

(No stars) Alias French Gertie

This Radio picture is undistinguished except for the acting of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. The story is one you have been seeing ever since films began to flicker. It is about a couple of crooks, " smooth as satin," who decide to reform —and what a job they have going straight!

Do you know that—

Lillian Gish, who used to be called the Duse of the screen, is now playing on the stage in Chekhov's Uncle Vanya, and Katherine Cornell, who is appearing in New York in Dishonored Lady, is being described as the Garbo of the stage?

Four- and three-star films of the past month

★★★★—Journey's End, One Romantic Night.

★★★—The Man from Blankley's, Show Girl in Hollywood, Mammy, Captain of the Guard, Sarah and Son.

Are YOU Wet or Dry?

A Canadian Sums It Up

TRENTON, CAN.—Kill the bootlegger by government control. Replace poison with scientifically produced liquor. Enrich the government instead of the criminal.—*D. R. Hooey.*

Punish the Buyer

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I sincerely believe in prohibition. In my opinion, the greatest weakness in its enforcement is that the buyer of liquor does not suffer the same penalty as the seller.—*Lydia J. Pettus.*

Four Dry Whys

WATERTOWN, CONN.—I am for prohibition because: 1. It is the law of the land. 2. The trifling personal liberty which I relinquish is as nothing compared to the benefits which accrue to others. 3. It is the principal cause of our great prosperity during the past ten years. 4. The speeding automobile and the increasing complexity of modern machinery require a clear head and a steady hand.—*Newton B. Hobart.*

Newton B. Hobart

Laws Made for Weaklings

NEW DORP, N. Y.—Forcing all to do without drink, because a few weaklings have not enough will power to avoid excess, is just the same as forcing all to live in prisons because some men are murderers.—*Ruby E. Stevens.*

Bootleggers Please Note

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I am dry because I won't spend good money for a bad drink. —*Edward Linn.*

Plaint from the Laboratory

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I object to prohibition because I resent being one of President Hoover's guinea pigs on whom he is trying his Noble Experiment.—*Eva Pittaro.*

For His Children's Children

DETROIT, MICH.—I'm a dry. Never before, except by bloody revolution, has it been attempted to effect so radical a change in the habits of a nation.

Prohibition will not, cannot, be a complete success during the current generation. But that my children's children may yet see the day when the manifold evils of alcoholism are spoken of in the past tense, I'll tell the world again—I'm a dry!—*Leon A. Cousens.*

Leon A. Cousens

Peace Note

OAK PARK, ILL.—I'm for prohibition because it has reduced the number of men who think they can sing.—*F. Sanders.*

Liberty Is Paying $1,000 a Week for the Best Answers to This Question

$50 ***APIECE this week to the writers of twenty letters.***

So many good replies are coming in that we decided to print twenty this time, instead of ten, as before.

Have you sent us your views?

What we want is the simplest kind of statements. You can write on a single sheet of paper or on the back of a postcard. Simply tell whether or not you believe that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act are the best means of handling the liquor problem in the United States. Write as often as you wish. Literary skill will not count at all, but brevity will count.

Address Prohibition, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. We regret we cannot return your letters or enter into correspondence concerning them.

Sense vs. Talk

CLEVELAND, OHIO—This country is legally dry because the majority of people thought it the sensible thing to do. All the rest is magazine fodder.—*Glenn D. Whisler.*

Don't Shoot—Just Teach

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Prohibition has failed because of the high-handed manner in which it was forced on the country. We should educate, not legislate, morals.—*Julia V. Beyer.*

Julia V. Beyer

Not Enough Brains for Beer

DES MOINES, IA.—I am a firm believer in the strict enforcement of prohibition because I do not believe that more than 10 per cent of the people in this country have enough sense to use liquor.—*T. H. Nowlin.*

When Women Were Ladies

MUSKEGON, MICH.—I used to be a firm believer in prohibition, but not now.

Give us back the days when women were ladies, and didn't smoke, and nice girls didn't try to drink as much booze as they could hold.—*Mrs. J. I. Whitney.*

Drink, the Fool-Maker

ALBANY, GA.—I am dry because I know from personal experience and observation that intoxicating beverages, drank to excess, will make a damn fool out of the best of us.—*S. J. Cook, Sr.*

A Trained Nurse Speaks

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I am a trained nurse. I nurse more serious cases of alcoholism now than I ever did before the prohibition law went into effect. I am 100 per cent for repeal.—*Edith Campbell Drum, R. N.*

New Work for an Old Hatchet

TOLEDO, OHIO—Far back in the blind and distant past I took up one of Carrie Nation's little hatchets, hastened to a voting booth with thousands of my fellow citizens, and gave Demon Rum a terrific kick in the pants.

Little did we realize that bigotry, graft, crime, tyranny, and the devil were hidden inside the ballot box, secretly applauding our actions. But some of us live and learn —profit from our experiences. And when we find out that we have made a mistake we are ready to acknowledge it. I am proud to count myself in this class. —*Ruth Lane.*

Ruth Lane

The Great Wet Wave

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Prohibition is the bunk. With the exception of the Mississippi River, nothing flows through Louisiana with a greater current than liquor.—*Mildred Weitkam.*

Uncle Sam Is Saner

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am dry because personal observation during residence in a wet foreign capital, 1925-1927, and in four cities of the U. S. A., 1927-1930, convinces me of our betterment under prohibition.—*Mrs. M. T. Bruce.*

Mrs. M. T. Bruce

A Few Sin—All Suffer

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—A law which punishes all, while aimed at the delinquent few, is like abolishing sleep because a few people snore.—*W. H. Crawford.*

Rum's Black Record

RICHMOND, VA.—I am dry because alcohol impairs skill, weakens ability, deadens the intellect, coarsens the mind, and kills affection.—*Mrs. R. M. Baker.*

An Individualist's View

CHICAGO, ILL.—The average man feels that what he eats, drinks, smokes, wears, and thinks, is his own business. He feels it is a logical step from regulation of his drink to regulation of one or all of the others. Man rebels at becoming a robot. The worst tyrants were too wise to go so far.—*John F. McGrath.*

John F. McGrath

WALTER WHITEHEAD 1930
United States Tobacco Company's
Old Briar
Superior Quality
Smoking Tobacco

A Taste as Distinctive as the Blend that produced it. ¶ A Character as rare as th tobaccos it contains

Old Briar
TOBACCO

YOU have never smoked anything quite like **Old Briar**......... Smoke a full pouch of it . . . See what skillful Blending of the Choicest Grades of Burley and other fine, flavory tobaccos has done to give *you* a better tobacco . . . a different kind of a Pipe Smoke.

15 cents

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

MANY *of the loveliest bathrooms are supplied with Zalo and Zee as a matter of course. Because these new "fluffed" tissues are pure enough, soft enough for baby's skin, women know they're safe for anyone!*

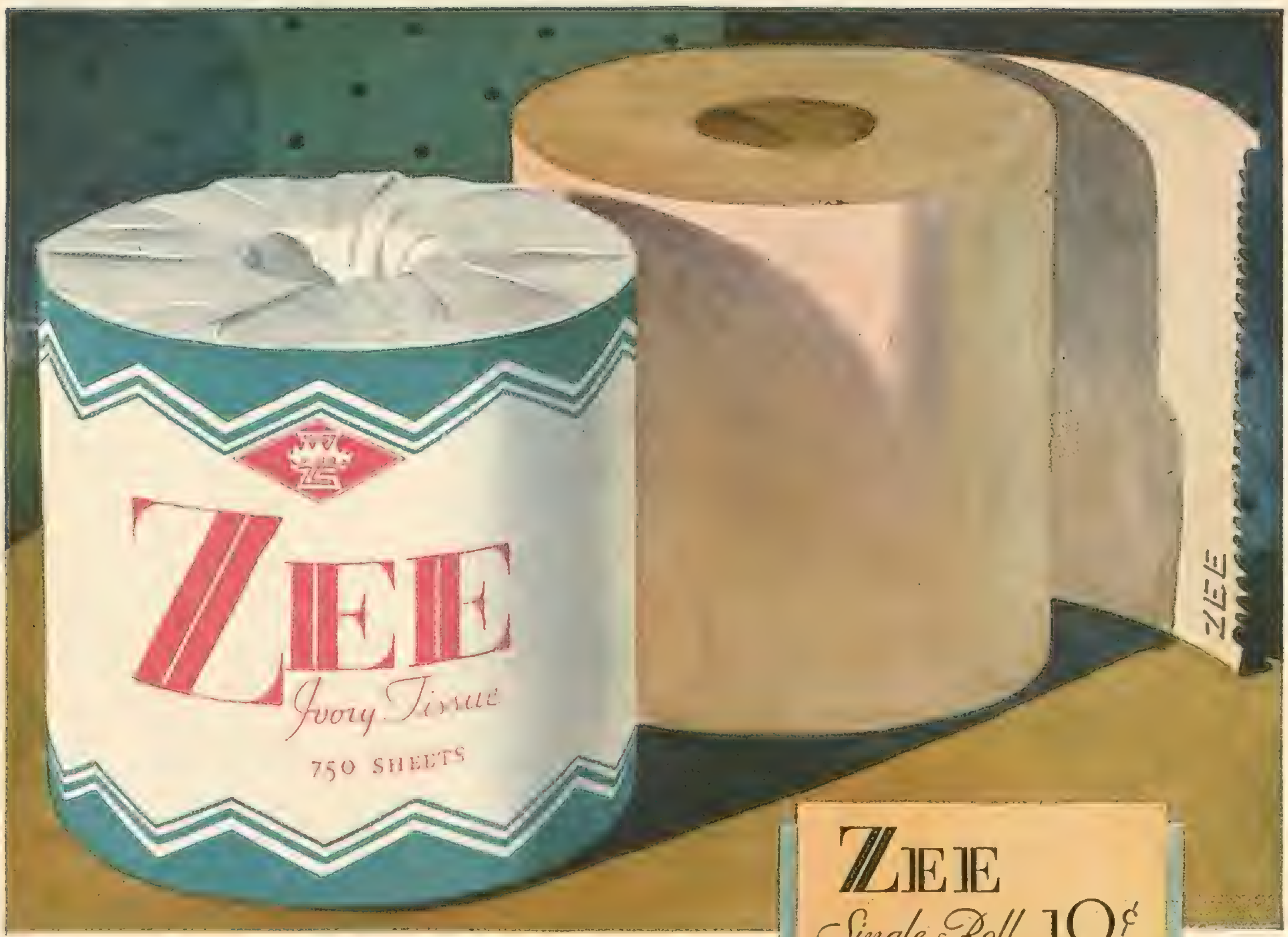
They're marching into the best-kept homes—these NEW *Fluffed* BATHROOM TISSUES

ZEE—this new ivory tissue . . . gives you 100 more sheets than you usually get on a comparable roll, yet you simply can't find a firmer, softer bathroom tissue at this low price. Each tissue sheet is gently "fluffed" to give it a suede-like softness . . . to make it more absorbent, firmer, supple! Zee is a neater roll, too . . . compactly wound so it won't unfurl wastefully. And you'll appreciate the over-all wrappers that tuck in the core of the roll to keep the delicate tissues absolutely clean and pure until they reach your bathroom.

THE WRAPPERS *of Zalo and Zee are so gaily hued . . . pale jade with a dash of brilliant cerise . . . that you'll really like to keep them on the shelf with your loveliest linens . . . a most convenient place to store extra bathroom tissue.*

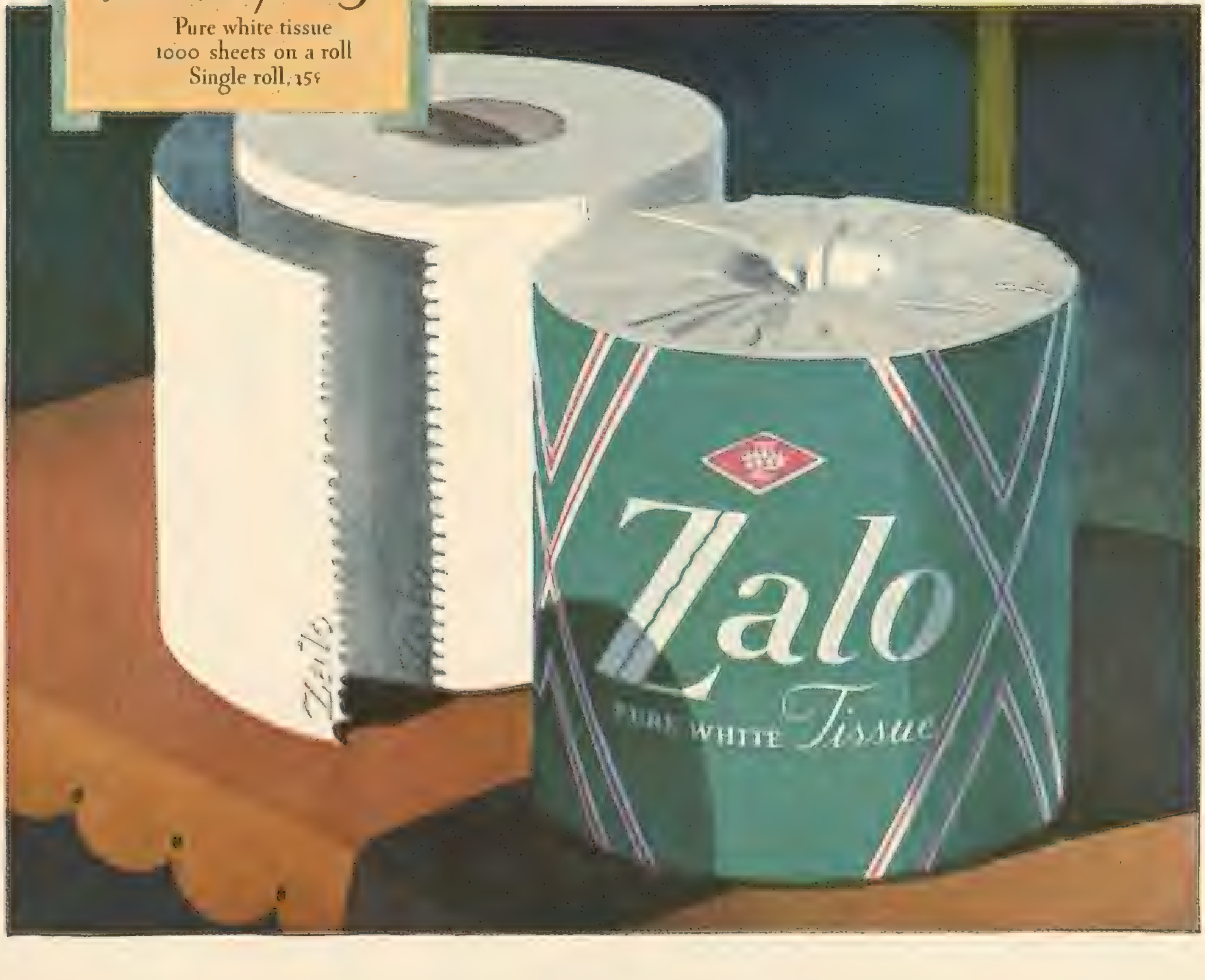
ZALO is a pure white tissue . . . finer, we believe, in every way than any other bathroom tissue you have ever bought. If you were to unwind a whole roll to the end, you'd find each sheet as soft as a cotton puff . . . as white as your snowy bath linens . . . petal thin, yet firm and quickly absorbent. And Zalo, too, has been lightly "fluffed" before the tissues were entirely dry. This special "fluffing" process leaves it without the slightest glaze, yet firm as a really fine tissue should be. Both Zalo and Zee are hygienically wrapped to protect their cleanliness.

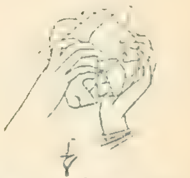
NATIONAL PAPER PRODUCTS COMPANY DIVISION OF CROWN ZELLERBACH CORPORATION · NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · CHICAGO



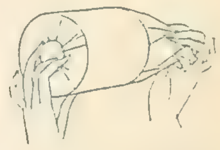
ZEE
Single Roll 10¢
Soft ivory tissue
750 sheets on a roll
(100 extra sheets)

Zalo
Two Rolls for 25¢
Pure white tissue
1000 sheets on a roll
Single roll, 15¢

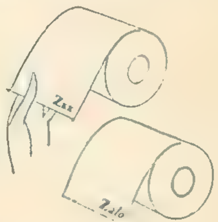




RUN YOUR *fingers over a single sheet of Zalo or Zee. How petal smooth it feels! Now crumple a tissue or two in your hand. It's soft enough . . . pure enough . . . to touch a baby's skin.*



A FAMOUS *homemaking expert told us to give you these dustproof wrappers. "Use a generous wrapper that tucks in the core of the roll," she cautioned. "Then, women will get tissue that is absolutely safe."*



EVEN AFTER *the wrappers are off, you can always recognize these two new rolls in any bathroom. The names . . . Zalo on the white, Zee on the ivory tint . . . are lightly pressed on the tissue sheets.*

* * *

Both Zee and Zalo fit all standard projecting or recessed fixtures.

NATIONAL PAPER PRODUCTS COMPANY DIVISION OF CROWN ZELLERBACH CORPORATION • NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO • CHICAGO

Motor oil is made—not found . . . A dozen oils of widely different character can come from the same crude

You know the importance of getting the best oil for your engine. But if you ask for an oil because it is made from a particular crude, can you be sure that it is the correct oil for *your engine?*

The crude oil base does not in itself determine the quality of a lubricating oil. A dozen oils of widely different character may come from the same crude oil.

To make sure of quality in an oil you need to know whether it contains ALL of the essential properties of an oil in correct proportions. If any properties are missing, or present in incorrect proportions, that oil is *deficient.*

WHY IS MOBILOIL A FULL-DUTY OIL?

In the correct grade of Mobiloil for your engine all these properties are present in the correct proportions for *your engine:*

Carbon Control—keeps hard carbon deposits from piling up in your cylinders.

Heat Resistance—lasts longer under high temperatures of modern fast driving. Keeps down oil consumption.

Oily Character—protects precision metal surfaces from friction and wear. Keeps the first-year feel in your engine.

Oxidation Control—keeps valves from sticking and gumming. Keeps your oil system from clogging.

Your car of today was designed with greater precision than the cars of yesterday. Finer adjustments call for finer distinctions in lubrication. The Mobiloil technical staff is the most experienced in the lubricating oil world. Its members have thoroughly studied each type of engine and they *know* its lubrication requirements.

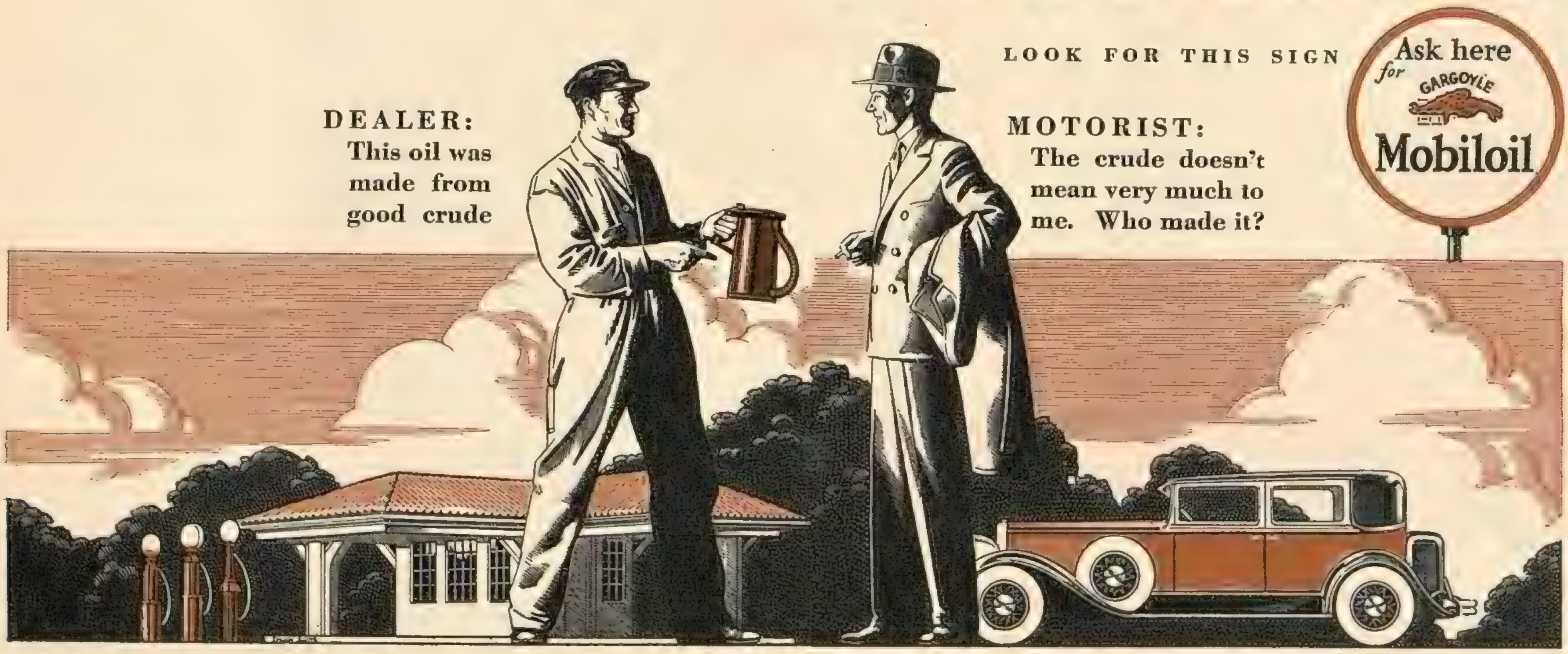
Starting from this engine knowledge, rather than with any particular crude oil—the makers of Mobiloil have made an oil that fits *your* engine.

When you go to your Mobiloil dealer, ask him for the correct grade of Mobiloil as shown on his Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations. With full-duty Mobiloil in your crankcase, your engine is safe, and its best performance is assured.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high-quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Mobiloil


LOOK FOR THIS SIGN
Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil
DEALER: This oil was made from good crude
MOTORIST: The crude doesn't mean very much to me. Who made it?

SLIM

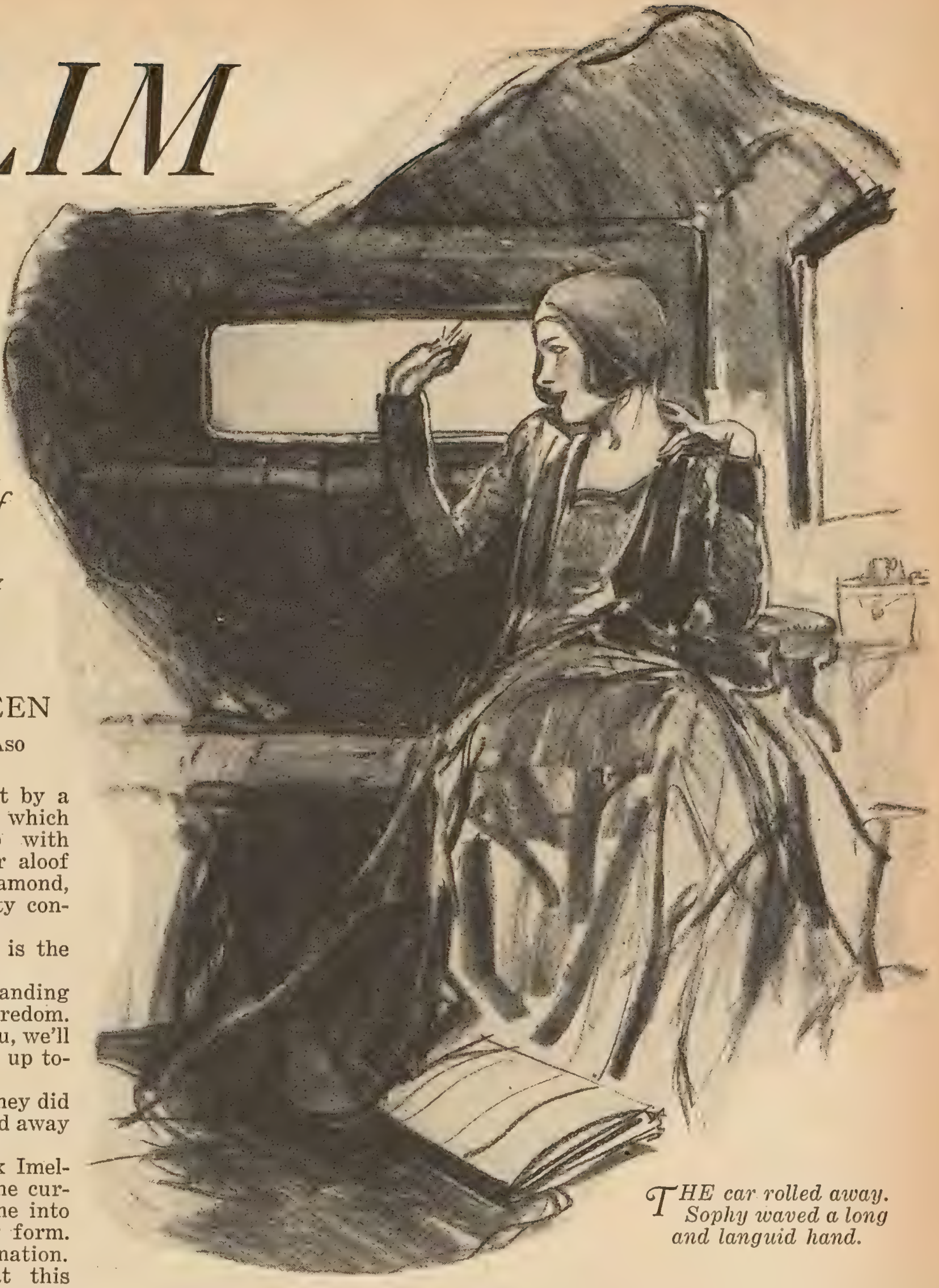
The Adventures of a Master Thief

A Three-Part Story

By

WALTON GREEN

Pictures by Rico Tomaso



THE car rolled away. Sophy waved a long and languid hand.

THE Baroness Kolof sat by a jeweler's table from which unset stones flashed up with splendid iridescence. Her aloof finger rested on a big diamond, and she spoke in a throaty contralto:

"Thees one, mon cher, is the beautiful stone."

Mr. Stephen Corning, standing apart, emerged from his boredom.

"Ah, yes. If it suits you, we'll let Maxime set it—pick it up tomorrow or next day."

The jeweler beamed. They did not ask the price, and rolled away in a big Pacillac car.

Maxime was able. Max Imelbaum he had been, until he curtailed and welded the name into its present high-sounding form. Able, but he lacked divination. He had no inkling that this "baroness" and her impeccable Corning were really "Slim" Hermann and his friend, Sophy Kolof—thieves, like himself, and in a sense his partners.

Maxime had had his stock insured. On Wednesday night he was to hide it away—all but the small "trash." On Thursday he'd have a wholesaler in with a lot of stuff. Then his place would be "robbed." This he had arranged with Police Sergeant Durgin. Durgin would bargain with Slim Hermann's gang to do the work for a split on the insurance. Maxime was to buy back what they took from the wholesaler.

Thursday morning, eleven thirty, was the time set.

"Wednesday," Slim told his lieutenants, Malone, Harris, and Inness. "If there's any double-crossing we'll beat 'em to it."

Part Two—The Jewelry Job

MAXIME was unquestionably a jeweler who coupled enterprise with imagination and audacity. Enterprise enough to have worked up from a tawdry start as a Sixth Avenue trinket dealer to the proprietorship of a snob-atmosphered gem shop within the golden glow of Park Avenue.

Imagination enough to have jumped the intermediate step of manufacturing jeweler in the West Forties and to drive straight for the check-book embattlements of the richest-living mile in the world. Imagination enough to ape, in small but convincing fashion, the reticent grandeurs of the great jewelers of the great avenues. And audacity enough to do it all on a shoestring combination of credit and cunning.

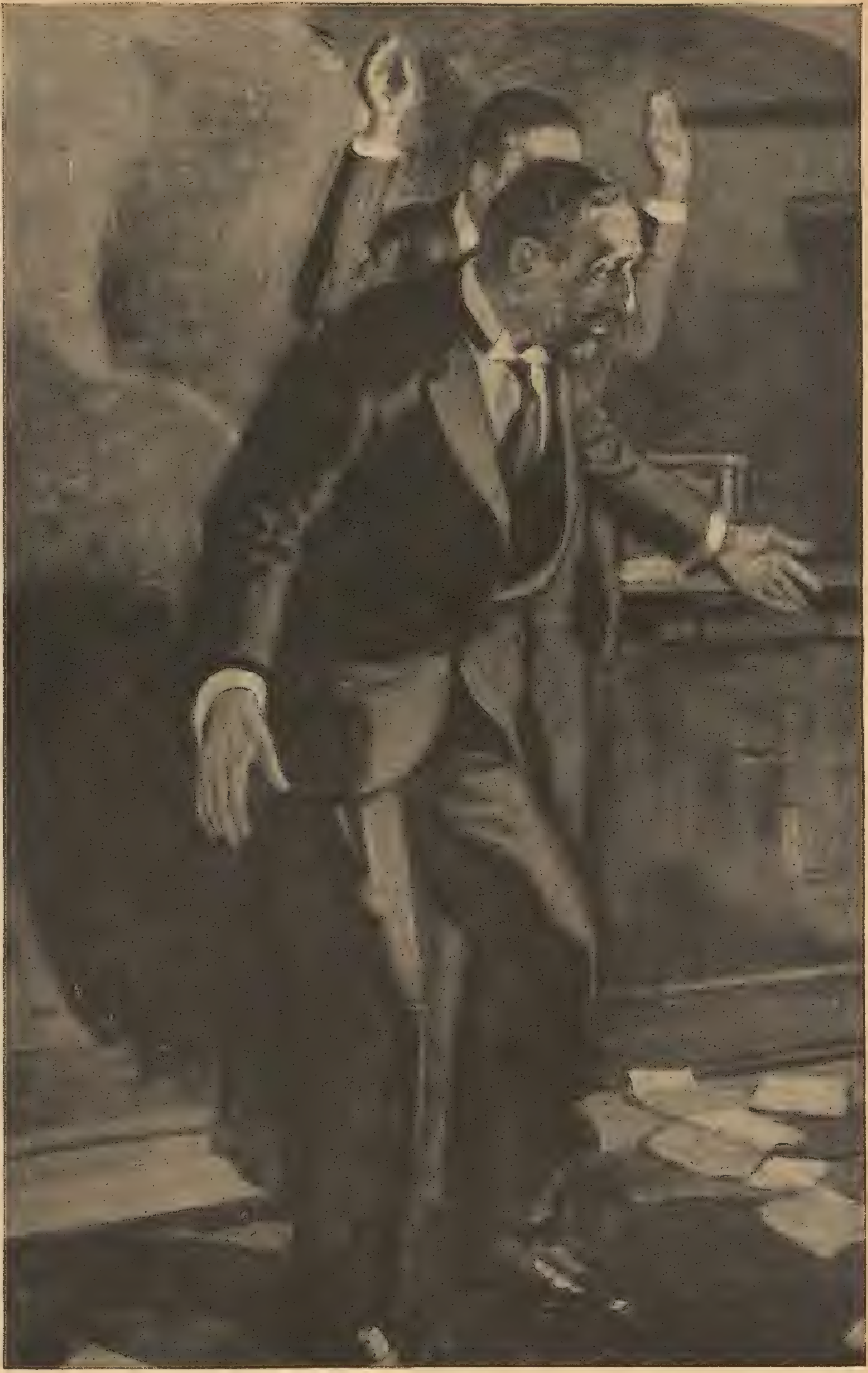
On this bright Wednesday morning in May, Maxime was seated contentedly in his little private office giving off from the showroom. Things were looking up for Max. Only yesterday he had succeeded in standing off his two most exigent creditors. He had a nicely growing stock of gems—much of it in and out on memorandum from wholesalers, to be sure; but enough to make a brave front for the immediate enterprise he had in hand. His overhead in this neighborhood was appalling, and he had some time ago renounced any thought of ultimate business suc-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SLIM
Continued from page 45

cess through legitimate selling. But that did not trouble him. He had been trained in the quick-turnover school of jewelers, who regard bankruptcy as an affirmative method of money-making, and to whom insurance premiums are a necessary investment against a definitely anticipated and prearranged loss.

The prearranged loss in the present instance was to occur on Thursday. None too soon, reflected Maxime. He was sick of paying thirty a week to the uniformed guard on the door that the sergeant had sent him—sick of paying the big bum for chewing gum and leaning on a show case. And his friend Schmellig was pestering the life out of him to return the big stock of rubies and emeralds Max had borrowed for purposes of additional insurance. Well, he'd take them out tonight—that was time enough; not safe to send them back before—the insurance people might drop in or the clerks take notice.



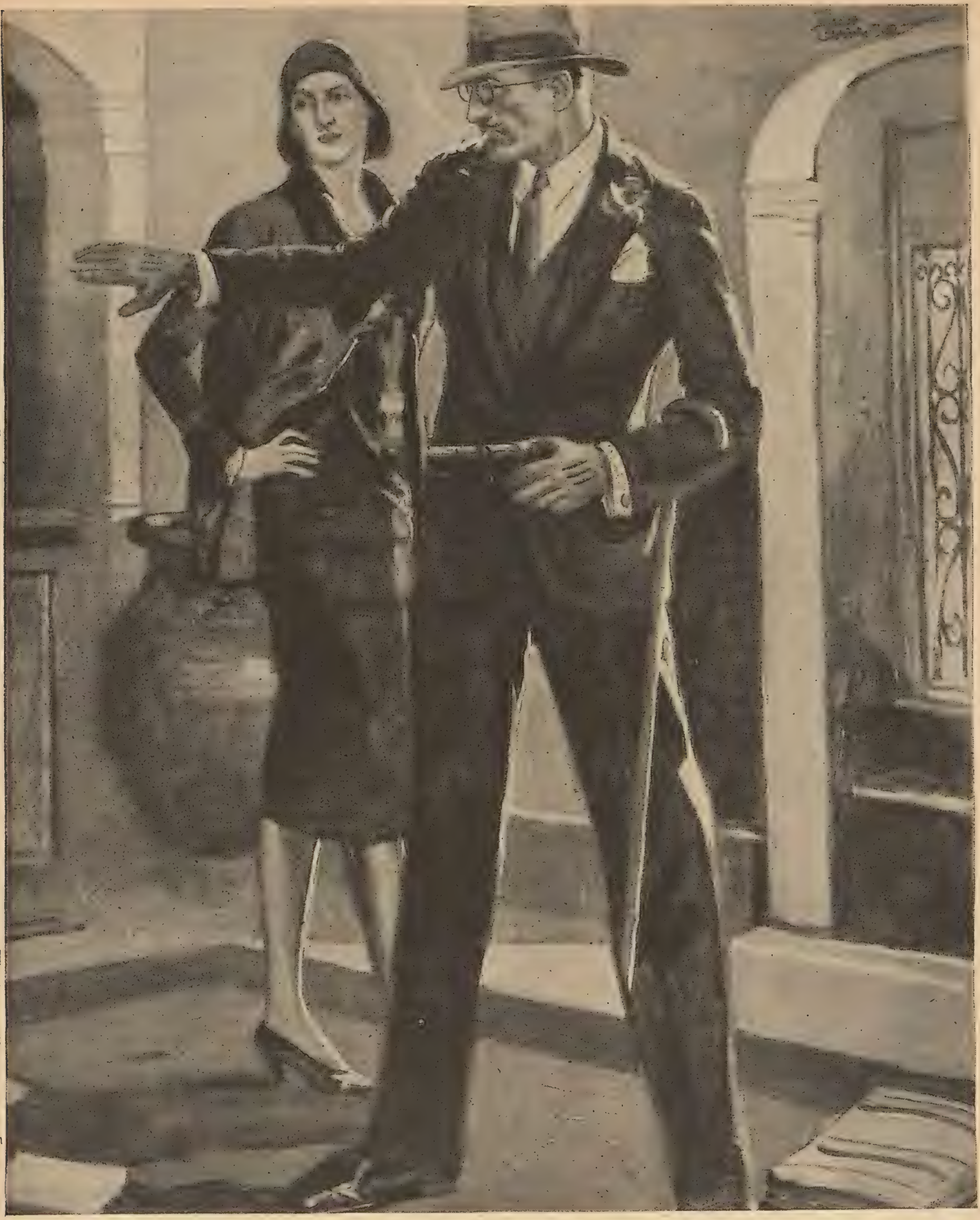
"No—no!" admonished Slim. "Both hands in the air, please."

MAX lighted an excellent Havana and puffed at it conscientiously. His palate still craved the Connecticut-wrapped atrocities of the lower East Side. But the Havana impressed the visiting salesmen and did not drive away the wealthy customers whom he took into his sanctum.

Max glanced at his platinum wrist watch—on memorandum, it was, until Saturday—and wondered when the baroness and Mr. Corning would be in. Lucky stroke, that, he mused. Nice piece of cash business on the solitaire, and if this rich mug Corning should happen to fall for the Jildac rose diamond the wholesalers were sending up to show him—why, gee!—the commission would be big enough to almost make it worth while calling off the Thursday party and going into the jewelry business on the level. Anyway, just having the stone in the store, just having Corning and the woman look it over and talk to the downtown salesman in their high-hat voices, would send his stock away up with the Maiden Lane people and make it a cinch to arrange for a real big lot of uncut stones to come up on Thursday.

Max chewed his cigar wetly and rolled it unassisted to the other corner of his mouth—a lower-life trick he had never been able wholly to shake off in his moments of abstraction. His eyes narrowed reflectively.

Whichever way the cat jumped, he was sitting pretty. He'd have to send Schmellig back his stock, and he'd have to come through for the doorman as he had agreed, because he had nothing on either of them—and, besides, he might need them again. But he hated to give up the promised thirty per cent to the police sergeant. Hell!



But Max had lost his head. Lost his head and jumped to his feet.

Didn't he have enough on Durgin to make him keep his trap closed?

As for this Slim Hermann mob Durgin was sending in, he'd pay twenty cents for anything usable they took off the wholesaler and let 'em whistle for their split on the insurance.

A man must protect himself.

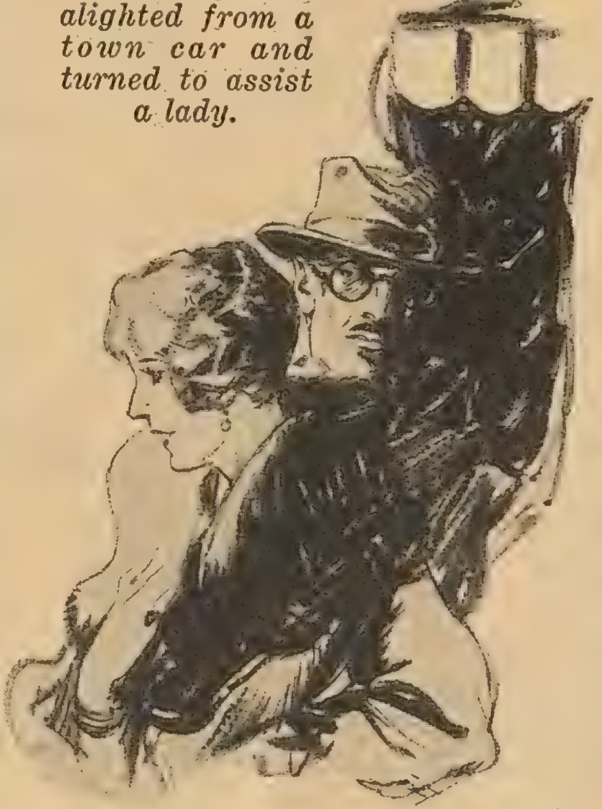
So mused Max Imelbaum—now the Maxime of imaginative contraction—and walked out to his small and richly somber showroom. There were no customers in the shop. Two clerks in black lounge coats and striped trousers were whispering by a show case in the rear, and Max's stenographer sat in her little alcove and jabbed absorbedly at her sallow nose with a powder compact. Max made them uncomfortable with a fishy and proprietorial eye and walked toward the front window which looked out upon the old brownstone stoop. He tried the proprietorial eye on the doorman. But that functionary chewed gum disdainfully and refused to be uncomfortable. He was in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SLIM
Continued from page forty-seven]

on the works for tomorrow, and no longer a thirty-a-week ornament.

Max turned to the window with more satisfaction. A single word, "maxime," in raised gold letters of handwriting—all lower-case letters and without even a capital for the first M of the name—was the window's sole adornment. Chastely small letters in a rounded and fashionable hand. Very reserved, very unadvertising, very assured, wholly affected, and quite silly.



A tall and very thin young man alighted from a town car and turned to assist a lady.

Max was very proud of it. He had not quite dared copy the lone and splendidly reticent M which adorned the window hangings of the New York branch of the celebrated French jewelers around the corner on the avenue; but he had come as close to it as he could. Maxime glanced again at his memorandum watch. It was exactly eleven.

A tall and very thin young man alighted from a Pacillac town car and turned to assist a lady. The lady, too, was tall, with flaxen blond hair and a sharply aristocratic nose. Her bearing, as she mounted the old-fashioned brownstone stoop, was singularly aloof and patrician. Maxime stiffened to interest.

"On the job, everybody," he commanded curtly, and opened the door to his customers himself.

Mr. Stephen Corning carried a large brief case and wore an orchid in his buttonhole. His manner was as detached and assured as ever, despite the fact that he seemed to experience a little difficulty in manipulating his walking stick in conjunction with the brief case. But that faint uncouthness with the cane was, if anything, the final touch that marked him the young Boston lawyer of much family and many trusteeships. Bostonians seldom use walking sticks—except when they come to the big city.

In their native town the very best Bostonians are distinguishable by a green baize bag and kneed-out trousers. Mr. Corning was patently of the best.

IN Maxime's private office the Baroness Kolof was trying on the solitaire which the jeweler had taken from the safe beside his desk.

"Ah—but eet iss vair' beautiful," she confessed in her languid and throaty contralto. "And the fit, eet iss pairfect. I thank you, mon cher."

"Glad you like it, Sophia," murmured Mr. Corning disinterestedly. "May I trouble you for your fountain pen, Maxime? Seventy-eight hundred I think you said?"

He drew a blank check from his gold-edged bill fold and proceeded to fill it out. The swart little jeweler said nothing, but a slightly worried crease appeared between his eyebrows.

"Send the ring over to the club for me this afternoon," murmured Mr. Corning gently. "Meantime you may call up my bank if you wish—I keep a small checking account here in New York at the Drovers Trust—just around the corner from here, isn't it?"

Maxime was definitely relieved.

"Quite unnecessary, Mr. Corning," he assured hastily. "Happy to have you take the ring with you."

"You may send it to the club," repeated Mr. Corning coldly. "And, by the way, I think I'll take that emerald pendant, after all—the one we were looking at the other day."

"Oh—but, Steefen!" exclaimed the baroness, her long gray eyes widening with subdued delight, "but eet iss too much—all at once. For the time we have sufficiency."

Mr. Corning was fishing in his bill fold.

"Seems to be the last blank check I have with me. Sorry, Maxime, but you'll have to take currency. Too bad I didn't think when I was writing the check."

He laid six crisp bank notes on the desk. The notes were for a thousand each. He picked up his brief case and began to button his pigskin gloves. Neither he nor the baroness had condescended to remove their gloves while in the shop.

"I think that will be all for this morning," observed Mr. Corning. He hooked his stick carefully over his arm and turned to the door.

"But, Mr. Corning, sir," begged the jeweler anxiously, "if you could spare a few minutes longer—the man should be here now—with the Jildac rose I want you to see—please, Mr. Corning, sir—" He was almost servile in his anxiety.

Mr. Corning frowned and hesitated. He seemed to be listening.

"I've an important engagement at eleven thirty, and it's nearly that now, but"—he peered vaguely into the outer room—"ah, perhaps this is the man now."

MAXIME was overjoyed with relief this time. The way he welcomed the salesman and introduced him to his customers was a pattern of unpleasant alacrity.

"Old customers of mine, Mr. Carteret," he fairly exuded his satisfaction. "The baroness has just been selecting a few trifles."

His aquiferous little eyes shifted meaningly to the desk where the splendid gems lay in self-explanatory proximity to the bank notes and check.

The wholesaler followed his glance. Also he was sizing up the quietly distinguished couple in the doorway. He decided that perhaps this Maxime knew his business, after all. His principals had hesitated about sending out the Jildac—but this looked a good prospect.

He beamed in turn, but with professional restraint, as became the representative of a great importing house. Then he drew a Russia-leather wallet from his breast pocket.

"I have an assortment of very fine first-water gems here," he began easily, "that Mr. Corning might care to look over first."

Mr. Corning, still in the doorway, seemed vaguely impatient.

"I'm not sure I have time. My secretary is to meet me here—ah—here he comes. I'll have him in if you don't mind, Maxime."

There was a sudden murmur of subdued voices from the outer room and a stifled scream from the stenographer. Mr. Corning's brief case slipped to the floor. A queer drawn look came over the face of the wholesaler and he grabbed for his wallet while his right hand thrust desperately toward his hip pocket.

He was a man of courage, this salesman, but not very quick. He was at least three-fifths of a second behind Mr. Corning, who lounged in the doorway, a cigarette drooping ironically from his lips and a silencer-tipped revolver balanced easily in his half-extended left hand. The walking stick still dangled pacifically from the elbow of his pistol arm.

"No—no!" admonished Slim softly. "Both hands in the air, please, Mr.—Mr. Carterville was it? I didn't quite catch the name. You too, Max."

But Max had lost his head. Lost his head and jumped to his feet—not bravely—but in sheer terror. Slim closed in a pace, and whipped his right hand savagely from his hip to the jeweler's face. The man crashed back into his swivel chair—half out, and with the blood trickling from a split eyebrow. Slim sucked his knuckles ruefully. He had always been a one-punch fighter, and this was his punch. But he had bad hands.

"Next time I'll let you have it on the jaw," he said with a touch of irritation. "You keep still."

The baroness, two paces apart, was watching with cool detachment—her eyes amusedly alert.

Slim nodded toward the salesman. "Get his rod."

Sophy flicked back the man's coat and drew an automatic from his hip pocket.

"An' in Max's top drawer," commanded Slim.

The top drawer yielded a small bulldog revolver.

"All right—dump the bag out." He kicked the brief case along the floor toward her. She emptied it on the desk. There were two large spools of surgeon's tape, half a dozen very small red rubber sponges such as one sees at the five-and-ten stores, and six pairs of cheap handcuffs to match.

Slim, strategically in the doorway, had kept one eye on the outer room. All was quiet there—not a sound since the stenographer's first frightened yelp.

"All right; bring in your patients."

Geezer Malone, his broad plug-ugly face stolid in concentration, waved his four prisoners forward at the point of his pistol. Fatty Harris, blushing redly and noticeably sweating with excitement, brought up the rear. Tom Inness, smoking a cigarette, and with his right hand in his coat pocket, lounged beside the street door—vice the doorman who was leading the march to the inner office.

NOW, no small part of Slim Hermann's professional success was due to the soundness of his planning. Like a good soldier, he knew the importance of thorough artillery preparation. He preferred to forestall resistance rather than to overcome it. That accounted for the smoothness of his technique in action.

In the inner office Slim faced his prisoners to the wall.

"There won't be no trouble at all if you keep still." He spoke soothingly. "Here, baroness, take my rod and shoot the first one that starts something. Now, all of you put your hands down an' behind your backs—that's good—all ready with the cuffs, you two."

In thirty seconds they were handcuffed to one another, back to back and in a close circle. The rubber sponges were thrust in their mouths and their lips tightly taped with crossed strips of plaster running from the cheek bone diagonally down and over the chin—the most effective and least cruel gag yet devised.

When Slim came to the little jeweler he regarded his eyebrow critically.

"You may need a coupla stitches there, Max. I'll fix it temporary so it won't bleed into your eye no more. Got a clean handkerchief?"

The jeweler, his mouth full of sponge, nodded in frightened affirmation. Slim folded the handkerchief

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

USE NO. 7 DUCO POLISH ON YOUR CAR

DUCO
7
POLISH
Made by the makers of Duco

*TRAFFIC FILM is an accumulation of dust and grime particles, baked hard by the sun and heat, dulling your car's finish. Soap and water won't remove it. No. 7 Duco Polish will. The above photomicrograph shows a surface partly covered with TRAFFIC FILM, the right side cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish. Note the difference.

Keep that *showroom* Complexion

IF you would keep that showroom complexion on your car, you should clean and polish it regularly. And because No. 7 Duco Polish is a du Pont product, you will find it does the job simply, safely and surely.

Du Pont chemists, who *created* Duco, discovered and analyzed TRAFFIC FILM* and developed No. 7 Duco Polish to remove it and restore the original lustre.

No. 7 Duco Polish, non-acid and free from harsh abrasives, softens film, loosens dirt, removes grime.

Leading automobile manufacturers supply samples of No. 7 Duco Polish in their new cars and recommend its use in their instruction books.

You'll find No. 7 Duco Polish at good dealers' everywhere. Ask your garage or polishing station to use it on your car. For a sample of No. 7 Duco Polish, as well as No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream and No. 7 Auto Top Finish, send coupon on right.

Four other du Pont products to beautify your car

No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream is used after polishing to preserve the lustre and protect the finish against weathering. It is much easier to apply than ordinary waxes.

No. 7 Auto Top Finish waterproofs the top and restores its original lustre.

No. 7 Nickel Polish cleans and brightens radiator and lamps. Ideal also for metal surfaces in the home.

No. 7 Touch-up Black is for retouching scratches and worn spots on auto fenders.

Send for the Sample Beauty Kit

Send us this coupon (with 10 cents to help cover the mailing cost) and we'll send you the following: 1 sample can of No. 7 Duco Polish (enough for one polishing); 1 sample can of No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream (enough for the hood); 1 sample can of No. 7 Auto Top Finish (enough for a spare tire)

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc.
Desk L-13, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Michigan.
Canadian Industries, Ltd., Paint & Varnish Div., Toronto, 9, Canada.

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay the mailing cost. (*Good only in U. S. and Canada.*)

Name..........

Address..........

City..........State..........

SLIM
Continued from page forty-nine

into a pad and taped it across the eyebrow. The doorman objected to the gagging.

"I got a bad cold an' I can't breathe through me nose. S'elp me, Gawd, I'll choke ter death if yer do it."

Slim tested each nostril in turn with a gingerly forefinger. The man spoke the truth. Slim pondered.

"Maybe I'm a day early," he said meaningly, looking the doorman straight in the eye, "and tomorrow this time yer cold would 'a' been better, huh? Gotta tape yer, jest the same. I'll leave it off'n one corner so's you can breathe."

The man, comprehension dawning, relapsed into grateful silence.

Slim stepped back and surveyed the job. It looked for all the world like a football huddle turned inside out. The stenographer's gag caught his attention.

"You got this too tight," he observed, and loosened one corner of the tape. "That more comfortable, miss? I hate to do it, specially to a nice jane like you, but you know how it is."

The girl glared vindictively.

But Slim was already busy at the open safe. Inness and Malone were in the outer room, going through the show cases.

"Only the good stuff," called Slim. For himself, he took plenty of time for a careful selection. The envelopes containing unmounted gems he took intact. The salesman's wallet he emptied into the brief case and returned to the man's pocket—courteously and empty. Nor was the jeweler's platinum memorandum watch overlooked. Everything went into the brief bag.

Sophy, languidly holding a Russian cigarette in her gloved hand, leaned against the edge of the desk. Fatty Harris and the Geezer finished with the show cases and poured the results into the now bulging brief case. It was a very pretty haul.

Slim picked up his seventy-eight-hundred-dollar bogus check and his six very real one-thousand-dollar bills which still lay on the jeweler's desk, and restored them to his bill fold with absent-minded preoccupation.

"If I remember rightly," he drawled in his most ironical Bostonese, "Mr. Carpenter—beg pardon, Mr. Carteret, I should say—had some special stone he wished me to look at?"

The wholesaler was mumbling through his tape in vigorous negation.

"No?" asked Slim kindly. "Didn't bring it, after all? That what you're trying to say, Mr. Carter?—Carteret, I mean. But surely—"

Slim interrupted himself, stepped close, and let his long white hands drift over the man's torso with the firm delicacy of a searching surgeon. Over the lower right abdomen his hand lingered.

"Tut tut!" he exclaimed softly, still in his best Fifth Avenue. "Appendix very much enlarged. Best have it out."

HIS attenuated fingers—trained reefer that he had been in youth—slipped into the waistband watch pocket of the salesman and came effortlessly forth with a small chamois pouch.

Slim trickled the historic stone on to the palm of his hand. He admired it absently, and then passed it to Sophy. Sophy admired it. They all admired it. Slim dropped it in his pocket.

Unnoticed for a moment, the tied-up stenographer, who was nearest the desk, kicked out with her knee at the telephone. The instrument tipped over and the receiver fell with a clatter.

Slim jumped—but too late. Then he smiled, picked up the receiver gently, and spoke into the mouthpiece.

"No call, operator," he said smoothly. "My mistake—I knocked off the receiver." He hung up.

"I'm almost sorry, miss, that I eased your straps," he said reproachfully.

Then he deliberately cut the telephone cord.

Now, a receiver off the hook and no answer is instant notice of trouble. The operator listens. Sometimes she can hear voices; even whole conversations. In any case, she immediately notifies the supervisor—and the supervisor calls the police if occasion warrants. Not infrequently have crimes in the actual commission been interrupted in this fashion.

But a severed wire shows no trouble—until the next incoming call. And that may evoke nothing further than a report of "D. A." for several hours.

Slim cut the wire and restored his gold knife to his waistcoat pocket. Then he looked at his watch. The whole action had lasted scarcely ten minutes. He addressed Fatty Harris and Malone.

"You two, beat it. Tell Tom to wait till Sophe and I get out."

Slim lifted the heavy brief case and hooked his walking stick over his arm.

"A little benzine's the best thing to get that tape off with," he observed thoughtfully.

They turned quietly to go. But midway to the door Slim paused, and a slow smile came into the small eyes behind the scholarly glasses. He laid down his brief case deliberately, filled a paper cup at the water cooler and set it down on the jeweler's desk. He then took the orchid from his buttonhole and placed it carefully in the cup.

"For the commissioner—when he comes—and with my compliments," he said, and departed softly and without haste.

Unhurriedly, too, he escorted Sophy to the hired Pacillac town car, and set the ponderous brief case on the floor at her feet. And the hired and liveried chauffeur tenderly adjusted the crested and needless lap robe and drove decorously away. Slim lifted his hat with grave restraint as the car rolled away. Sophy waved a long and languid hand.

SLIM paused to light a cigarette as he watched the car pass the traffic officer. Then he strolled around the corner and into the Drovers Trust. He had nothing to do for twenty minutes and he might as well do it here as anywhere.

For perhaps ten minutes he sat at one of the little customer's tables—absorbedly figuring in a check book. But when he arose and slipped the check book into his breast pocket he had an excellent rough-scale diagram of the entire layout of the bank.

Slim arose and strolled out. Strolled out and across the street to the fashionable restaurant where he had reserved a window table for four. Listlessly he took his seat and fastidiously he inspected the menu card while he awaited the coming of the others. And almost as listlessly he looked out of the window and watched the police commissioner's great town car hurtle past—hurtle past flanked by motor cycles, sirens wailing—taking on two wheels the turn which led to the jeweler's shop in the old brownstone house around the corner.

Slim raised a summoning eyebrow to the maître d'hôtel.

"I shall order for four," he stated. "Cold consommé vinaigrette for the others to start with. For myself I shall have a little cold breast of guinea hen, some spinach without butter, and a large glass of hot milk—hot, if you please, but not scalded. Oh—er—and some dry-toasted wheat bread."

Slim enjoyed his dyspepsia, especially after an exciting morning's work.

"Bien, m'sieu'," murmured the maître d'hôtel. He had never been east of the Statue of Liberty. But he knew his business. "And would m'sieu' care for a sweet?"

"What's that? Oh—er—possibly a prune or two later. I'll wait for the others."

Slim picked up an evening paper and fell to scanning the scratches for that afternoon at Bowie. He sighed—a genuine sigh it was for Slim—and laid down the paper with sad finality.

Men he knew, but horses he could never dope. It was the bookies that kept his nose to the grindstone of professional endeavor. The bookies—and his own pure love of the game.

There was nothing moral about Slim. He had none of the unsentient idealism of the famous Little Solly under whom he had trained. None of that great little man's humorless savagery and passionate loyalty. Solly killed perhaps thirty men before he stopped the slug with his own number on it; killed and thieved and bribed and blackmailed—but for his own and with his own—and never till his dying hour did he think of himself as a criminal.

Slim had never killed a man, had never done time, had never even been mugged or fingerprinted. But he was a criminal to his slender finger tips. He had three times the brains, ten times the education, and one-third the rugged character of Solly. He was loyal to his own, but for selfish reasons, and because his brains told him to be. He had no convictions or beliefs of any sort, except in the universal perfidy of his fellow men. He was a profound and self-esteeming artist with a cynical and perverse joy in his own artistry; that, and his irony, made him the superior thief that he was. Solly had been no artist at all; he could not have acted a part to save his life. Slim was always acting, and it had sometimes saved his life.

It was sheer spiritual effrontery and love of effect that had prompted Slim to take luncheon within a scant hundred yards of the jewelry stick-up. Credit him, too, with the reasoned calculation that the unexpected was the safest.

He had brought his men to this restaurant, not to impress them with his audacity—though that element had its leadership value—but because it was a good jumping-off place for a further enterprise which he had not yet divulged to them. Slim's dramatic urge was very much on the loose today.

Around the corner, at the snob-atmosphered shop of Maxime et Cie., everything was proceeding according to routine front-page efficiency of the New York police. Durgin, the precinct sergeant, heavy-jowled and gray with astonishment and secret misgiving, had got there with his detectives a scant five minutes before the commissioner himself, who arrived with the inspector in charge of the Maiden Lane squad, heading a combat flotilla of other cars with detectives, fingerprint experts, photographers, and newspaper men.

Within the shop Max was voluble and wanted to go to a hospital for his eyebrow. The doorman was over-explanatory: a gun had been stuck in his guts—which was true—and he had been knee-kicked into submission in a vital spot—which was not true. The downtown salesman was laconic and suspicious of a frame-up.

The fingerprint men dusted the show cases with aluminum powder and took pictures with magnifying lenses. The police photographers showed rogues' gallery albums to the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Fresh and Young

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DENTON'S
Facial
MAGNESIA

Let your complexion reflect all the youthfulness of Spring! Here is a new beauty treatment that makes even sallow, dingy skin lovely, coarse pores fine, and stops oily skin. It eliminates acid impurities, cleanses thoroughly, and is mildly astringent.

THE newest discovery in beauty culture is that cremed magnesia beautifies the skin instantly, in the same easy way that milk of magnesia purifies the stomach. This is because skin impurities are acid. Doctors treat acid inside the body with milk of magnesia. And now, dermatologists are getting amazing results in banishing complexion faults with cremed magnesia. All you do is anoint your skin with it, massage and rinse with water. It's as simple as washing your face.

It reduces enlarged pores to the finest, smoothest texture. Being astringent, it drives away the tell-tale signs of age. It rejuvenates the skin so quickly that any woman can look lovely tonight, years younger. It changes dull, sallow skin to radiant clearness and fades out freckles better than a bushel of lemons.

To get genuine cremed magnesia, ask for Denton's Facial Magnesia. The regular price is sixty cents and one dollar. If your favorite drug store or toilet goods counter cannot supply you, we will fill your order direct, parcel post prepaid. Just pin a dollar bill to the coupon and mail it today.

To Protect Dry Skin

Women who have fine skins often find ordinary cleansing too harsh. The skin becomes dry, especially after washing the face. As every woman knows, dry skins easily wrinkle and quickly show signs of age.

To safeguard the complexion against this dangerous dryness, use Denton's Dry Skin Creme. It is mild and soothing to the most delicate skin.

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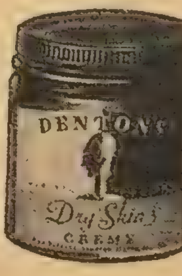

[SLIM
Continued from page fifty-one]

survivors, who positively identified Tom Inness, who was in the album, and Fatty Harris, who was not.

And the press photographers took shots at everything and everybody, and especially at the commissioner, who stood apart with the newspaper men and described the crime in detail and promised a solution within forty-eight hours and fingered his own boutonnière and irritably threw into the corner the paper cup when the young lady stenographer called his attention to it.

And then they all went out and piled importantly into their cars and blew their sirens and rushed magnificently past traffic signals and unseeingly past the restaurant window where Slim sat and watched them. And so another unsolved crime passed into the red-ink column of New York's police ledger.

Slim trailed his fingers in the finger bowl and tenderly dabbed his prim little mustache.

" Wonder if he's wearing my pretty orchid? " he hazarded, turning reluctantly from the window.

Tom Inness scowled and looked around the room. No one was within earshot.

" Look a' here, Slim, I don't like it. We'd ought to be a hunnert miles from here by now."

Slim rubbed out his cigarette in the ash tray and lighted a big cigar before answering.

" The big idea is this," he began evenly: " There ain't no safer place in the world right now than this here. The quickest way to run into a grab is to go on the lam. Ev'ry time you move you show something—they learned me that in the army—' Motion is visibility,' says the lieutenant."

" They's something in that," admitted Fatty Harris.

" They's everything in it," continued Slim. " N'York's the best burg in the woild to hide out in. They can't be no chase if you don't start runnin', see? D'you s'pose the flatties will look for us anywheres a mile from here? Not so's you'd notice it. They'll watch the boats an' the ferries an' the trains, an' they'll stop every phony-looking heap goin' out of town. An' they'll dragnet every last dump an' hangout and flop in this here city."

" Wot Slim says is good enough for me," observed the Geezer. " If youse guys don't like it you can pull out an' find another wit. Me—I'm playin' with him."

SLIM passed the interruption with a deprecatory wave of his big cigar.

" Wot I'm tellin' you is this: You gotta do what the bulls ain't figgering on. Mostly, that's do nothing. Every low-grade thief blows after a job. Don't do it. Don't go stealin' a cheap heap to work from like they all does; hire a fine one like Sophe an' I done. That chauffeur peacock with Sophe is packin' a shipload of rocks around with him this minute. An' he won't know wot it's all about till he sees it in the paper tonight."

" I get you on that, an' I guess you're right," admitted Fatty Harris. " But what I don't get is why you took that big pink rock. We can't never turn it over, and they'll have the Jewelers' Protective outfit an' all the dicks in the woild after us. 'Tain't safe to keep it, Slim."

" 'Tain't safe to keep for long," agreed Slim with a reserved smile. " Don't you worry about that big rock. Mebbe I'll use it for a watch fob—and then mebbe not."

" Where's Sophe with the stuff? " demanded Tom Inness finally.

Slim caught the waiter's eye and asked for the luncheon check. When the man had withdrawn he looked at his watch. Then he lowered his voice.

" Sophe is setting in her hired bus just four blocks east of here. She has her orders for this afternoon. The money wagon with the pay roll for the Simplex factory leaves the Drovers Trust at two fifteen every Wednesday. That's the Drovers Trust across the street on the southeast corner. We're ridin' in Fatty's heap. It's five before two now."

" All right—le's go," piped Fatty in a frightened and determined monotone.

On his way out, Slim stopped at the flower stand and bought himself an orchid.

Watch for the conclusion of this story next week.

The Red Badge of Courage

A New For the Love o' Lil

THE May wind came from far away over the hills and crossed the meadows, leaving them waves of yellow green. It rippled the river, left the willows whispering, and blew the dust from the El Dorado Real Estate Development into the eyes of prospective landowners. Then it tossed a billowy gray cloud in front of the sun and Lil ran to her window to see if a sudden shower had come to ruin her curtains on the line.

This week's cover picture.

"What with the changing weather," she was telling her seamstress who was being paid $4.10 to help lengthen last summer's dresses, "and worrying if the baby's too hot or too cold—I feel like a wreck. I wish Mr. Jenkins would go on some convention so I could get away for a change."

"Change?" Miss Harrison lisped, due to an assortment of pins lodged between her teeth. "When you're my age you won't expect any. I've been sewin' christenin' clothes and weddin' veils for thirty years in this town an' I'm still doin' it. I made a squirrel carriage robe for your go-cart. How many years ago was that?" She spied over her rimless specs and stabbed an emery with a needle.

"Oh, don't ask!" Lil blushed. She knew that Miss H. was as good as a newspaper. She watched her draw pins from her mouth and wondered how quickly she could run for a piece of bread in case she swallowed one. "I feel old. After a girl's had a baby, she isn't a flapper any longer. And now, with the second one coming—"

Lil never knew just what Miss Harrison's next comforting remark might have been. Something whizzed through the open window and struck Miss H. on the temple.

"OUCH!" she yelled, raising one hand to her head. She couldn't close her mouth on account of the pins.

"Oh!" Lil gasped. "It's—it's a lump of sugar!" She rushed to the window and saw Gwendolyn and Ulysses retreating behind a baker's wagon. "That new neighbor is terrible. I'm glad she didn't break your glasses!"

"Glasses? I don't give a damn about my glasses! My head feels cracked." Miss H. took all the pins from her mouth and showered them on the rug.

As the baker's wagon rolled slowly up the street, Gwen and U. kept on the safe side.

"We'll play around the corner," Gwen decided, giving U. a lump of the sugar she had stolen from his mother's sugar bowl on the sideboard. "We'll play ball."

"I got a ball," he grinned. "See?"

"Of course you got a ball. That's what we'll play with. Sap! We'll play football an' see who can kick a mile. Come on, kick the ball!"

Ulysses did. It scooted into a roadway, bounced against a sun-dial, and scudded toward a ditch.

"I'll get it! I'll get it!" he piped up.

A growl. A streak of gray-brown. A police dog, trained to scare off prowlers, had leaped through a screen door!

"Mamma!" U. screamed. "Mamma!" he sobbed.

"Don't get scared!" Gwen yelled, rushing up. "Down, hound—DOWN!" She clutched U.'s yowling face against her ribs. She lifted a protective arm in the air. She kicked out one foot.

Would that dog's fangs be buried in the ball—or in her skin? Gwen wasn't afraid. She was brave. She dared to wave The Red Badge of Courage!

(Next week's cover adventure: The Reward)

The GREAT WATCH VALUE

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VALUE! Value that has never been equalled in any other merchandise. Value that proves itself every moment of the day — every day in the year! That's the value you get from an Ingersoll Yankee! Ingersoll Yankees have measured the time of day on the upper reaches of the Congo—in the frozen fastnesses of the Yukon—in the fields and factories of America—over the plains of Australia and Argentina — on the islands of the South Seas.

In fact, there is hardly a country or an occupation where this sturdy, dependable timepiece has not made its indelible mark. And the secret of it all is *value!* . . . Buy yourself a Yankee today. Enjoy real watch luxury—the luxury of carrying a watch you don't have to worry about no matter where you go.

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Vox

Seems as if Nearly Everybody Wrote About the Same Thing This Week, Namely:

Philadelphia, Pa.—Whatever made you publish that silly and fallacious article by Grace Robinson, "The Woman Driver"?

You know, I know, and so does Gracie dear, that it is all untrue and that the woman driver is a menace wherever she goes.

She is careful sometimes, reckless at others, but always at the wrong time. —*Veritas.*

Oakland, Calif.—Grace Robinson certainly is a ladies' lady. The women should be proud of her flattering their vanity in "The Woman Driver."

That women are more careful than men cannot be exactly true. It seems to be on an even basis. Many accidents are caused by women who get out of them by having the other driver climb a pole. —*C. S. Engle.*

Lancaster, Pa.—I suggest that Grace Robinson get some statistics on how many accidents are caused by that very cautiousness of women which she praises so fulsomely.

It strikes me, personally, that many a crack-up has been caused by some man trying to avoid a cautious woman who stops suddenly, or drives like a snail, blocking the highway. Anybody behind her has to do some nifty steering to avoid her, and often enough gets in trouble.

The men get credit for the resulting accident, but it seems to me that the woman caused it.—*Hugh W. Nevin.*

Trenton, N. J.—One can always secure figures to prove one's point, as Grace did, but let Grace secure figures to disprove this point: A good male driver is a better driver than a good female driver any one-three-hundred-and-sixty-fifth of a year, unless it's driving a sewing machine, and then I have my doubts.—*Fred Speck.*

Plant City, Fla.—Being a young man, not yet of voting age, and thinking myself the perfect driver, I naturally should feel angered at Miss Robinson, but I can't. For she has told the truth. She has completely knocked the egotism out of this male driver. And, believe me, from now on, the girl friend does the driving. Then *both* of my hands will be free.—*F. H. Livingston.*

Miami, Fla.—Would that I had the words to properly answer Grace Robinson's article.

I have spent years in the automobile game, and have driven hundreds of thousands of miles throughout the old U. S. A., and have yet to find a woman driver whom I would rate even 50 per cent.—*W. M. Carson.*

Hollywood, Calif.—It shows how little women have to do when ordinary reporters such as Grace Robinson write high-school essays in a feeble attempt to prevent a general supposition that women, as a rule, are not as good drivers as men.

I am mailing Miss Robinson an application for a job as my chauffeur, which I am sure she could fill much better than the printed page.—*J. L.*

Norristown, Pa.—Who says the average woman driver is a safe bet? Bologna! There are a certain few who are as good as the best male driver but they are as scarce as the proverbial hens' teeth.

The others are immune from danger only when driving from the back seat—and there they are experts.—*Robert W. Greim.*

Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio — Women drivers! Haw! There's a laugh!

I only know one safe woman driver. She doesn't drive. The only male I ever heard say he liked woman drivers was an undertaker. And even he won't ride with them.

The only thing women can successfully drive is male drivers crazy.

Those who know me tell me that I am a brave man, but there are three things of which I stand in mortal terror.

Those three things are: woman drivers, woman drivers, and woman drivers.—*A Wreckless Driver.*

Speaking of That Article We Had on Guantanamo

Washington, D. C.—Did you see the poem in the Infantry School News? It's entitled "Pity Poor Sailors on a Night Like This," and here's part of it:

The discoursive wife of a naval Luff
  Down at Guantanamo,
Broke into print, and she said enough,
The highballs rolled and the waves grew rough,
Her Liberty yarn will make things tough
  Down at Guantanamo.
Says she when the navy gets off the water
  Down at Guantanamo
It does some things it hadn't oughter,
Things that shocked her mother's daughter;
Still she did them, that is—sorter—
  Down at Guantanamo.

—*Liberty Fan.*

He Hates to Criticize

St. Paul, Minn.—The short short story, "Perhaps a Good Thing," by Karin Jerrold, was a disgrace to the so-called editorial intelligence of Liberty.

There was absolutely nothing to this would-be story.

It would be "Perhaps a Good Thing" if Liberty would choose the short short stories with a little closer attention.

I hate to criticize, but this terrible jumble of words "got" me.—*Frank E. Larsen.*

In Re Hack Wilson

Detroit, Mich.—Just finished wading through Hugh Fullerton's mass collection of boloney, "Picking the Pennant Winners." I heartily agree with Mr. Fullerton when he picks the Cubs and A's to repeat. But when he intimates that Hack Wilson is a big palooka, it burns me up.

Wilson hit .336 batting average last season and in the World Series led both clubs with a mark of .471. Still this prancing banana, Fullerton, says Hack can't hit good pitching.

The Chicago North Side "wolves" put Hack on the pan plenty, but deep down in their hearts they know they'd rather see Hack at the plate, with men on the bases, than any one else on the team. If Hack Wilson, the hero of Chicago, is a joke, most of the outfielders in the Big Show are obtaining money under false pretenses.

Why must you clutter up your excellent magazine with such trash?—*Eddie Derr.*

Thanks. But Editorial Writers Are Traditionally Anonymous

Omaha, Neb.—The gentleman who wrote the editorial on Walter Eckersall brought tears to the eyes of every old football player, aged from forty to fifty years, that read it.

Why did he not sign his name to it?

There may be good reasons why many do not know great men, but surely no good reason why we should not know who they are.—*John N. Baldwin.*

Don't Mention It

Birmingham, Ala.—Heard from my brother in St. Louis. You rejected a story he submitted. He doesn't know that, previously, you rejected two of mine. Thanks for rejecting his.—*H. M. Hoelke.*

And What Would Be Generous, Kind, and Sportsmanlike?

Dayton, Ohio—Referring to your Easter morning cover picture:

It is neither generous, kind, nor sportsmanlike to hundreds of fine organizations who devote themselves to the object of teaching and drawing out the best traits of humanity, to picture a bored individual who attends church but once a year and who cannot and will not have a kindly thought for the matter he listens to.—*J. E. Harlow.*

At Last!

Bloomfield, N. J.—At last! A good short short story. I was just about to give up hope, but William A. Kinney's "The Perfect Servant" made me realize that good stories are still being written and, once in while, Liberty publishes them. Patiently awaiting another—*(Miss) Ruth F. Agoa.*

Pop

If a Man Answers Want Ads He Certainly Ought Not to Be Considered a Bum

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—" For months he had haunted the studios begging for a chance. Like any bum walking the streets answering ads. . . ."

Adela Rogers St. Johns sprung the above on us in " The Prince Consort."

Adela classes six million unemployed men and women who scan the daily want ads as bums!

Who ever heard of a bum looking for a job? Has it come to this? Do people in comfortable circumstances or affluence look on the unemployed as bums? And then wonder why the police reserves have to be called out to disperse meetings of so-called Reds and Communists in our large centers.

My first care on Friday morning is to buy a copy of Liberty, and while using some of the Greeks' coffee I fairly eat up your editorial page. I don't know, and don't care much, who writes them, but I've never read an editorial in Liberty but what was a dandy.

Here's food for thought. Give us your idea on this class and mass situation as you see it.

Is it a fact that, because we work, get dirty, grimy, and lose our jobs, a certain element in this country considers us bums?—*Gordon Ward.*

Shouldn't It Be Phooey?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Out of about one hundred and ten million people residing in the United States, you can only sell a little over two million two hundred and fifty thousand Liberty Magazines.

Phooie on you!—*Isaac Rabinowitz.*

It Isn't Enough

NEWARK, N. J.—Your short short stories are rotten. This is why I'm asking how much you'll charge to publish one of mine. I'll pay anything up to $500. I make this offer on account of your circulation.—*Henry Willis Mitchell.*

Lines from a Gentleman Who Has Evidently Been Eating Mince Pie or Something

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Every once in a while, as I read Liberty's love stories, I am assailed by these thoughts:

Because I am a bachelor there must be, somewhere, some woman who must get along without the comfort of a cozy home maintained by a man. Without the love, care, and attention to her every want that all women crave. Without the sweet sound of some one telling her as he rises in the morning, " Now you must rest and take it easy, honey. Don't dare get up until ten or eleven at least. And don't worry about those bills, dear. Leave your loving man to worry about all that, he has plenty of money, and strong hands to earn lots more of it—for you. Here's a couple of twenties—I'll bring more tonight and also all those pretties you spoke of wanting."

She has no one like that to make her happy—she must get up, go out, and earn every cent she spends with her own hands, out of the sweat of her brow.

You can't imagine how much pleasure I get out of those thoughts.—*George A. Power.*

Seven Nurses on " Little Brown Nurse "

MADISON, WIS.—I have just finished reading Walton Green's " Little Brown Nurse." I would like to know the hospital, clinic, or what have you in which the author got his nurse's training, where nurses are allowed to graduate without having scrubbed for a major operation, where the caffeine and the sodium benzoate are kept in stock bottles, and where any nurse on any case from any floor is allowed in the nursery.

If I'm ever in that part of the country I'd like to look it over. It's the only one of its kind that I know.

Walton Green undoubtedly watched an operation or two and kept his eyes open. But hospital routine—he needs a bit more experience on that!

I hope your author will inform himself a bit more thoroughly as to detail before his next hospital story. I enjoyed this one very much—with the exceptions noted.—*An R. N. herself.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I have just finished reading " Little Brown Nurse," by Green, and allow me to inform you that it was a knockout. If you publish more stories of this type I can already hear the gnashing of teeth of all your rivals.

I happened to be a patient in a hospital at the time and so I was curious to know how the nurses liked the story. Well, it's no use telling you. You guessed it. The six nurses I spoke to said it was wonderful, splendid, beautiful, realistic, and true to life.—*Joseph D. Kane.*

Bootleggers Whom It's a Pleasure to Know

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—One of the most interesting letters I have had the pleasure of reading in Vox Pop appeared in your issue of April 26, signed by the self-styled Yankee-of-the-first-degree, Roy E. Babcock, of Holland, Mich.

It is to be regretted that the bootleggers in Mr. Babcock's town are of the low caliber stated in his letter, since this is no doubt the reason for his vitriolic outburst about dirty, bootlegging foreigners.

The writer spent several months in the Bahamas a few years ago—engaged in a perfectly legitimate business having nothing to do with liquor—at which time he met a large number of so-called rum-runners: fellows who brought liquor across to Miami, Palm Beach, Jacksonville, and Savannah. Without exception, they were all good American citizens—not a " foreigner " in the bunch. Some were well educated, and only a few were ever known to take a drink. Just breaking an unpopular law to supply a popular demand, having a little excitement, and making some big, quick money while they were at it.

I must say that I really regret that Mr. Babcock and the other bloodthirsty drys like him could not have lived in the " good old days " when a fellow could draw out a coupla Colts and shoot down a few bootleggers before breakfast, just to see 'em fall.—*J. D. McEaddy.*

For Mr. Clement

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Where did S. B. C. from Fort Worth, Texas, study art, that he or (I hazard a guess) she should have the effrontery to criticize those wonderful pictures that J. M. Clement is giving us in each installment of " Smoke Screen "? Much as I enjoy the story, and it is a good one, it is made much more effective and interesting by the illustrations of Mr. Clement.

In the issue of April 19, for example, I found that I had halted my reading of the second page of Part Five for a full ten minutes when I turned the page and that poignant face of O'Toole confronted me. If ever an artist managed to catch the look of frustrated revenge with a background of heartbreak, Mr. Clement has done so in this picture. Even the gripped hands of the boy gripped my heart. Believe me, that kid is suffering! It is etched on my brain—and yet I can't tell you if O'Toole's hair is parted or if it is à la pompadour.

Please thank Mr. Clement for me for being a genuine artist—and not a hairdresser.—*Louise O. Charlton.*

Consensus

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Dearest Vox Popa—I'm only five years old—but, ye gods and little fishes:—where did you find that serial, " Smoke Screen "?—*Donald McCuaig.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Hurrah for Liberty! That is, as long as you give us short stories like " The Lost Picture " and serials as good as " Smoke Screen."—*Carl Hanson.*

The Stock Market's Too Uncertain

ST. PAUL, MINN.—While Sandy was a-wooing and wedding Lil you had the prize cover feature. Your two principals were of us hundred million.

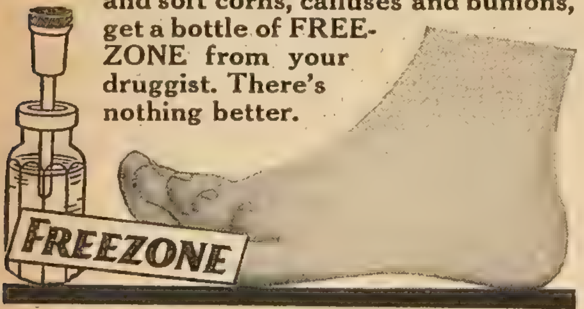
When, however, the same principals became the possessors of unearned wealth, you lost touch with many of us (perhaps most).

Bring them down to us again—financially, at least. Have them lose in the stock market.—*A Reader.*

Pain Stopped Instantly Then—

CORN came off with her stocking

Corn that had ached for years came off with her stocking. FREEZONE works fast. FIRST DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY. Soon corn loosens and falls off—or lifts off with fingers, easily, painlessly. To end hard and soft corns, calluses and bunions, get a bottle of FREEZONE from your druggist. There's nothing better.



Itching Torture Ended

Don't suffer night and day with itching, burning skin. Get cooling, soothing, antiseptic Zemo. Thousands find relief in first application. Safe, dependable, invisible. Zemo helps restore skin to healthy smoothness. Use any time for Itching, Dandruff, Pimples, Blemishes. 35¢, 60¢, $1.00. All Druggists.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

SING! Popular Music Blues-Ballads
For Profit & Pleasure

New Big-Hit Method

Sing *modern* music the *modern* way. Rich opportunities in the "Talkies" and Radio. Course includes *"How to Sing and Speak before the 'Mike.'"* There's room for improvement in every voice. If you sing at all, write today for details and BIG FREE OFFER! Make your talent PAY!

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YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home oil painting photographs, snapshots, enlargements and miniatures. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with working outfit and employment service. Write for particulars and beautiful Free Book to-day.

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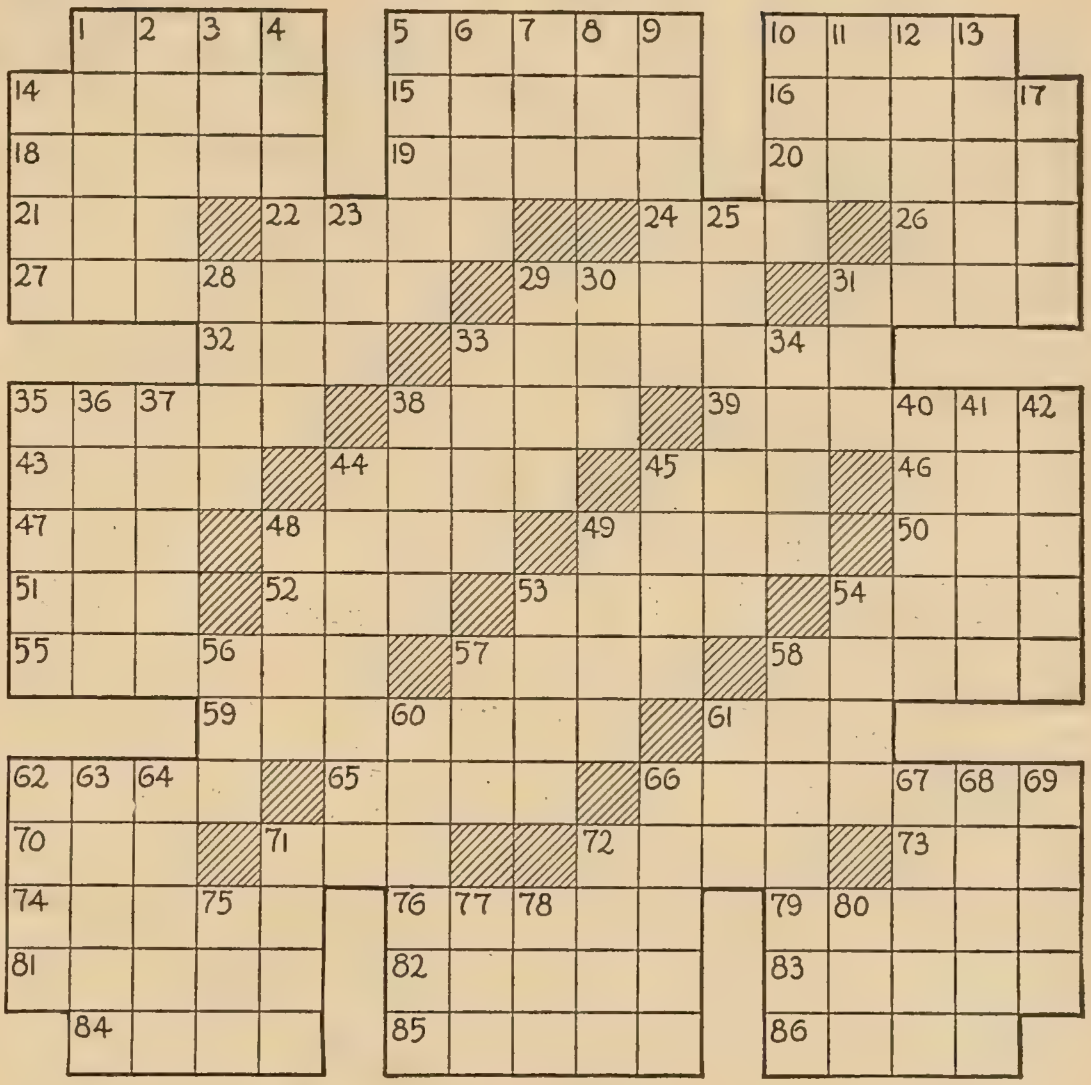
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

Liberty's Twin

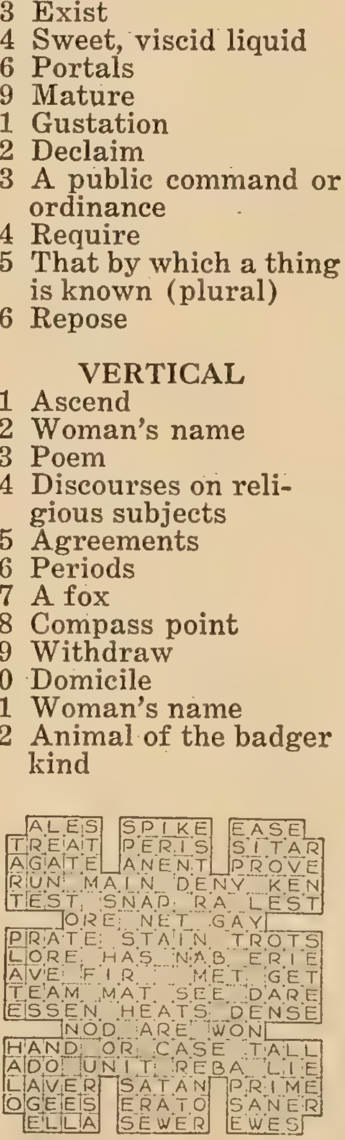


HORIZONTAL

1 Man's name
5 One of the Apostles
10 Possessive pronoun
14 Commerce
15 Ascended
16 Egg-shaped
18 Frame on which clothes are dried
19 Military student
20 Pertaining to morning
21 Greek letter
22 Entangles
24 Cover with frosting
26 Antiquity
27 Matures, as timber
29 Murmur of a feline
31 Measures of length
32 Termination
33 Rivers, brooks, etc.
35 Companions
38 Spare
39 Serf
43 A son of Isaac
44 Has (ancient or Biblical form)
45 A river in Switzerland
46 A beverage
47 Make lace
48 Cooking utensils
49 Crafts
50 Obtained
51 Duration of life
52 Unrefined metal
53 Japanese sashes
54 Torn
55 A hurt
57 Grew old
58 The central part of anything (plural)
59 Ministered to
61 Domestic animal
62 Oily tissue (plural)
65 Large plant
66 Revolved
70 Anger
71 Man's name
72 Small particle
73 Exist
74 Sweet, viscid liquid
76 Portals
79 Mature
81 Gustation
82 Declaim
83 A public command or ordinance
84 Require
85 That by which a thing is known (plural)
86 Repose

VERTICAL

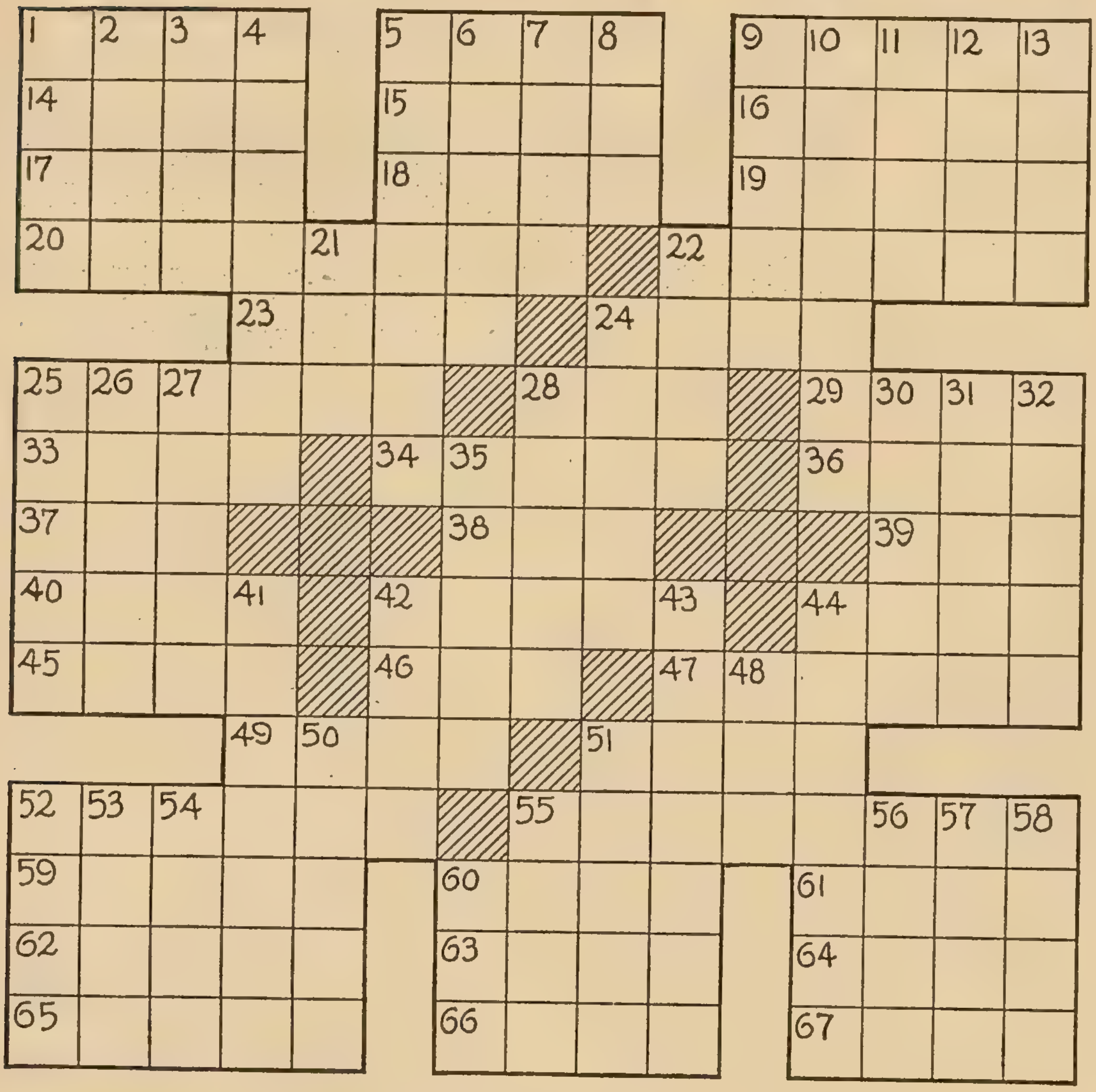
1 Ascend
2 Woman's name
3 Poem
4 Discourses on religious subjects
5 Agreements
6 Periods
7 A fox
8 Compass point
9 Withdraw
10 Domicile
11 Woman's name
12 Animal of the badger kind
13 Motionless
14 Strikes lightly
17 Comes to a close
23 A conjunction
25 Neckties
28 Appear to be
29 Chief god of Memphis (Egyptian religion)
30 Vase
31 A worm
33 Puts in place
34 A planet
35 Mettle
36 Maxim; proverb
37 Carries
38 Recent
40 Wiser
41 Solitary
42 Natives of Latvia
44 Insects
45 Dry; barren
48 Indigent
49 In bed
53 A molding
54 An ecclesiastical court
56 Pronoun
57 Corroded
58 Food purveyor
60 Former province of Spain
61 Bed
62 The closed hand
63 Pertaining to Arius
64 Concise
66 Flowers
67 Tapestry
68 Upstanding
69 Small hollow
71 Mimicked
72 Apportion
75 American Indian
77 Constellation
78 Scotch cap
80 Small fresh-water fish



ALES SPIKE EASE
TREAT PERIS SITAR
AGATE ANENT PROVE
RUN MAIN DENY KEN
TEST SNAP RA LEST
ORE NET GAY
PRATE STAIN TROTS
LORE HAS NAB ERIE
AVE FIR MET GET
TEAM MAT SEE DARE
ESSEN HEATS DENSE
NOD ARE WON
HAND OR CASE TALL
ADO UNIT REBA LIE
LAVER SATAN PRIME
OGEES ERATO SANER
ELLA SEWER EWES

Answer to last week's puzzle

Puzzle Pages

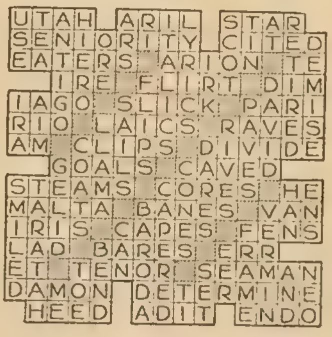


HORIZONTAL

1 A fish
5 To establish, as an argument
9 Norse reciter and singer of heroic poems
14 One of the United States
15 Word of solemn ratification
16 To prohibit
17 Bristlelike organ or part
18 Dregs
19 Habituate
20 Shook; quaked
22 Fondler
23 Withstand a strain
24 The Italian millet
25 Climbed, as if by a ladder
28 One of the supreme triad of Babylonian deities
29 A mineral
33 To diminish the bulk of; reduce
34 A narrow or relatively long piece
36 At sea
37 Areas ten meters square
38 Conducted, as a business
39 Japanese measure of area
40 Wind cylindrically
42 Exercise sovereign power or authority
44 A coin
45 Otherwise
46 Furthermore
47 District in Portugal
49 Eager; greedy
51 State
52 Ornamented with small globular bodies
55 An evergreen shrub
59 A genus of typical geese
60 A fortified seaport of Arabia
61 Comfort
62 Imparts movement to; disturbs
63 Coin of Italy
64 Prong
65 A sentiment that is drunk to
66 Stake in poker game
67 Wheelless vehicle

VERTICAL

1 Portion of the human figure between the head and waist
2 Biblical name (Ezra ii)
3 Glut; surfeit
4 To walk awkwardly and unsteadily
5 Simple songs of a romantic nature
6 A prince of Afghanistan or of Sind
7 Ovule
8 Being, in the most abstract sense
9 Charger
10 Choral composition
11 To reach or touch with an end
12 Knowledge; learning
13 One who is wont and ready to act
21 An insect
22 The soft, succulent part of a fruit
24 Existing
25 Interval between two or more objects
26 Sing joyfully
27 Unaccented part of a foot (Greek and Latin prosody)
28 To plait
30 A flower
31 Inclined from a vertical position
32 Division of a poem
35 Tendency
41 Guides; conductors
42 Predatory incursion
43 Series of religious devotions (plural)
44 Wind instruments
48 Edible seed
50 Russian measure of length
51 Watchful
52 A fiber
53 Combining form meaning within
54 A continent
55 Supreme deity in Norse mythology
56 Irish legislative assembly
57 Anglo-Saxon slave
58 Bamboolike grass
60 Wing


UTAH ARIL STAR
SENIORITY CITED
EATERS ARION TE
IRE FLIRT DIM
IAGO SLICK PARI
RIO LAICS RAVES
AM CLIPS DIVIDE
GOALS CAVED
STEAMS CORES HE
MALTA BANES VAN
IRIS CAPES FENS
LAD BARES ERR
ET TENOR SEAMAN
DAMON DETERMINE
HEED ADIT ENDO

Answer to last week's puzzle

DANDRUFF
A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

To those who
EAT THEIR CAKE
. . . and then regret it

TAKE Pepto-Bismol and enjoy quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, and acid or sour stomach.

Doctors know. They have prescribed Pepto-Bismol for 25 years. It is safe. It checks fermentation and the formation of harmful acids. Even children like its pleasing taste.

Good eating should bring good feeling. If it doesn't, Pepto-Bismol will—or your money back. At your druggist's, in the 3-cornered bottle. Only 50 cents.

Pepto-Bismol
RELIEVES INDIGESTION QUICKLY
MAKERS OF Norwich UNGUENTINE

The MYSTERY *of* Arnold Rothstein

Who Killed the Lone Wolf of New York's Underworld?

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

IT isn't important to know why Arnold Rothstein was shot and killed in New York City early in November, 1928. It would be interesting to know who killed him and under what circumstances simply because the final chapter of any extraordinary career ought not to be left unwritten. I know of nobody who cares who killed him or why or how—at least, nobody has ever tried very hard to find out, and a great many men have tried very hard to keep from finding out.

Arnold Rothstein's *widow, who had left him in 1927.*

P. & A. photos

Inez Norton, who figured in the Rothstein inquiry.

There are probably a thousand persons who would gladly have killed the New York gambler if they might have accomplished it with impunity. Every day he lived was an added reason why he should have died. With this conceded—and it is conceded by those who knew him—it is obvious that if I should even try to summarize that multitude of reasons I would never close this story.

Therefore, I shall merely sketch in briefly some of the high lights in the portrait of this amazing individual (you will find your reasons there) and hasten to the final tableau of his dramatic finish.

Rothstein was indeed a wolf born in a gentle fold. His father, Abraham E. Rothstein, is one of the most respected and beloved men in New York City. Born in 1858, his whole life has been spent in an effort to help his fellow men; philanthropy and benevolence and peacemaking have been his outstanding traits.

In 1879 he traveled to California for a wholesale cotton-goods firm, and in San Francisco he met Esther Rothschild. He wooed and wed her and brought her back to New York. Today he is head of his own firm, A. E. Rothstein & Co., cotton goods, and is a wealthy man. Last year he celebrated his golden wedding day with his gentle, gray-haired wife, with only one somber memory to darken their beautiful anniversary—the memory of Arnold.

A boy was born to them in 1881 and died. Arnold came next, in 1882. He was nearly forty-seven when he died. The next child was Edgar, 1884; then Jack, 1892; and then the last, Edith, born in 1894.

Today Edgar is in the insurance business. Jack changed his name, because of his eldest brother's infamy, to Rothstone, and in February, 1928, married Miss Fay Lewisohn, granddaughter of Randolph Guggenheimer, her whole family safely ensconced in New York's Social Register. Jack is in a stock broker's office and, like his dead brother, is a handsome lad. Edith is married to Henry Lustig, owner of the Longchamps restaurants of New York City.

In a rather searching examination of Rothstein's career, I find only one deed that might be described as decent; so I hasten to record it. In 1919, shortly after the World War, the cotton market collapsed and Mr. Rothstein was in financial distress. Somebody told Arnold, and though his father long before had cast him off with horror, yet the elder was persuaded to accept help from the son. The story is that Arnold gave his father a million dollars. Anyhow, it was a large sum.

APART from that, Arnold Rothstein seems to have owned all the qualities of a timber wolf. From the day he first donned knickers his motto seems to have been this unholy one: It will be well to make friends all my life, because a friend trusts you and, trusting you, is the more easily despoiled!

He was called a gambler; this is a misnomer, for a gambler is one who gambles, who takes a chance. Arnold always had the edge in every bet he ever made; every penny he ever risked had return postage on it.

$10,000 in Prizes

THE Mystery of Arnold Rothstein is the tenth and last of a series of stories of famous mysteries, for solutions of which Liberty is giving its readers $10,000 in prizes.

For each mystery there are eight prizes, totaling $1,000: one of $500, one of $250, one of $100, one of $50, and four of $25. In case of a tie, prizes will be duplicated.

Read the story, decide for yourself what happened, and mail your conclusions to Liberty Mystery Contest, Post-Office Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

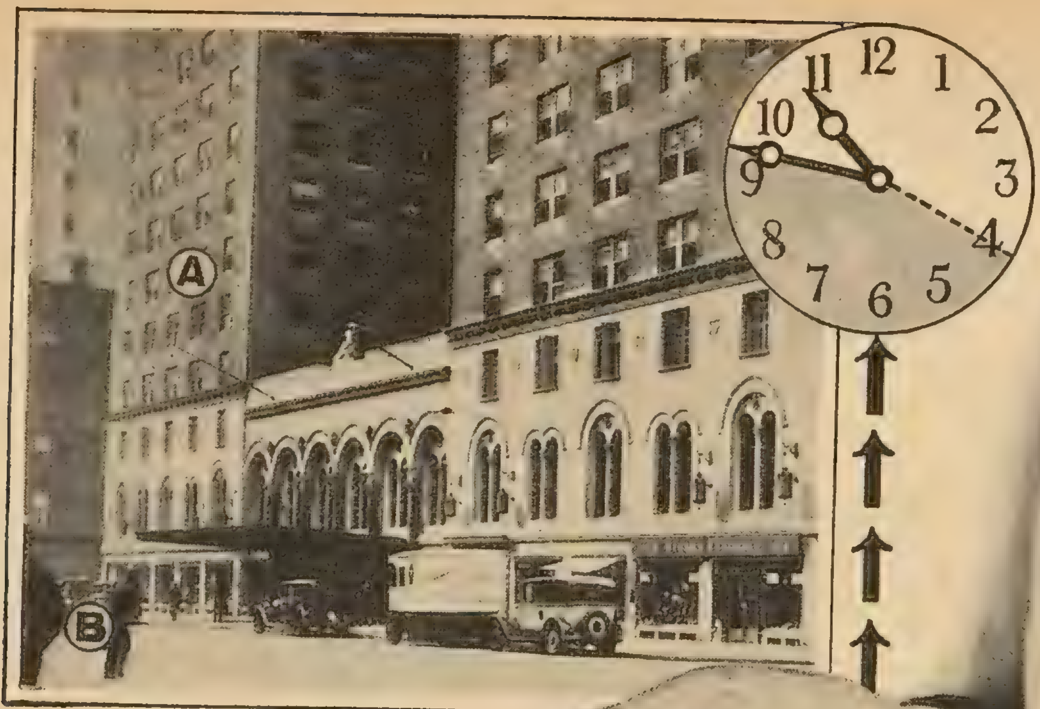
It is not necessary that you be a professional writer, or even a subscriber to Liberty. Everyone is eligible except employees of Liberty and members of their families.

What you say will count, not *how* you say it. Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these are the important things. The publishers have given Mr. Sutherland the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, all solutions of each mystery must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story concerning it is completed. Names of winners are published as soon as is mechanically possible in the printing of a weekly magazine.

More Winners Next Week

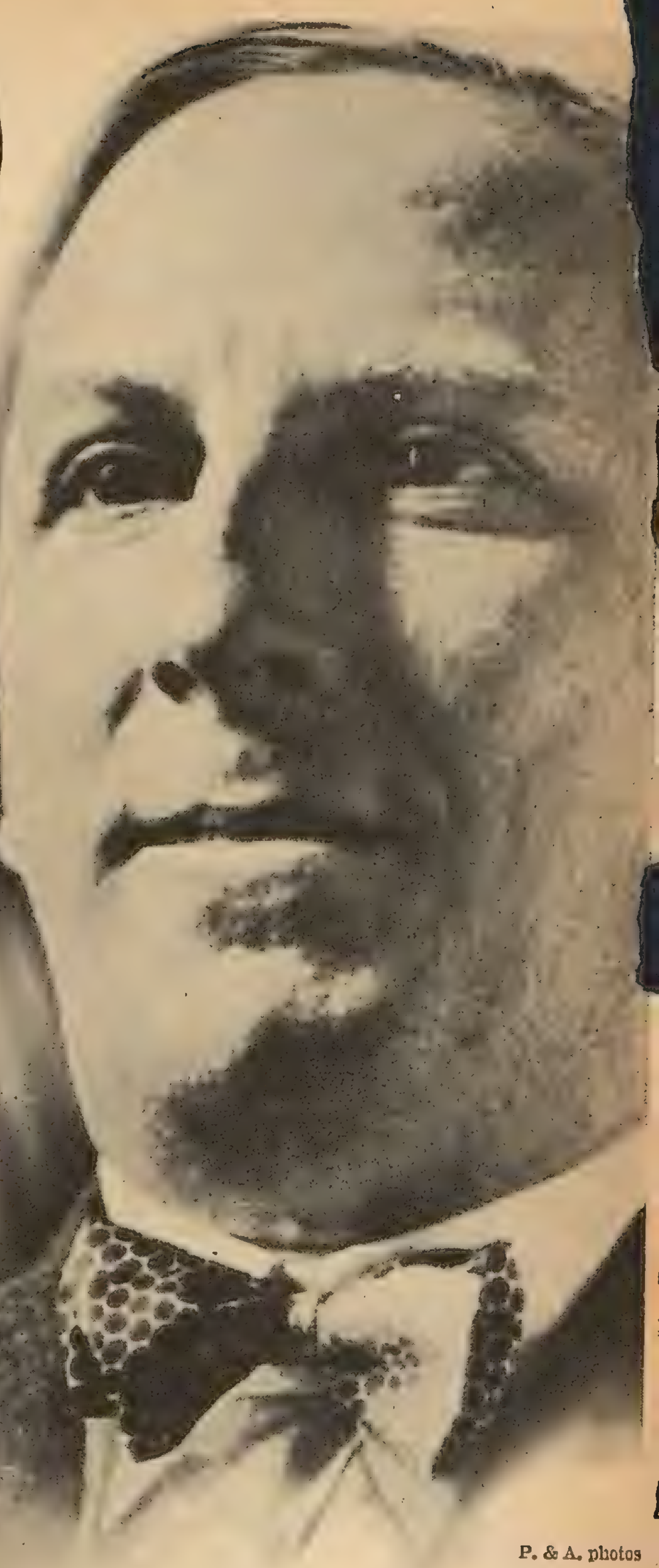
The names of the winning solvers of the first two mysteries in this series have been announced. Prize awards for the third—The Mystery of Thomas J. Mooney—will be announced next week. They could not be made in time for this week's issue, for the reason that the story of that mystery was told in two installments.



P. & A. photo

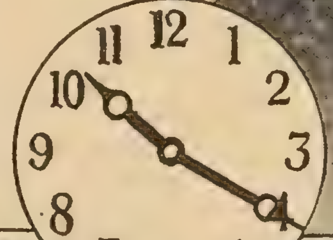
P. & A. photo

The Park Central Hotel. Inside its servants' doorway, Arnold Rothstein was discovered mortally wounded. (A) indicates the famous room 349, in which, so the authorities held, he had been shot. At (B) Al Bender, taxi driver, picked up a revolver exactly like the one in the center picture. As the clock faces show, Rothstein left Lindy's at 10:20, and was found in the hotel doorway at 10:47. Within those twenty-seven minutes the shot that proved fatal was fired.



P. & A. photos

Arnold Rothstein.



International photo

Lindy's restaurant, where Rothstein was last seen alive and unwounded.

He knew every man has his price, and he was willing to pay it to achieve his end. He was money mad. He dealt in corruption, of officials and of human standards, and he thrived vastly in his dealings.

USURY was one of his main magnets for money. A friend—or one who fancied himself a friend of the suave, cultured, debonair, smiling, handsome crook—would borrow a hastily needed sum. Always eager to lend, Arnold would explain that he had himself had to borrow the amount at the high rate of interest that haste commands and, regretfully, that he must pass on the charge. Whether the loan was for a night or for a month, Arnold would deduct 10 per cent of the sum before he handed it over.

And the good Lord help you if you didn't pay when you said you would!

Bucket-shopping, fixing prize fights, fixing races, Liberty bond thefts, corrupting baseball players, using crooked dice and cards, squeezing those who needed bail money, financing bootleggers and dealers in narcotics, bribing police officials and civic officials and judges and lawyers—Rothstein was past master and master mind in these and a dozen other lawless and indecent enterprises.

He won $850,000 on one horse race, on Sidereal at Aqueduct track on July 4, 1921. It would be well worth a chapter to tell the minutiæ of his betting that day. On another occasion he lost $300,000 on Sporting Blood when that thoroughbred faltered near the post—but most of this great amount belonged to friends who had not authorized him to bet for them.

He wrecked the White Sox in the world series of 1919, and cheated the eight dupes who tossed the games to Cincinnati out of the wages of their shame. He and his coterie profited hugely when Jack Dempsey lost the title to Gene Tunney, after Tunney signed a contract with Boo Hoo Hoff, Philadelphia racketeer, to pay him 20 per cent of all his earnings while champion, a contract that Tunney immediately welshed on.

Rothstein wrecked stockbro-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE MYSTERY OF ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN

Continued from page fifty-nine

s and bucket-shop dealers who trusted him. Nobody ws how much he made lending money to wretches o deal in opium and cocaine and heroin. When his ers were examined by the Federal authorities after death, a series of raids followed which landed ,000,000 worth of smuggled narcotics. Nobody knows w much of the flood of bootleg liquor that inundates ew York City and other big cities in the East was anced by Rothstein.

Nobody knows how many gambling houses he ran, aproved and shared in by New York City officials and olice. Many people know of some of them, and engrossing yarn ight be spun out them.

A sample of his work is seen in the $20,000 he loaned Magistrate Vitale, clouding that judge's reputation for all time.

P. & A. photo

Martin ("Red") Bowe.

P. & A. photo

"Nigger Nate" Raymond.

HIS contributions to campaign funds in municipal, state, and national politics, if exposed by somebody who likes to squeal, would wreck many a reputation. His death wrecked District Attorney Joab Banton's dream of a judge's toga; it wrecked First Assistant District Attorney Ferdinand Pecora's ambition to win the Tammany nomination for the district attorneyship.

Efforts to prevent solution of his murder wrecked the heads of the whole police department of the world's metropolis. Even Mayor Jimmy Walker had to wield the cleaver on the necks of his police commissioner and his inspectors and deputies to appease an ordinarily docile populace that was revolting at the scandal of the hush-hush policy following the assassination.

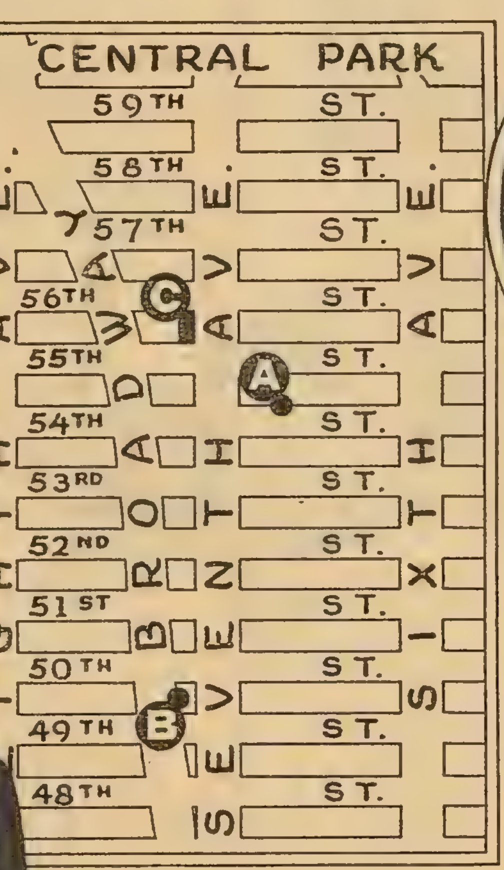
International photo

Jimmy Meehan, in whose apartment the famous stud poker session was held two months before Rothstein was shot. The others pictured on this page were in the game or among the onlookers.

As a boy Arnold struggled through grammar school, rebelled at further education, and took to dice and cards and Kelly pool. He was an artist at every line of crookedness he embraced. He appeared on Broadway about 1909, when New York was a town that to this day haunts the memories of those lucky enough to have lived there then!

It was the epoch of the Haymarket, Jack's, Kid McCoy's, Brown's Chop House, Tom Sharkey's saloon, Churchill's, Rector's, Martin's, Reisenweber's, Pabst's famous taverns, Faust's, Sterling's, the Knickerbocker, Lüchow's, the Café Boulevard, the Lafayette, Little Hungary, Kalill's, the old Madison Square Garden, Maxim's, the Café de l'Opéra, Mouquin's, the Little Belmont, the old Cadillac Hotel, the Ansonia of W. E. D. Stokes.

The Tenderloin lay between Fifth and Eighth avenues and stretched from Thirtieth Street or thereabouts toward Columbus Circle. In these Bad Lands dwelt grafting coppers, crooked politicians, venal judges, gamblers, thieves, pickpockets, prostitutes, cadets, white slavers, dope sellers and addicts, swindlers, badger-game blackmailers, thugs—all sprinkled in thickly among more respectable citizens.



Where the closing scenes of the drama of Rothstein's life were staged. Lindy's restaurant is at (B) and the Park Central Hotel at (C). Jimmy Meehan's apartment was at (A).

P. & A. photo

"Titanic Thompson."

P. & A. photo

Hymie ("Gill") Biller.

In this flashing, colorful, fast-spending, wine-drinking, dawn-greeting, amusing, tragic sector ranged celebrities from every human plane. Caruso and Diamond Jim Brady, Baron Wilkins, Bat Masterson, Fritzi Scheff, "Beansy" and Herman Rosenthal, Jim Corbett, Dick Croker, Bald Jack Rose, Corse Peyton, Wilson Mizner, Sheriff Bob Chanler, William Travers Jerome, the Bustanoby brothers, Harry Pollock, Paul Armstrong, O. Henry, Bridgie Weber, Lieutenant Becker, the Considines, John McGraw, Stanley Ketchel, Oscar Hammerstein, John Drew, Flo Ziegfeld, Anna Held, Bob Fitzsimmons—oh, the list were endless!

And among them strolled the clever Arnold, smarter than any of them, more unscrupulous, more alert, more dangerous than the worst of the vicious ones among them, meeting them all as equals and seething inside with contempt for the helplessness of any of them when entangled in the tentacles of his plots. As the lurid nights and hectic days flew swiftly past on the street of sin and treachery, Rothstein, sooner or later, had something on almost every man he knew, and knew something coinable about many a woman whom nobody else suspected—and blackmail was one golden pool into which he could always thrust the bucket of his insatiable greed.

WHAT a typhoon swept the city and the country when it was learned, after breathless hours spent in scanning the bulletins from his hospital bed, that he had succumbed to his mysterious wound—a typhoon that was a mingled, cloud-tilting sigh of relief!

For those whose existence he threatened, simply because he was alive, thought that he would leave nothing incriminating behind him when he went; they hoped so, anyhow, in spite of the fact that Rothstein was that foulest object of the underworld, a copper-squealer! He even squawked to the police when one of his floating crap games was raided and robbed by a trio of gunmen.

In 1909 Rothstein married Caroline Greenwald. She was in musical comedies under the name of Caroline Green. She was a beautiful, talented, charming girl, and she tolerated Rothstein's career for eighteen years, because she loved him. She left him in August, 1927—to their mutual regret, for they were genuine in their devotion—because she simply couldn't stand his misconduct any longer. He settled $12,000 a year on her but often handed her large sums when they happened to meet. When his will was probated he was found to have been generous in his provision for her.

So interested was Rothstein, philosophically and financially, in surveying masculine frailties and exploiting them that he never became known as a woman's man. Inez Norton, a show girl, lived with him for a while in the Fairchild Hotel, which he owned (but which his estate lost to mortgagors after his death), but she did not obtain very much from the estate.

On Friday, September 7, 1928, there was a card game in the apartment of Jimmy Meehan at 161 West Fifty-fourth Street, New York City. The players drifted in from time to time during the evening. They played bridge a while, and at ten o'clock, when most of the big shots were assembled, the game was changed to stud poker.

Among those present were: Rothstein; Sam Solomon, known as Sam Boston; Meyer, Sam's brother; Alvin C. Thomas, known as Titanic Thompson; Joe Bernstein; Martin Bowe; George A. McManus; Nathan Raymond, known as Nigger Nate; Abe Silverman; Hymie Biller, betting commissioner for McManus; and two or three others, either playing or looking on.

Martin Owens, Bowe's chauffeur, was one of the dealers, and another man or two dealt from time to time.

There were no chips used, the players betting twenty-dollar, fifty-dollar, and hundred-dollar bank notes, as well as markers or I. O. U.'s—slips made out by the gamblers for the amounts wagered, and tossed into the pot. In that group these markers were accepted as equivalent to cash. These men were all gamblers of one sort or another.

AFTER the game had progressed for a while, they began to bet on the high card as well as the poker hands, and presently the wagers mounted until frequently $60,000 would be staked on the turn of each card—on the high card—besides the big pots bet on the final stud hand.

The game lasted until nine o'clock Saturday evening, and the players would drop out from time to time, dizzy and smoke-befogged, to sleep on one of Meehan's beds, or walk in the fresh air, or visit a barber and bath. When the game ended the players had won or lost, approximately, the following sums:

Bowe lost $5,700 in cash.

Meyer Boston won $8,000 in cash.

Titanic won $20,000; he got most of it within a day or so.

McManus lost $51,000—cash and checks he made out after the game.

Bernstein won $70,000, not in the game but betting with players on high cards.

Nigger Nate lost $19,000 in cash but won $219,000 of Rothstein's markers.

Rothstein lost about $300,000, all in markers to different players.

Here is a good place to explain something of Rothstein's prestige among his fellows—much of it based on fear of his sinister and limitless power in New York politics and the underworld—by telling a curious fact in connection with the outcome of the famous stud game.

Though Rothstein didn't put up a dollar in cash, he left the players, winners and losers alike, practically denuded of cash. When he would win a pot, or a side bet where his opponents had put up real money, Arnold would simply pocket the bills; and when he made a bet, in the pot or on the high card, he would scribble an I. O. U. on a slip of paper, sign it with his initials, and use that for money.

Consequently, when they all settled up after the game, Rothstein had all the cash, more than $30,000, and the other winners had only his *spoken word*—for in the final adjustment Rothstein boldly and calmly made every winner hand back to him his written markers and take his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE MYSTERY OF ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN
Continued from page sixty-one

bare word that he owed So-and-So such-and-such an amount!

Nigger Nate, a San Francisco gambler not so well known in New York as the others, protested at this procedure and said he wanted something to show he had that amount coming to him. Whereupon everybody broke into hearty laughter and Rothstein said in a soothing but sarcastic manner:

"Why, Nate, I'm surprised. My word is good for anything I owe. A nice little boy like you, a stranger in the big city, shouldn't be running around with as much money as I owe you; you'd be in danger. Besides, I've bet more than a million dollars on Hoover to win the presidency and on Roosevelt to be the next governor of New York, and I need every dime in cash I can lay my hands on. Come around and see me tomorrow or in a day or so and I'll pay you what I owe you."

Bridget Farry, Park Central Hotel chambermaid, at the door of room 349.

As these words are written, Nigger Nate has never collected a cent of the huge sum he won, and in that racket you don't often win such a treasure.

Nearly two months passed, and though McManus and Rothstein were seen often together, on Broadway or dining in Lindy's restaurant, a popular rendezvous for Broadway characters, it was during this period, according to the district attorney's theory, that McManus became persuaded that the big game had been a crooked one.

NATE and the others to whom Rothstein owed money were around complaining that they couldn't collect from the boss gambler—that they would call on him and that he would put them off with his talk of the fortune he stood to win on the election. McManus was out $51,000, much of it in cash; and the prosecution maintained that he eventually concluded that Rothstein's great loss was all a grand-stand play, and that he (McManus) and one or two others who had lost cash—which Rothstein had pocketed—had been betrayed by their pal, good old Arnold.

There is not one iota of evidence to sustain such a theory; there is much evidence that none of the gamblers ever suspected anything wrong with the game. They were a pretty smart mob, and it would have been the height of rashness to try anything sour in that party. And McManus is known to have lost $50,000 on each of any number of occasions, at dice and cards and at the tracks, without doing anything except shrug his shoulders and forget it. Mac seems to have been a pretty fine chap and a real gambler, in the sense that his opponent nearly always got a break for his taw.

SINCE McManus is the other principal in this mystery, a word or two about him is desirable. His father, Tom McManus, was a first-rate detective when Tom Byrnes was superintendent of police. The family lived, years ago, on Baxter Street, and there George was born about 1885. There were five other brothers: Jim, Frank, who had a beautiful voice, Stephen, Charlie, and Tom. Tom used to gamble, but doesn't any more, and the other lads are highly respected citizens.

Jim is in the board of education; Frank is in the automobile business; Steve is a police lieutenant; and Charlie has a fine job with a railroad. They were much grieved when George was accused of killing Rothstein, and old Billy McLaughlin, inspector under Superintendent Byrnes, put up $50,000 in Liberty bonds to release George on bail.

Rothstein was shot and fatally wounded about 10:40 P. M. on Sunday, November 4, 1928. He first appeared on the surface of recallable events that day about 9 P. M., when he entered Lindy's, on the east side of Broadway between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth streets. He was seen with Jimmy Meehan, but whether they arrived together or met there is not clear, though it is important in connection with the state's theory that Meehan had the finger on Rothstein that day, or helped put him on the spot—or, in more understandable language, was with him for the purpose of seeing that he went unarmed to his doom. What happened to this theory will be seen.

In any event, Rothstein and Meehan left Lindy's about 9:10 o'clock. They reappeared, in company, at about 10:20 and entered the café. There Abe Scher, the cashier, spoke to Rothstein, and the gambler and Meehan left together and turned north. When Rothstein was next seen he had been mortally wounded.

On November 1 McManus left his seven-room apartment on the tenth floor of 51 Riverside Drive, apparently in a huff with his wife. He went to the Park Central Hotel, on Seventh Avenue between West Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth streets, and registered under the name of George A. Richards of Newark, New Jersey. He was assigned to room 349, overlooking Seventh Avenue. The windows of this suite, a living room, a bedroom, and a bath, were about sixty feet north of the Fifty-fifth Street sidewalk. The hotel occupies the entire block frontage between those two streets on Seventh Avenue, and runs west about halfway to Broadway.

McManus paid twelve dollars in advance for his quarters, since he had no baggage. The next day he paid another twelve dollars; and on the third another dozen dollars. During the afternoon of Sunday, November 4, he called Jack Greaf's drug store at Fiftieth Street and Seventh Avenue three times, got Jack the third time, and told him to bring up a couple of pints of whisky to room 349.

Greaf took the whisky there, and in the room found McManus, Hyman Biller, and a bobbed-haired blonde, afterward identified as Mrs. Ruth Keyes of Chicago, the wife of a brakeman there. They all had a nip or two together and Greaf departed.

At eight o'clock William Morrison, bellboy, went to room 349 and collected twelve dollars for another day's rent. McManus, face flushed and hair rumpled, was alone in the suite.

About ten o'clock Abe Scher's phone rang at the cigar stand in Lindy's and he answered.

" Hello there, this is George McManus. Is Rothstein there? "

" No," said Abe.

" Well, when he comes in tell him I called and to give me a ring at room 349 in the Park Central Hotel."

" Okay," said Scher, making a note of the message on a slate he kept for that purpose. The hotel switchboard tally showed for such a call—to Circle 3812, from room 349—but there was no way of telling the exact time of the call.

ABOUT twenty minutes later Rothstein and Meehan walked in. Scher called Rothstein over and delivered the message, and after a moment or so Arnold and Jimmy went out together. They were last seen turning north on Broadway, which is the direction Rothstein would have taken to reach Fifty-fifth Street, where he would have turned right to go to Seventh Avenue and the Park Central.

At about 10:47 o'clock Thomas Calhoun, watchman at the Park Central Hotel, and Thomas McGivney, timekeeper, were standing in the servants' entrance hall on Fifty-sixth Street, conversing. They heard a shuffling step and a groan and looked up. Near a door which opened into a hall stood a man, holding his abdomen with both hands and bending over.

He straightened up and spoke: " I've been shot. Get me a taxicab."

" Who shot you? " asked Calhoun.

" Never mind. Get me a cab and a doctor quick."

As Calhoun dashed to the sidewalk, the wounded man slumped down to the floor. He was there, half sitting, when Patrolman William S. Davis came running in with Calhoun. He recognized Rothstein immediately.

" Who shot you, Arnold? " said Davis, bending down.

" I won't tell you," replied Rothstein.

" Where were you shot—inside the hotel or out? "

" I won't tell you. Get me a doctor quick."

Davis telephoned the police station to send an ambulance—Arnold Rothstein had been shot; and notified his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE MYSTERY OF ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN

Continued from page sixty-three

own precinct superiors. Detectives Patrick Flood and John Green raced to the scene in a police car and arrived before the ambulance. To all their questions Rothstein was indifferent, but he asked Flood to call his lawyer, Maurice Cantor, at Academy 9410.

By the time the ambulance came Dr. Kenneth Hoffman, hotel physician, and house detectives Fallon and Divers were on hand.

While they were questioning the employees to discover if Rothstein had entered the servants' hall from the interior of the hotel or from the sidewalk—and to this day this fact has not been determined beyond dispute—Officer Robert J. Rush walked in with a taxicab chauffeur named Abe Bender.

Bender said that he was sitting in his cab on Seventh Avenue, about ten feet north of the Fifty-fifth Street crossing, waiting for customers. Traffic was flowing north and south on the avenue.

Suddenly he "saw something move" about fifty feet north of him in the middle of the north-bound car tracks, which would be nearer the east curb than the south-bound rails.

WHEN the red lights stopped traffic Bender went up there and found a .38-caliber pistol, the cylinder twisted out and the barrel somewhat bent. In the chamber was one discharged shell, and the cylinder was empty. The pistol lay almost directly opposite the windows in the living room of the suite which McManus had occupied in the Park Central.

Bender picked up the pistol, returned to his cab, and drove to the nearest patrolman, Rush.

As they stood looking at it the hotel doorman called out that somebody had been shot around by the servants' door, and they took the pistol there, handing it to Detective Flood. A little later the undischarged shells were found near the spot where Bender had picked up the pistol. They had been jolted out of the cylinder when the gun had hit the pavement and been knocked out of shape.

While the ambulance surgeon was examining Rothstein, the wounded man handed his wallet to Officer Davis; it contained $6,125 in cash and five checks totaling $2,010. He was in much pain and at Dr. Hoffman's suggestion doubled up his legs, his knees touching his chest, to ease the anguish. This becomes important later.

Rothstein asked to be taken to the Polyclinic Hospital and there he was put in a private room on the eighth floor. He said to Dr. McGovern: "Doctor, I've been shot in the side. I wish you would examine me and see if you can fix it up, so I can get a taxicab and go home."

But when Rothstein left the hospital he was carried out stiff in death.

Mr. Sutherland's story of The Mystery of Arnold Rothstein will be concluded in next week's Liberty.

An Open Letter

to the Publisher of Liberty from

TOM MOONEY

CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON,
San Quentin, Calif.
March 25, 1930.

Tom Mooney in 1929.

SINCE reading Liberty's page advertisement in a local daily paper announcing " The Mystery of Thomas J. Mooney," or " Who exploded the bomb in the Preparedness Day parade? " I have looked forward anxiously to its appearance—quite naturally hoping that it would be an absolutely fair presentation of the facts without regard to color on either side, especially in matters that have absolutely no direct bearing on the case.

Let me say right in the beginning that the real reason for this communication to you is because of an early admiration for your courage during that period in 1908 when you were quite active in the Socialist Party in Chicago, and wrote The Fourth Estate and other books. I spent all of that winter in Chicago, after returning from a complete circle of the country with " Gene " Debs on the " Red Special," Socialist Presidential train.

Sidney Sutherland as the doctor, using Liberty as the pulmotor, tried very hard, in fact made a desperate attempt, to blow a breath of life into a thirteen-year-old stinking corpse—the frame-up of Tom Mooney, the foulest deed ever perpetrated in a court of law.

Your magazine, Liberty, designates Sidney Sutherland as a famous reporter. Last week while talking in the prison reception room with a journalist of considerable reputation in this section, he told me before the appearance of the March 29 issue of Liberty that I need not expect much in the way of fairness from Sutherland, that he is very reckless, in fact unscrupulous in the handling of facts. In support of this statement he referred to two of Mr. Sutherland's articles, " The Hall-Mills Case " of New Jersey, and one on the Mexican situation. After reading The Mystery of Thomas J. Mooney, I feel that this journalist was understating Mr. Sutherland's proclivities to prejudice and disregard of facts.

Mr. Sutherland will retort that he was giving the prosecution's version—but I say that it was very cleverly and favorably put for the prosecution, much to the disadvantage of the defense. We are again being retried in the press by a prejudiced partisan of the " Interests." I feel that a further and greater injury in this most unhappy situation is being done to me by Liberty in permitting such a grotesque misrepresentation of the Mooney Case to its readers.

The correct and just solution of this case is one of the real problems before the people of this country today, regardless of the fact that the final decision rests with the governor of California. This is not fiction where a noted fiction writer can be the sole judge of the solution of the mystery. Two men have spent fourteen of the best years of their lives in prison and are still there. To treat this as fiction is a cruel insult.

Mr. Sutherland's article is doing today what the " Interests " did fourteen years ago through the use of " the fourth estate "—the press: reimpregnating the atmosphere with guilt. Let me quote here one sentence from the report of the United States Mediation Commission, appointed by President Wilson to investigate this case and report to him. This report was prepared by Felix Frankfurter, professor of law at Harvard, who was secretary and counsel to this commission:

" An attitude of passion was stimulated by all the arts of modern journalism. It is not surprising, then, that Mooney and Billings were tried in an impregnating atmosphere of guilt."

Mr. Sutherland brings to the fore again, and has that peculiar faculty of adding more luster to that highly colored material which the " Interests " used to convict us in the press—for that was where our trial was held—the real trial—that stands up in the minds and hearts of the people. The " Interests " now are not eager to continue this monstrous wrong. There is no serious active opposition to our pardon. Will Liberty help to perpetuate this terrible injustice by renewing the old passions now long dead?

A few weeks ago a group of Friends (Quakers) called upon Governor Young and urged him to pardon Mooney and Billings. In the course of his talk with these Quakers, he said he still believed the prisoners guilty and made this statement—substantially, " Last year a well known journalist came to my office to study the Mooney case. He spent several hours a day for four days going over the records and when he had finished his work, he came into my office to thank me for the courtesy extended to him, and made this remark, ' Governor, I think they are guilty.' The articles which he prepared will appear shortly." We have learned from a reliable source that Mr. Sutherland is the well known journalist to whom he refers.

PERHAPS you will be interested in learning that while on this trip to California to secure the facts for his Liberty stories, Mr. Sutherland did not visit anybody connected with the defense organization of the Mooney case. He did not consult Judge Griffin, nor Fremont Older, whose opinions would have been well worth quoting, nor did he visit either of the two prisoners.

Mr. Sutherland is to be the sole judge of the solution stories in answer to these mystery stories, for which Liberty is offering prizes of $1,000 each. I ask you, Mr. Patterson, is it fair to two prisoners who are still alive and who are constantly struggling to prove their innocence that the accredited solution of their case should be judged solely by one who has so clearly shown his prejudice? Is it fair to the competitors for the prize? With Mr. Sutherland as the sole judge, there is no doubt of what solution the winning story will offer.

The same day that Liberty appeared on the streets with the Mooney story, the Advisory Pardon Board of California announced a meeting for a discussion of the case. It had all the appearance of collusion, and I cannot lead myself to believe that you want to become a part of such an arrangement.

Here are some of the misstatements in the story of Thomas J. Mooney alleged by Mr. Sutherland to be facts.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[AN OPEN LETTER FROM TOM MOONEY
Continued from page sixty-five]

They are not facts at all. What I say here below, I will challenge contradiction upon, either by Mr. Sutherland or anyone else who knows the facts:

> Let me hasten to portray the character of Mooney. He was an I. W. W., a foe of the Allies in the World War and a friend of German propaganda, an advocate of violence in industrial disputes, an enemy of all churches and governments, a hater of American institutions, a disciple of Bolshevism, and a protagonist of dynamiting methods in winning strikes, or in hamstringing America's efforts to enter the World War in a state of preparedness.
>
> In short, we have two conflicting and irreconcilable mental processes—on the one hand, the P. G. & E. and the U. R. with their former fierce opposition to organized labor; and, on the other hand, a violent anarchist.

P. & A. photo

The prison at San Quentin.

In the most vague way he refers to the "Interests" by simply naming them and not saying anything more than "their former fierce opposition to organized labor." But, when it comes to dealing with Tom Mooney, ah, that's different. It's not a question of Mooney's "former fierce opposition." Oh, no; he's a "violent Anarchist," just one sample of Mr. Sutherland's fair, impartial, and unbiased attitude (?). A "violent Anarchist": there never was a more malicious statement made about any man's character. There is not even a semblance of truth in the statement. It is utterly without foundation. Anarchism is a philosophy entirely incompatible with my ideas of industrial evolution. I am not an Anarchist, violent or otherwise; and if I were I would be the last person in the world to deny it.

I was a member of the I. W. W. for three months in 1910. I joined that organization as a protest against the unjust, unlawful, and brutal treatment they were subjected to at the hands of the police in their struggle for free speech in many cities on the Pacific Coast; but I never attended a business meeting of that organization, because their meetings were held on the same evenings the Molders' Union held theirs.

I AM now and have been continually in active, good standing membership in the International Molders' Union for twenty-eight years. I have been elected a delegate to every international convention of that organization since 1912. Three of these delegateships were voted to me during my imprisonment as a token of my Union's belief in my innocence—one while under a sentence of death. I served my Local Union as trustee and delegate to the San Francisco Labor Council. The Union now keeps up my dues for me. I was a member of the Socialist Party for more than ten years. A part of that time you, also, held membership in that organization. Those formative years of my life, when I joined the Socialist Party, were to no small extent influenced by some of your writings, A Little Brother of the Rich, Rebellion, and The Fourth Estate.

I was not "a foe of the Allies and friend of German propaganda in the World War." That is a Fickert invention, but Fickert was, by the record, proven to be a very real friend and an aid and abettor of German propaganda and violence too in this country during the World War. To substantiate this I am enclosing some information which shows Fickert's connection with the Germans at that period. I was and still am against War. It is a hideous thing to destroy in a few months that which it took years and years to build, and to carry on wholesale human slaughter. I am opposed to War because of the suffering, agony, and death, to say nothing of the millions of lives and billions of dollars' worth of property absolutely destroyed that could have been put to greater and better uses for the enrichment of mankind.

I am a foe of War, yes; but I was not "a foe of the Allies," nor "a friend of German propaganda."

I am not an advocate of violence in industrial disputes. Those same powerful and unscrupulous interests that framed the Preparedness Day parade bomb explosion and then accused me and my associates of it and framed us for it, are the very same "Interests" that framed the reputation around me, so necessary to destroy me because of my activity in the Labor Movement.

I was not for sale politically or otherwise, like so many others are in the Labor Movement. Labor has rights guaranteed by The Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the Bill of Rights. Labor is entitled to "Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness," and it is also guaranteed the right to defend these rights. Labor always gets the worst of it when violence is used in industrial disputes—the assaults are almost always provoked by the employers as an excuse to discredit the strike and force the law to break the strike for them.

When Mr. Sutherland speaks of the employers' violence, he handles the matter with the softest kind of kid gloves. Here is the way he puts it:

> Now, there had been for years a bitter warfare between the "Interests" in San Francisco and the workers. This war had two aspects: One, the workers were trying to Unionize and were encountering the effective hostilities which great and unscrupulous wealth can employ.

BUT when it comes to the side of Labor, just watch Mr. Sutherland wade into Labor and cover up his tracks by such subterfuges as saying these are "Anarchists, I. W. W.'s, Bolsheviks, and Dynamiters on the fringe or rim of decent labor." This is the way Mr. Sutherland has of ingratiating himself with the "Interests":

> —and, two, the Anarchist fringe on the rim of decent labor, headed by Tom Mooney and the McNamaras and their sort, were dynamiting transmission towers, power houses, and steel lines, and at the same time trying to organize the distracted workers into direct action unions. Mooney's favorite target was the conservatism of organized labor leaders, and organized labor at that time repudiated him personally and all of his methods.
>
> The whole West was in a turmoil. I. W. W. leaders were burning hop fields, derailing trains, exploding tunnels, dynamiting the Los Angeles Times and shipyards, wrecking power plants and street cars, calling unsanctioned strikes, and generally playing havoc with the public peace and order and the government's efforts to present a united front in Wilson's pen-and-ink quarrels with the Kaiser.
>
> Almost everybody applauded the idea. [The Preparedness Day Parade.] Everybody except the editors and contributors to an Anarchistic periodical published in San Francisco and called the Blast. The Blast was founded by Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman, later put in prison and then deported to Russia; and its most ardent supporter was Tom Mooney. He wrote articles and editorials opposing the parade, and he harangued his followers from every available rostrum.
>
> If all other means of preventing the manifestations failed, Mooney cried with voice and pen, then violence "that will echo round the world" must speak for the downtrodden masses, the poor workers, the helpless victims of the "Interests," who are being hurled into the cauldron of war by the international bankers, the munition makers, the servile politicians who obey Wall Street.
>
> Even the assassination of President Wilson was advocated, so unrestrained became the shrieks in the Blast. To wit, this paragraph in the issue of March 4, 1916: "The Federal government has suppressed The Alarm of Chicago and The Revolt of New York. . . . Invasion of personal liberty, suppression of free speech, shooting rebellious workers, all this is the essence of Government. We understand Wilson's position. He must do his master's bidding, but we warn the weathercock of the White House that it may not prove safe. Suppression of the voice of discontent leads to assassination. *Vide* Russia."

Mr. Sutherland said that no one except the editors of the Blast were opposed to the Preparedness Day parade. The entire Federation of Labor in San Francisco was opposed to it and refused to take any part in it, and warned its members to stay away from it. Five thousand San Francisco citizens assembled in Dreamland Rink, two nights before the parade, to oppose it. I did not attend that meeting. I never wrote an article in the Blast opposing the parade.

IT is a deliberate falsehood to say that I am an enemy of all churches and governments. I do not go to church; that does not make me an enemy of all churches. My religion is Labor. The Labor Temple is my church. The Christian religion is founded upon the life and teachings of Christ and his Apostles. Christ was framed, tried by a jury in a court, convicted and sentenced to death by the "Interests" of his time; and all of this was done by "due process of law." He was an "agitator," a "disturber," a "trouble maker," and a "hell raiser" in the eyes of the "Interests," and that is why they had him crucified (executed). Christ drove the money changers from the temple. They were the equivalent of our modern bankers. What would happen to anyone today if he tried to drive the bankers out of the churches? He too would be crucified.

I have exercised my full rights of citizenship since I was of age, always registering and voting in all elections when the law of residence permitted me to. I was a precinct election official at two different elections, a candidate for sheriff and judge of the Superior Court on the Socialist Party ticket in San Francisco County. I am now and have always been a believer in government for the greatest good for the greatest number of its constituents.

"A hater of American institutions."

This is a deliberate lie, but if I may say it, I do detest and despise and bitterly oppose the abuses to which unscrupulous and corrupt wealth impose upon American institutions. I am opposed to Child Labor, Unemployment, the Blacklist, the Company Union, and all of those other vicious agencies that are daily robbing the people of their rights to "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

"A disciple of Bolshevism."

This term had not been invented in America until almost two years after our arrest, but since that time anyone who asks for an increase of wages, shorter hours, or better conditions of labor, or who challenges the brutal and cruel rule of arrogant wealth, is set upon and denounced by all the super-patriots as a Bolshevik, or better still as a "disciple of Bolshevism."

"A protagonist of dynamiting methods in winning strikes or in hamstringing America's efforts to enter the world war in a state of preparedness."

All the dynamiting charged to me was inspired, conceived, directed, executed and paid for by the hirelings of the "Interests," with the specific object of my destruction in order to discredit organized labor. The Preparedness Day bomb explosion is only one of many such outrages for which I was framed. It is the greatest single outstanding example of what powerful corrupt wealth can do to its opponents. I do not and never did advocate dynamiting methods in winning strikes.

"Hamstringing America's efforts."

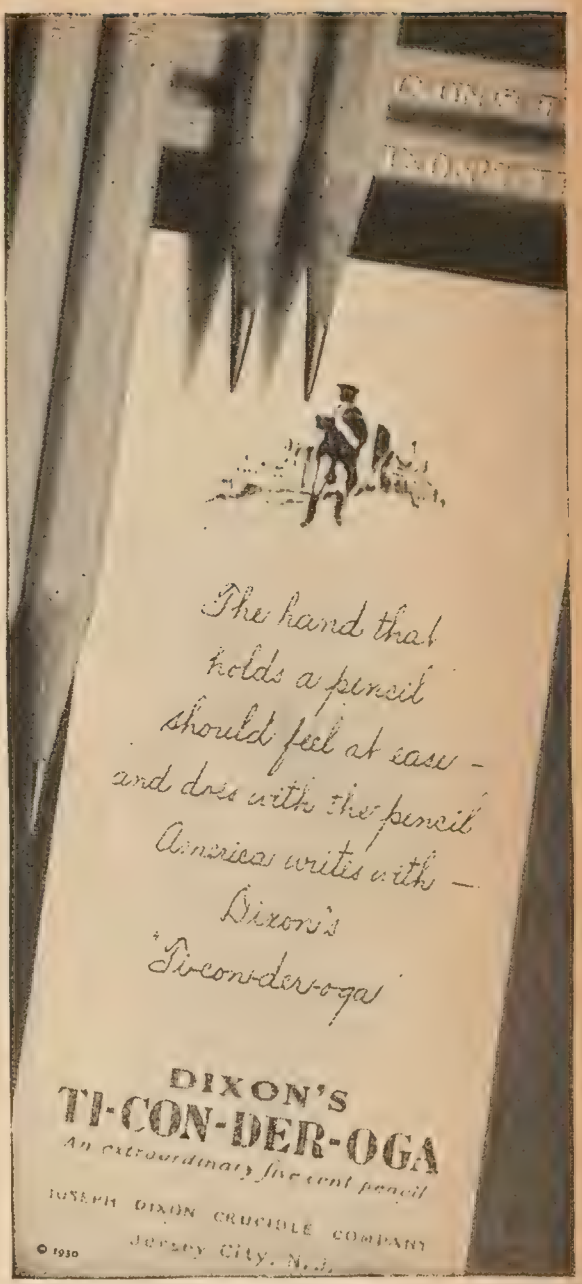
The United States government made a thorough investigation of this case during the progress of the World War, and they never had any complaint to make with respect to my conduct before, during or after the war. In fact President Wilson was so convinced of the unfairness of my trial that it was through his intervention that my sentence to death was commuted to life imprisonment. He urged Governor Stephens of California to have me tried on one of the remaining indictments.

"The foregoing then recites the facts in the Mooney case on which everybody agrees."

Here is where Mr. Sutherland takes an awful lot for granted. To say that he has made many slanderous misstatements is putting it mildly. I am enclosing herewith a copy of our pamphlet, Pardon Tom Mooney—Innocent (the documentary proof contained in this pamphlet would more than justify any governor pardoning me), which I hope you will read; and if you do, I am sure you will agree with me that Mr. Sutherland has written a very prejudiced story on this case so far as the facts establishing our innocence are concerned.

IT would not be amiss to point out here just a few things that Mr. Sutherland carefully omitted or misrepresented, much to our detriment and to the benefit of the prosecution. In writing on our alibi, he tells of his taxicab tests to show that the trips he made from the scene of the explosion to the scene of our alibi, the Eilers Building, could be made in the time that the prosecution said it was done, to enable us to get to the roof of the Eilers Building after placing the bomb, in order to get into the pictures, which we had no idea were taken, or to be taken. These photographs were all taken by strangers to me, and were first discovered by the police. He does not tell the readers of Liberty the story told by the prosecution witnesses in the grand jury that caused our indictment. Stories that positively and definitely placed all of us at 721 Market Street as late as 1:50 P. M. by Estelle Smith and 2:00 P. M. by her mother; that we had to go from that point in Weinberg's jitney to the scene of the crime, place the bomb and return to the Eilers Building where we were photographed watching the parade, in the first picture showing 1:58 P. M. In

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]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AN OPEN LETTER FROM TOM MOONEY
Continued from page sixty-seven

his taxicab tests, he drove on Mission Street, but on the day of the parade all traffic was diverted to Howard, the next street south of Mission, and if we had driven from 721 Market Street to the scene of the explosion, we would have had to drive through the parade, which you know cannot be done in any city in the world. He used a taxicab, and he does not tell that the machine we are alleged to have driven in was an old dilapidated Ford. He does not say anything about the sixteen witnesses on the roof of the Eilers Building who testified to seeing Mrs. Mooney and me in and around that building all day and on the roof at least ten minutes before the first picture was taken —which time is fixed by coincidence—the arrival of the parade at that point on Market Street. He does not tell of five other photographs showing us on the roof, taken by two other photographers. He does not tell of the eighteen members of the San Francisco Police Department detailed for parade duty on Market Street who testified at Weinberg's trial to the effect that no automobile other than the official and press cars went down Market Street immediately before or during the parade.

He does his best to belittle and discredit the defense theory of a thrown bomb, but he cannot get away from the fact that at my trial we proved by five witnesses that the bomb was thrown. Dr. J. Mora Moss, a Spanish American War Veteran, marching in the Preparedness Day Parade, testified at all of our trials to seeing the bomb coming through the air. He described it as a cylindrical shaped object and used a rolled telephone directory to illustrate. Its description fits with fragments of the bomb found after its explosion. This theory was corroborated only last November by Mrs. Dora Smith Monroe's story, that her brother confessed to her that he threw the bomb from a roof for the sum of $10,000, and, because he did not hit what he was supposed to hit with the bomb, was paid only $2,000.

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Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

HE does not tell the readers of Liberty that the Mooney defense drove from the Supreme Court Bench of California one of its justices, who wore its robes for over twenty years, because he was the brains of the frame-up and accepted a bribe of $410,000 for one of his decisions. That you may get a slant on the kind of prosecutor who handled these cases, read Document 157 of the House of Representatives, sixty-sixth Congress, 1919. It is composed of dictograph disclosures secured by agents of the Department of Justice and furnished to the Department of Labor, which investigated this case for President Wilson.

Mr. Patterson, to discuss this case in detail in this letter is futile. I should like nothing better than to talk the matter over with you, or anyone you may designate. The real reason for this appeal to your sense of justice and fair play is to ask you to commission some impartial, well-known, and highly reputable journalist to make a study of this case and present his findings to the readers of Liberty. In this way, it will be possible to make amends for the untold harm Mr. Sutherland's two articles have done, and will continue to do so, if uncorrected. I would like to have you to talk this case over with my counsel, Frank P. Walsh, 225 Broadway, New York City, or Mary E. Gallagher, Secretary of the Tom Mooney Molders Defense Committee, P. O. Box 1475, San Francisco, California, who will be only too glad to furnish you with any information you may desire on this case.

I am sorry to impose upon your valuable time in this way and my only apology for so doing is the gravity of the matter I herewith call to your attention, and I hope it will strike a sympathetic cord in your being and that you will give our side a hearing.

Sincerely yours,

Tom Mooney
31921

A Statement by Mr. Sutherland

AMONG Mr. Mooney's many complaints against my story is the fact that while I was in California investigating the case I did not call on the defense committee or those persons friendly to his cause.

That is true. I saw no use in calling on partisans of Mr. Mooney, first, because I had access to all the documents they have put out, and, second, because from them I could not get a fair, unbiased presentation of the case.

Nor did I, for the same reasons, call on the prosecution or anybody unfriendly to Mooney. District Attorney Fickert would be no more capable of giving me an impartial, unprejudiced view of the affair than, say, Fremont Older would. And nothing either side could say in 1930 would change what took place in 1916.

Consequently I confined myself solely to the court records, interminable as they are, and to later developments, all of them favorable to Mooney.

I made no accusations against Mooney; I don't know whether he is guilty or not; I simply stated what the prosecution claimed during the trials, what the defense contended, and such facts as both sides admit.

In this series of unsolved mysteries, as in the previous series run last year in Liberty, I have striven to condense in impartial manner all the facts brought out by each side and their interpretations thereof: I have not written anything from a sympathetic or hostile personal viewpoint. In none of these stories have I tried to solve the mystery, first, because I cannot, and, second, because that is not the purpose of the series.

I cannot help what conclusion readers draw from my stories—in this case they were invited to judge for themselves whether Mooney is guilty or innocent. My private opinion is not important one way or another, especially since I have never expressed it.

Of course I could not, while in California, investigate the charge that the "interests" exploded the bomb which killed ten men, women, and children and blamed the atrocity on Mooney so they could "get him." I didn't look into that charge because until Mr. Mooney made it in the foregoing letter I had never heard it. I did, however, recite what the Mooney committee uncovered as time went by—namely, that every important prosecution witness at his trial was a liar.

In any event, the final decision as to a pardon for Mr. Mooney must be made by Governor Young, and I cannot believe that my summary of what the record contains will influence him either way, since he has the full record in his office at Sacramento.

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND.

Round Heels

A Short Short Story

By

HOUSTON DAY

a westerner most of his life, though born in Brooklyn. He is a newspaper man, single, and an A. E. F. veteran. Writing is a family vice, he says, which got him a year ago.

JOHN ADDINGTON closed his eyes. The nurse with the curly hair was rubbing his face with vaseline. Then she covered his mouth and nose with a cone.

"Breathe deeply."

Obediently Addington inhaled the sweet fumes. He wondered how badly he was hurt. What was the doctor going to do to him? But even before he could begin to answer his own questions he realized he was suffocating.

He struggled. Fought to unclasp his hands. He wanted air. Again, distantly, he heard the nurse.

"A deep breath. . . . Now. . . . Again. . . . Again."

Addington obeyed. Magically the feeling of distress passed. He dreamed. Memories flooded his mind in flashing pictures.

He saw himself as he knocked at Evelyn Hayes' apartment on Grove Street. Then, with scarcely an interval, he was inside.

His face tingled. She had slapped him. Bill Walsh had said she had round heels. Bill was wrong. But Bill Walsh wasn't usually mistaken. He was a good promoter.

He saw himself with Bill at the hotel in the Adirondacks. They were vacationing together. He saw the lake. From their rowboat it stretched in a calm expanse of shimmering blue to the shore, where the shadows of the fir trees turned its color to the black of molten tar.

They were in the water struggling. It was cold. Like melted ice. Their boat, bottom up, was slippery with moss. There was nothing to grasp. He cried out. Addington knew he was drowning. The finality of death terrified him. He saw Bill's distorted face. His hair was hanging in sodden locks. Bill was careful of his hair. He wore it long. Brushed straight back. He heard voices. Welcome voices. A hand reached over and grasped him. They were saved.

NOW he was in the city. At Evelyn's apartment. She had slapped him again, only two nights before, but he had gone back. He really liked her now. Bill was wrong. She wasn't that kind.

Evelyn was weeping. She had lost her job.

"I don't know what I'll do."

He pillowed her head on his shoulder.

"But, baby, why worry, when you have me?"

But Evelyn was despondent. She dabbed at her eyes.

"I'll have to give up the apartment."

He held her closer. Tenderly. Then he drained his glass. The gin smelled like anti-freeze compound. But it glowed pleasantly in his stomach.

"I'll tell you what, dearest. If you don't find something by the first, we'll take a stroll down to the Municipal Building and get married. What do you say?"

Evelyn said no. Said it emphatically and unequivocally. She didn't want to be tied down to a husband, a radio, and a vacuum cleaner.

But the alcohol had sharpened his perception. Evelyn was too positive. He didn't believe her. He became more cautious. He had already said too much. What the devil did he want to get married for, anyway?

The gin began to lose its effect. There was no glow now. Instead, each succeeding glass seemed to hit him dully on the back of the neck. He wanted to go home. He felt dull and stupid. Tired, too. He would have a headache in the morning.

Evelyn leaned closer.

"Don't go just yet. I'm so lonesome and blue."

Three days later they were married. . . .

The doctor picked up the scalpel. He nodded to the curly-haired nurse. She placed the cone back on Addington's face. Drip. Drip. Drip.

Addington's dream pictures became shorter. More vivid. More fantastic. He was in the army. A German lunged at him with a bayonet. He parried—jabbed. The German was Bill Walsh. But he had a French rifle. His bayonet was a yard long. He leered and said:

"She's got round heels!"

Then he felt Walsh's bayonet pierce his body. He screamed. Walsh was standing over him. He plunged the bayonet in again. And again. Each time the pain became more intense. Why didn't it kill him? He couldn't move. Couldn't squirm out of the way.

THE scene faded. He was in an airplane. Bill Walsh was the pilot. They soared through misty clouds. He felt the vibration of the propeller, but there was no noise.

Then he was falling. Falling. Falling through space. Bill had dumped him out. Where was his parachute? Frantically he searched for the cord. It wasn't there. But he had a parachute. He knew it. He twisted his body in the air.

Beneath him the ground rushed up. It was just like he had read. He saw a telephone pole. It had a sharpened point. He was going to strike it. He cried out.

The nurse looked at the doctor. He nodded. She opened a second can. Drip. Drip. Drip. . . .

Another dream. He was at the office. He knew he had been right. But his boss was insultingly emphatic in his criticism.

"And if you don't like it, you know what you can do!"

His employer wore his familiar, baggy suit, but his face was that of Bill Walsh. Addington tried to justify himself for quitting, as he ascended the steps to his apartment.

He unlocked the door. And then again he saw Bill Walsh. He felt a different pain—a stunning, rending pain, but he did not cry out. How surprised, how funny they looked. Bill's coat was hung over a chair. There was a revolver, too.

He saw himself shooting. He hardly recognized the pale, angry face as his own.

"Don't!" screamed Evelyn. "Oh, don't!"

She should have kept quiet. He turned the gun toward her and pressed the trigger.

Then there were policemen. He had fired. They shot back. He couldn't feel their bullets. Except when he started to run. Then they stabbed sharply. Bill had said she had round heels. He must have known. . . .

He opened his eyes. He felt deathly sick.

"My God! What a nightmare!"

The curly-haired nurse looked like a friendly, sympathetic little thing. He'd tell her about it. He caught her eyes. She bent nearer. He smiled drunkenly.

"It was terribly real. You know, I dreamt I'd killed my wife and best friend."

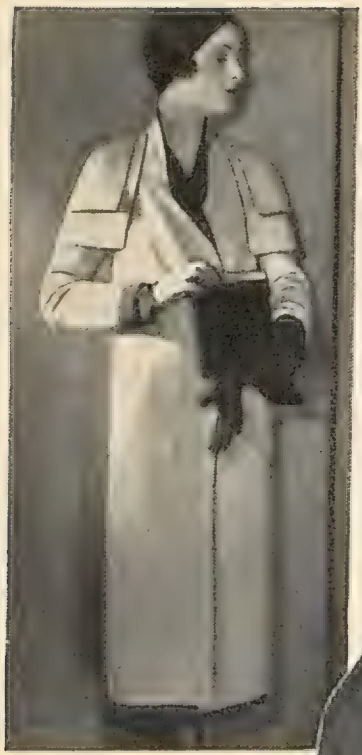
The nurse looked at him quizzically. Well, he would have to know sooner or later, so why not now while his senses were dulled by the anæsthetic?

"You did," she said.

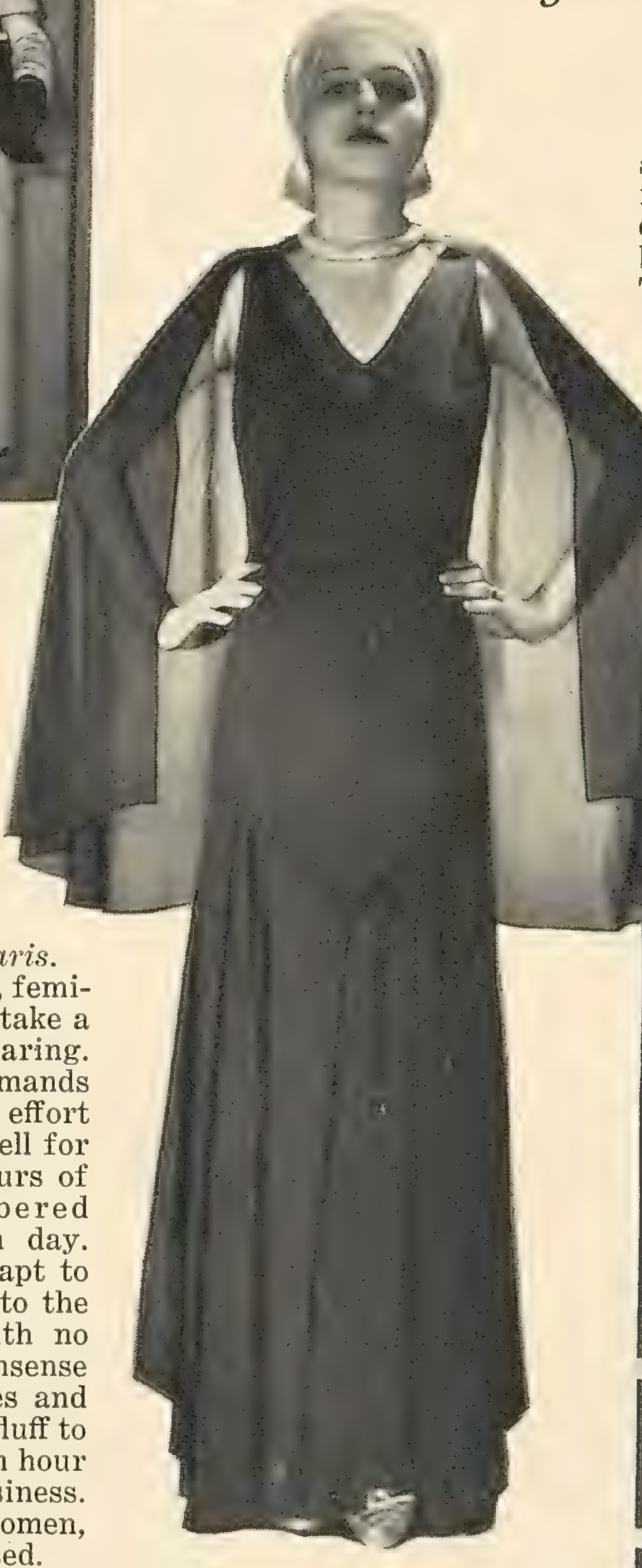
THE END

SMART CLOTHES for the Business Girl

By BETTINA BEDWELL



Schiaparelli lines this light gray cape-coat with green. The hat and bag are also of green felt and wool.



Lanvin designed this evening ensemble for the busy woman. The green georgette cape is lined with silver lamé.

Paris.

THOSE fluffy, feminine styles take a lot of wearing. Their upkeep demands a terrific toll of effort that is all very well for women whose hours of ease are numbered twenty-four each day. But feminine is apt to mean "frowzy" to the working girl, with no time for such nonsense as pressing ruffles and restoring fragile fluff to freshness after an hour in the mill of business. Yet she, of all women, must be well dressed.

It is for such women, who come from every walk of life these days, that Paris makes her daytime styles, whose virtue is ease. They are easy to wear and just as easy to keep smart. Ruffles are suppressed, lingerie touches are administered with discretion, materials requiring the least upkeep are made the height of chic. Colors are complimentary but not conspicuous.

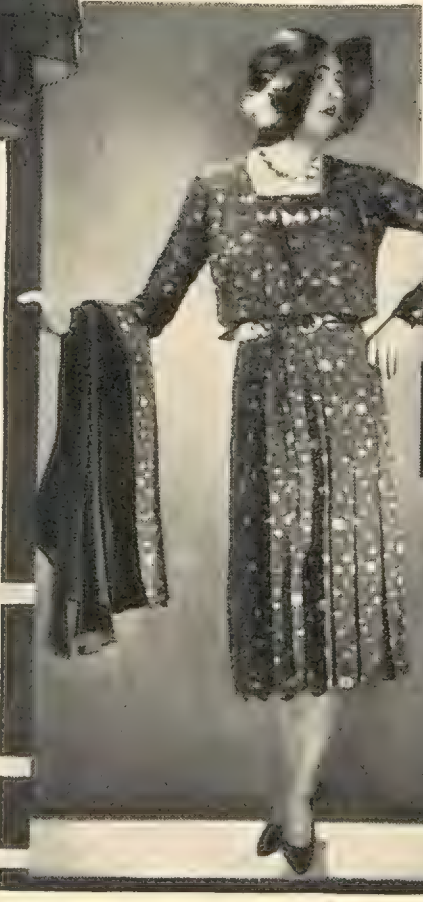
Side by side with these genuinely practical clothes Paris offers fragile fashions that are feminine and fluffy. But do the ladies who have nothing to do but keep up their clothes choose the latter? They do not. Delicate colors and luxurious materials for limousine consumption are a drug on the market.

LADIES of leisure and working girls alike choose such styles as that typified by Schiaparelli's daytime coat in our first photograph. It is made of light gray soft wool, and the collar, cuffs, and double capelet are lined with green. The Agnès hat is of green felt, and the bag is made of green to match the coat trimmings.

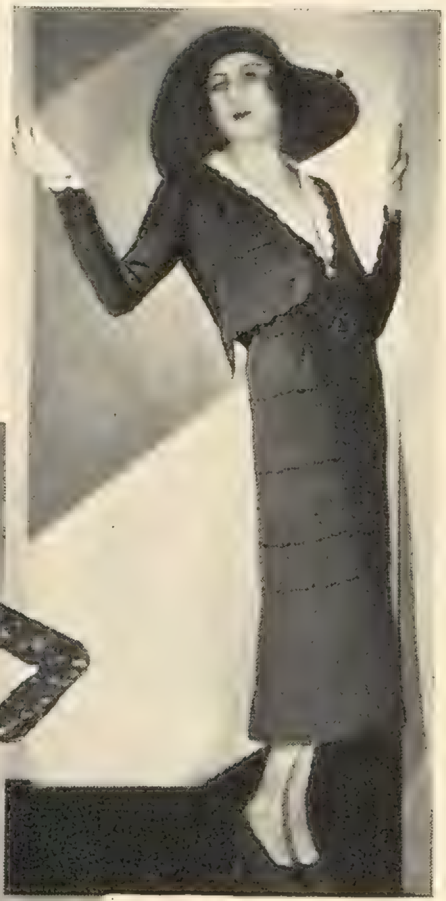
Jeanne Lanvin designed the practical evening ensemble shown in our large picture. Her new light Irish green is the color of the georgette frock and simple cape. The cape is lined with silver chiffon lamé, and the evening bonnet is also of silver lamé. The slippers are silver kid. The lines of the frock are those of perfect, trim simplicity.

The Patou ensemble shown in our third photograph has a truly young dress of navy blue silk crêpe with tiny flowers in green and pink scattered over its surface.

ITS brief bodice is bloused and tucked. The easy skirt is tucked and plaited and unflared. Three little pink bowknots border the lower side of the square neckline. The straight coat is of navy blue serge lined with print to match the dress. The large blue panama hat is trimmed with a bunch of small pink flowers.



The ideal late-spring ensemble from Patou has a printed navy and pink crêpe frock and navy serge coat.



Patou made this frock of black georgette trimmed with pink georgette.

Our photograph at the extreme right shows a Patou afternoon frock of black georgette, with tiny hand-run tucks and scalloped bands for trimming. It has a narrow collar and cuffs of pink georgette and a pink georgette gilet. The blouse has an Eton jacket effect, and a narrow belt of self-material with a jeweled buckle.

* * *

All the blues, from baby down to midnight, are smart for all the styles from sports to *grande soirée.*

Black beret hats with white bandeaus are much worn by smart Parisiennes. They are usually accompanied by white gloves and white flowers in the buttonhole of the simple tailleur.

Wide-brimmed lace straw hats are worn with long gloves of lace by some of the smartest women in Paris.

The POWDER Make-up

By EILEEN BOURNE

INTERRUPTING Miss America, and Mrs., in their eternally busy occupation with powder puff and face, we want to plead not for less activity but for more beauty from the puff. We want it to do a more honest bit toward lending glamour to the face. We want the occupation with powder puffs to be listed among the "flattering" arts. There seems just a bit too much of the practical, shine-removing aura about the industry as it is now practiced.

Powders may be just as foreign, just as unflattering, to the natural skin tint as a wrong shade of rouge; and a little concentration on the study of powders that flatter and powders that just powder will be very gratifying.

A phrase describing the face of a girl, in a lurid gunman tale, as that of "rouged dough" recalls a powder period almost abandoned today. "Clown white" is rarely seen nowadays. When noted, it is usually on the face of a woman making a tragic attempt to whitewash age—just the woman who should avoid the hard, wrinkle-accentuating, calcimine effect.

Powder can be most subtly flattering, and it should be selected for that virtue—not to take the shine off, but to *flatter*. The shine is removed with a flattering powder just as effectively as with an unflattering one. The variety of shades make a flattering selection possible, and the device of mixing one's favorite powder with two or three other tints extends the field.

Buy your powder for its color, not for its odor, its container, or because it has a bridge friend's recommendation—unless you and she are twins whose mother can't tell you apart.

Try powder on your skin before you buy it. Then buy a small quantity for experimental purposes.

Don't buy powder sight unseen. The name may be misleading.

Study your powder in different lights—bright day and artificial. You may find that differing powder colors serve you more flatteringly than one under different lightings.

If your mirror proves an inadequate judge of deciding your best shade, let a good friend, a professional make-up expert, or an artist tell you whether you belong in the pale cream powder class or écru, the pale flesh or the warmer pink group, the group that earns a touch of magnolia glory with pearl or ivory powder, or whether a banana shade might not harmonize more beautifully with the natural yellow in your skin.

Try the experiment of buying powder loose and mixing two or three shades.

Be powdered—but don't look it. By getting the perfect shade you have half the secret. Then, for the fine mat finish that marks the subtly powdered face, smooth the powder on with a soft puff. Don't slap it on.

Above all, think of powder as a beautifier and not as something, like soap, that every face should be treated to.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 64-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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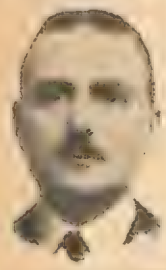
A NATIONAL TRAVEL SYSTEM

Gather the ROSE

The Story of a Second Look at Love

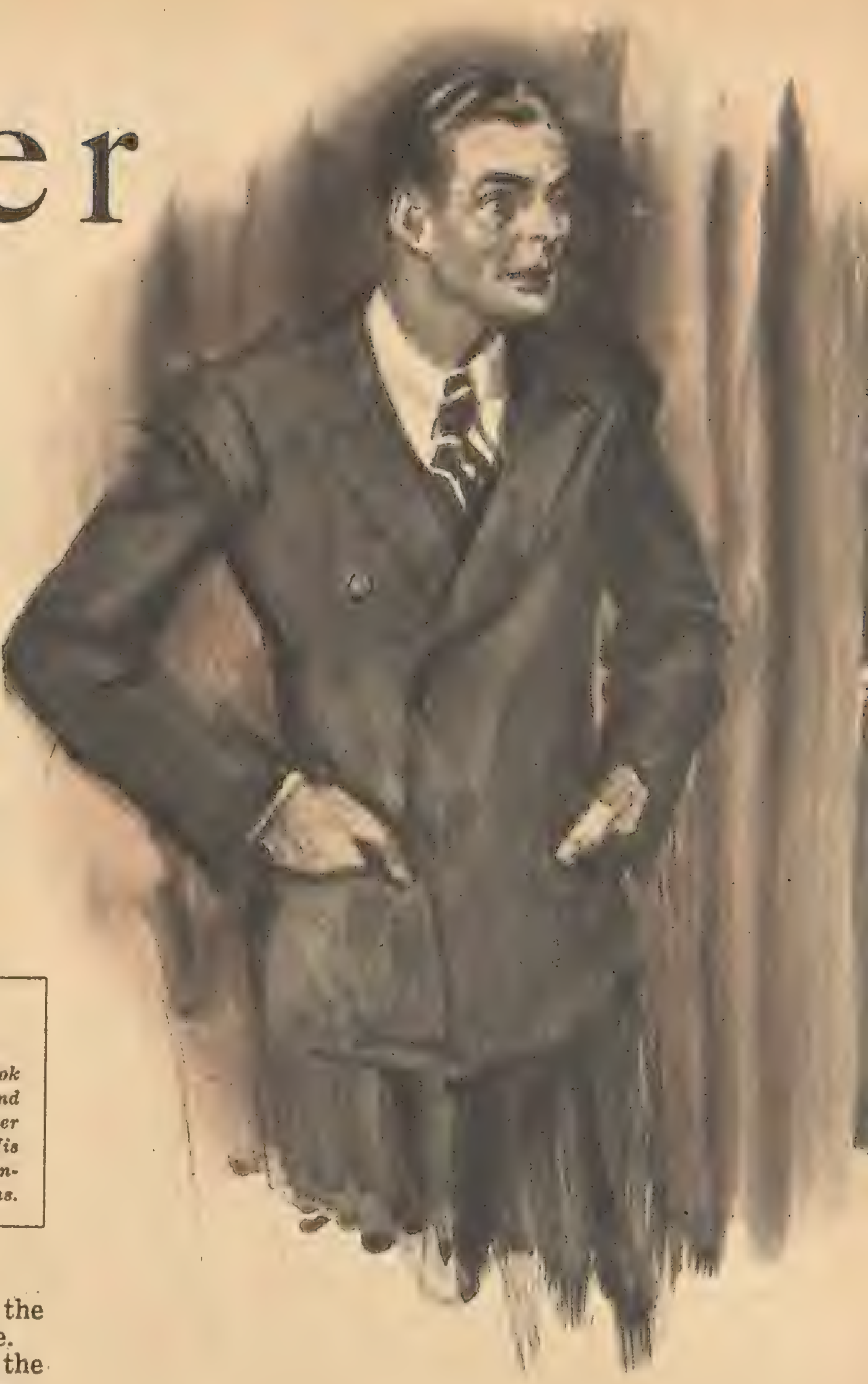


By

COSMO HAMILTON

Englishman, playwright, and novelist. He took his mother's name for authorship purposes, and is, therefore, not always recognized as a brother of Sir Philip Gibbs and A. Hamilton Gibbs. His plays and his fiction, short and long, have contributed a notable bit to the gayety of nations.

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



SHE was clairvoyant and saw, to her horror, in the man who stood before her, an impending suicide.

The band was playing, and as the club was, at the moment, at the height of popularity, people were streaming in. The foyer with its old pillars and noble staircase was already uncomfortably full. It was smart to lunch at this place. And so it was through laughter, a medley of voices and music, that she caught his name.

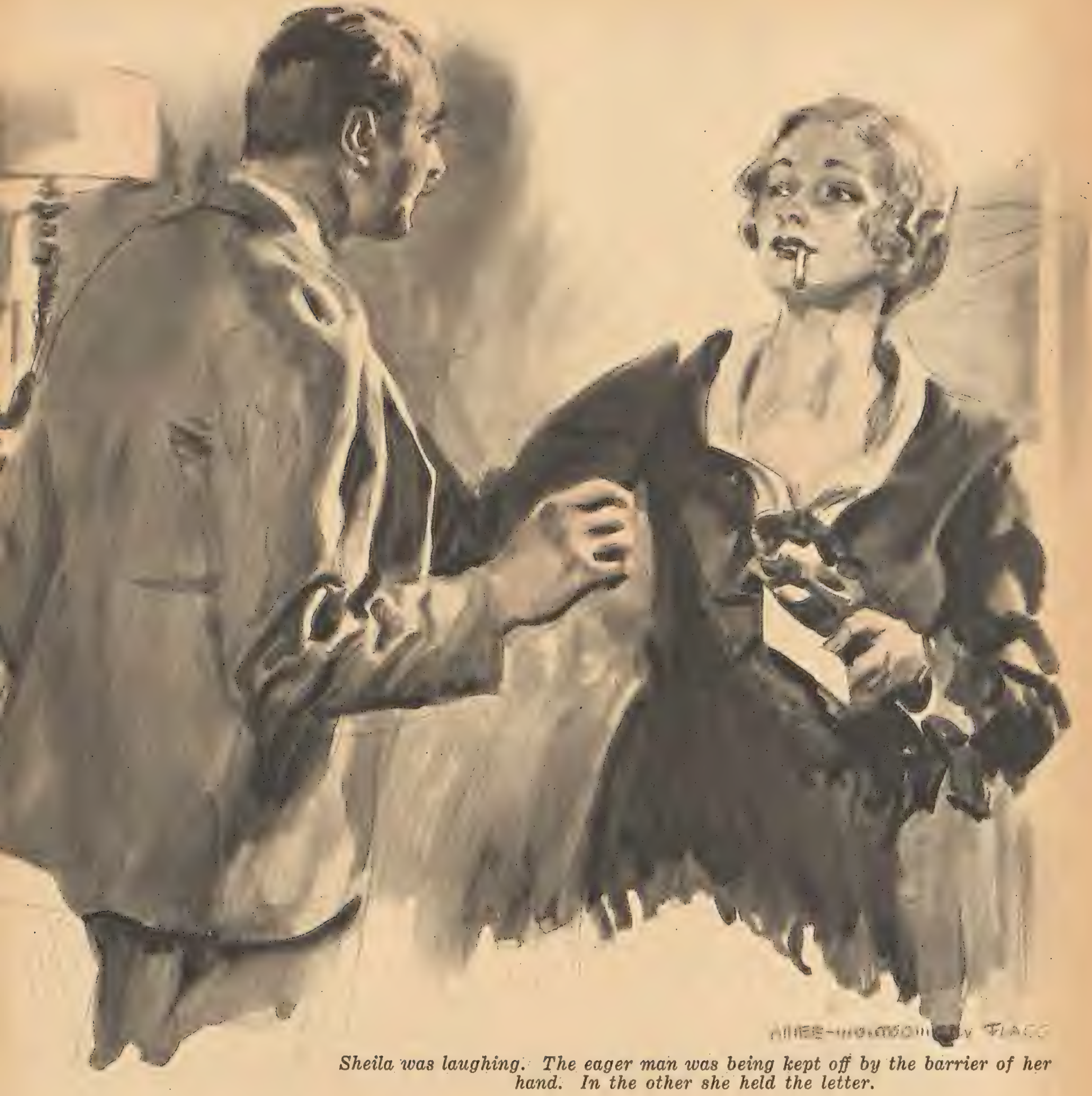
He was Oliver Bracknell, she heard, which meant nothing to her. But the fact that he was young and good-looking chilled her to the bone. What tragedy was there behind that smiling mask? What cowardice had driven him to the decision of cutting short his life?

Although at a first glance he struck her as being a soldier, she got from him the impression of sea, a moving vessel, and heavy clouds. Looking at him more closely, however, she saw that he lived among horses, was attached to a place among trees, an old and lovely place backed with rolling downs which resembled elephants; that he loved the land, was devoted to hunting and racing and other country pursuits. Why this strong sense of sea and clouds, then, of a ship cleaving dark waters, and, above all, of a soul on the edge of death?

Mrs. Martin Ivor, her hostess and frequent client, was one of those happy and therefore rather shallow women, selfish and egotistical but not unkind, whose whole life was spent in chasing celebrities. Not clever or in any way gifted, all she could do in order to obtain the glow of light which was necessary to her constitution was to stand as frequently as possible in the reflected glory of those who broke through mediocrity and stood in the public gaze. The man on her right at the large round table was the actor who had dubbed himself the head of the English stage, and who, owning a theater and possessing a sufficient backing to produce plays of leading dramatists, had forced his acceptance as such. Seated on her left was Tulse, the portrait painter, who ignored the Royal Academy and gave a yearly one-man exhibition of his futuristic work to which everyone was invited who professed to know about art. He gave a private view to the critics, which flattered them into high enthusiasm and eulogistic remarks.

FOR the rest there were a famous woman explorer whose futuristic house had been designed by an engineer, a young peer who made his rounds every morning with a milk cart of his own, a lady novelist whose books were banned by all the libraries but could be obtained at all the stores, a cabinet minister's daughter, lovely and seventeen, who had entered a companionate marriage with a pugilist, and an ex-grand duke of Russia who danced every night at The Brown Cuckoo in a lady's handkerchief. Among these paragraphed people at a table decorated with orchids, silver pheasants, and a large Ming bowl, Oliver Bracknell looked amazingly out of place—like a spirit in torture, it seemed to Ethel Embro, among people minus souls.

"I must help this man," she thought, and was glad to find herself next to him, with the milkman peer on her



Sheila was laughing. The eager man was being kept off by the barrier of her hand. In the other she held the letter.

left—a simple and amusing creature whom she had met before. He, at any rate, had found his niche in the world. But why was Bracknell there and, being there, why was his name unknown to her, to whom everybody who was anybody came for consultations, even the police?

Between the bursts of volubility of the man on her other side she turned to Bracknell from time to time and threw out lines. These he answered politely, but made no effort to catch. He dallied with the various dishes, appeared to take an interest in his fellow guests, but had about him the air, she thought, of one who had decided upon a definite course and was merely killing time until the moment came when he could bring it off. She saw that he knew nothing about her, or the fact that her lack of beauty and youth was more than made up by her extraordinary gift. He was obviously not impressed.

She was small, dark, birdlike, unsmart, unaffectedly middle-aged, and wore glasses so strong that they made her eyes unnaturally and uncannily large. All the same, to one with an ounce of imagination, her personality was arresting, and she gave out kindness, sympathy, and understanding as a flower gives out scent. She was not a woman who made mere acquaintances on her way through life. People became her friends. They took their troubles to her consulting room and returned again and again. She was a confessor, a guide, and inspiration. She warned, encouraged, and interpreted, so that the quaint little name of Embro burned in innumerable houses like a bright perpetual flame.

Her office, as she called it, in which she camouflaged her clairvoyance by pretending to conduct classes in diet and exercise, was always full. Her clients were made up of all those men and women whose judgment as to their own affairs is weak. Premiers and ex-premiers, cabinet ministers, playwrights, actors, the heads of great com-

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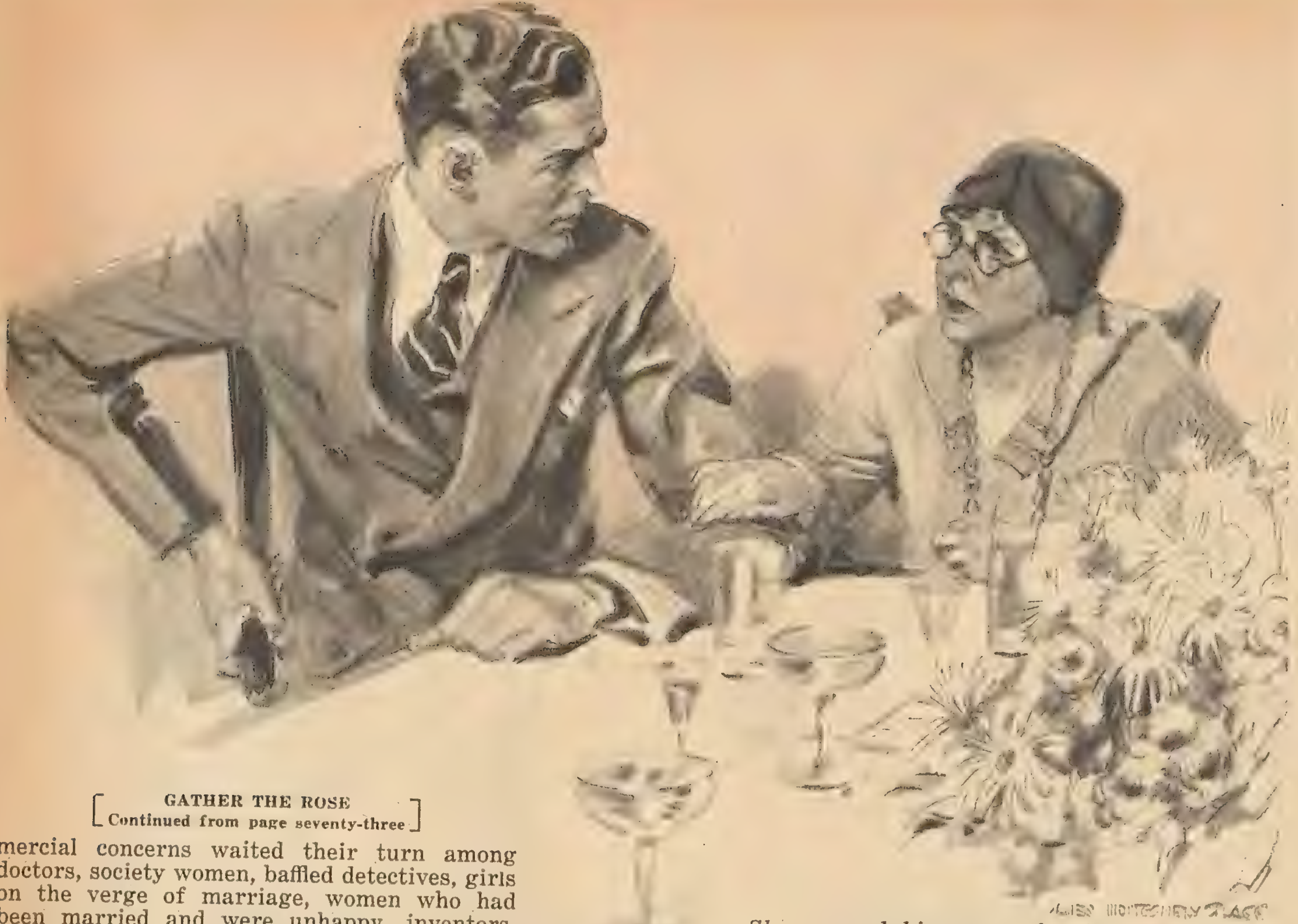

She grasped his arm and raised her voice. "Why don't you ask me to help you? Why don't you come off those moral stilts?"

GATHER THE ROSE
Continued from page seventy-three

mercial concerns waited their turn among doctors, society women, baffled detectives, girls on the verge of marriage, women who had been married and were unhappy, inventors, novelists, and those curious creatures who are bored with life and who went merely for a thrill.

Once more she thought, "I must help this man, because he is too young, too sensitive, too full of possibilities, to be allowed to interfere with God's intention and take his life. But how difficult! Oh, my word, how difficult! He is incased in self-made stucco behind which he hides. One needs a pickax to make a hole in it and find the inner man."

She said aloud abruptly, halfway through the meal, "Give me something that you are wearing and I'll see what I can do."

Bracknell was astonished and a little amused. This was an odd request. "What, for instance, and why?"

"Because I can help you," she said, "and I've never seen a man who needs it so much."

He shook his head and the smile left his lips. "No, you're wrong," he said. "I am beyond the need of help."

"What? Are you so egotistical as to believe that you stand alone on earth, that what you may do will not react on the life of someone else? It isn't possible. Let me have your ring."

"What is all this?" he asked. "Magic stuff for gullible women, or something of the sort? What do you take me for?"

HE looked down at her with the utter skepticism of one who dealt with facts.

"Let me show you," she said, and held out a compelling hand. It was a small hand with spatulate fingers and a generous thumb.

"What an ass I was to let myself in for this infernal lunch," he thought. "Parlor tricks at a meal. Is this the latest thing?" But he gave her the ring from his little finger, a heavy signet ring, and wondered what she would do with it, and whether even her glasses were strong enough to permit her to see the motto under his crest, "I go alone." Under the circumstances most appropriate.

She let it lie in her palm for a moment and then, swamped suddenly under a cloud of concentration, placed it between her eyes.

"Water," she said. "Swift-moving water. A little ship—full steam ahead through the night. A long narrow river in a flat country, factories, houses, windmills cut against a low horizon which you do not intend to see."

He was as cold as ice. "Quite true," he said. "I shan't."

"FOR several lonely and dreadful weeks you have been placing yourself in imagination on a deserted part of the ship. Every night in your dreams you have thrown yourself in what you conceive to be a watery grave. It isn't. It won't be. There's no such thing. You may dive into what you call death, but your spirit will continue to live."

"I'll be damned if it will," he said.

He knew nothing of clairvoyance. All his life he had made a point of avoiding what he called abnormal things. He had prided himself on the complete acceptance only of what had been proved, only of the dogmatic statements of scientists as to what was true. He had never taken the trouble to discover that in spite of science in all its branches nothing has been proved. All the same, he was shaken. Even if this strange woman had been told—everything is told—of his unhappiness with his wife and the tragic conditions under which he had lived with her, how could she know of something which he had taken the most infinite trouble to hide and had only finally decided to do twenty-four hours ago?

"I see you," she said, speaking quietly, "pacing up and down in a room. As in no other, you are there, so to speak, disclosed. A long and narrow room rather overfilled, I think, with nice old pieces of furniture and books. Pictures are everywhere—hunting pictures, paintings of thoroughbred horses, and innumerable photographs of men, many of whom are dead, with whom you served in France. I see over the mantelpiece, a simple dignified mantelpiece, the portraits of two people—a man in the uniform of a general and a woman with a lovely face and beautiful white shoulders, who was painfully reserved and shy. There is much of both in you—the rigidity and the hard moral rectitude of your father and the inability of your mother to express yourself. You are to an extraordinary degree the victim of heredity, much in the same way as your horses are. You are one of those men who have been born too late. You are out of key with the times."

"Oh, my God!" said Bracknell. "Am I to hear that again? That has been said to me almost every day for two years. 'The unresilient fanatic.' 'The early Victorian die-hard.' 'A Quixote deliberately clinging to worn-out armor in an age of motors and jazz.'"

"Yes," she said. "And to all those things the word 'cruel' has been added. It's a word that rings in your room. . . . My dear man, if you were not fully and generously prepared to give at least as much as you took, why did you lift that girl out of her modern surroundings and imprison her in your house?"

"PRISON—prison!" he said, breaking into a sweat. "That's her word for it."

"And yet she married you for love, and you, heart-whole until the moment that you saw her, fell at her feet as worshipers fall to the sun. Even now, worn out by what you call injustice, disloyalty, and a lack of understanding, and what you have made up your mind is her utter refusal to pull an oar in your boat—how often you have used that phrase—you love your wife with a strong and passionate obsession, although you think you hate."

"That's perfectly true," he said.

"Hundreds of times during the three years which should have been glorified by love and mutual trust I can see her—that dear girl, who suffers from being young—hovering near your door, frightened, anxious, filled with the desire to creep into your arms, but knowing that if she goes in she will be met either with a frozen stare or red-hot jealousy. And always with the impatience of a man unable to tame and control her as he would a horse."

"She was my wife," he said with a curious simplicity, as though that explained it all.

At which she shook her head. "Not enough. Not in these times. Never, in fact, since the beginning of the world. Humanity, the most tender consideration, the infinite thoughtfulness which comes like manna from God, like dew upon flowers—these are what women must have. No snaffle, no bit, and, above all, no spurs. You and your horses and your impatience of restraint! If

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"..And the Extra was *fired*..

.. *because she was always fussing with lipstick* .."

A TRUE STORY OF HOLLYWOOD
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"'Cut—retake!' he yelled as she hastily put her lipstick away. But half an hour later, she was using it again. Force of habit, I guess. Once more the scene had to be retaken. At the third offense, he waved her off the set and never used her again. She had fussed with lipstick once too often."

✓ ✓ ✓

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GATHER THE ROSE
Continued from page seventy-five

once, just *once*, you had broken out of your reserve, as you succeeded in doing that night beneath the stars among lavender and roses, when the song of a nightingale shook that peace and stillness, and had rushed to that frowning door and carried her into your room . . . Oh, my dear man, what torture you would have spared yourself and her!”

He turned upon her quickly. It seemed fantastic that he should be discussing these things with a total stranger, among a mass of total strangers, through the continual Zuluism of that hard-worked orchestra. “If all the things I’ve hidden from everyone are laid open to you, can’t you see *her* hardness, cruelty, misinterpretation, and often ridicule? Bring a little fairness into this.”

“Of course I can,” she said. “But these things are catching, you know. They breed an insidious microbe which creeps into the blood. . . . Oh, that painful room in which you spent your life and nursed your grievances, martyrizing yourself, while that poor girl went out to find an anodyne in noise, coming back later and later so that she might shorten those hours of sleeplessness and desertion which she mostly wept away. . . . The men—those prowlers who have been eager to take advantage of your gross neglect—they meant no more to her than the instruments in the bands to which she danced. They were necessary only as killers of time, temporary companions in the feverish endeavor to find a little joy. Dope.”

HE raised his voice at that. “I tell you no,” he said. “They were preferred. They went with her mood. They danced.”

“Ah, yes. Exactly. What is there in dancing, if you please, that seems so wrong to you? Was there never in the eyes of those portraits a single look of warning? Had you no friend to tell you that you were riding yourself to death, and that the iron of your horses’ shoes was wounding a human soul? At this moment, even now at this moment, I can see that unhappy girl with her elbows on a table, a cigarette dangling from her red lips, meaningless badinage flowing from her mouth, and in her eyes the pain which wrings an animal when its foot is caught in a trap.”

“With a man who holds her hand?”

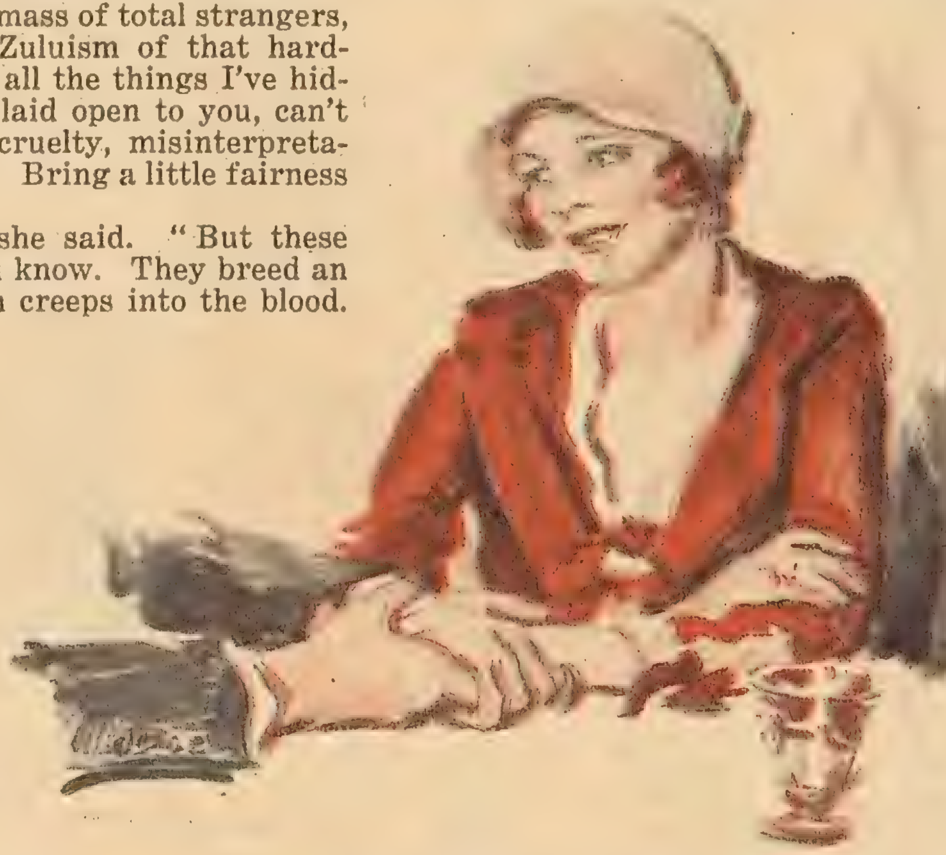
“Of course. A man *must* hold her hand. If you won’t, somebody will. It’s necessary that a man should hold her hand.”

“God! And what a man!”

“It makes no difference, my friend. And if you were honest you would tell me that the thing which might save you from those swirling waters tonight is a woman’s hand in yours—of all women’s hands, your wife’s.”

He made no answer to that. How could he? He had burned his boats. He had written “Finis” to the story of his life.

During all this the band had been playing and the large dining room—once the ballroom of an almost royal duke, and, as such, the scene of those stilted society functions of the last of the four Georges—had been filled with conglomerate sounds: high voices, cackles of laughter, the drawing of corks, the clatter of plates, the sudden shifting of chairs on a parquet floor which set the teeth on edge, and the dull roar of motor traffic that came up from the street.



“Of course. A man must hold her hand.”

As though cut off and detached, there sat the little woman with her strong glasses, whose eyes saw without them into the chambers of the soul, and the man who deeply resented the discovery of his thoughts, acts, repressions, and the most private deeds of his life. To his astonishment there was no charlatanism in this, nothing that could come under the heading of what he had called parlor tricks. Not to this uncanny little person, as to his wife and his friends, was he the utter stranger, the unknown quantity, the man who wore a mask.

“I have read that letter,” she said.

“What letter?”

“The one you put on your wife’s dressing table before you left your house.”

He was again amazed.

“WHY did you put it there, among those numerous scent bottles and the toilet set you gave her before your honeymoon? You should have acted on your first impulse and put it in front of the clock. She always looks at that clock. It’s her only friend in the house. She goes with it through all the hours of her lonely nights. There are other letters on the dressing table—invitations to cocktail parties and those dull bright bottle parties in insalubrious streets. The bright young people—her friends! She may imagine that yours is one of these. Didn’t you think of that?”

“Yes,” he said, “I did. That’s why I put it there. She opens those. If she’d seen a detached letter in my handwriting—she’s had others, you know—she might have thrown it away.”

“I hope to God she will. It’s the cruelest letter I’ve ever read in my life. No wonder it took you all night. No wonder you wrote and rewrote it, adding a stab to each word. You called it your swan song, as daylight came into your window, and you fastened the envelope. Swan song!”

“It put my case,” he said shortly. “Look a little further back with some degree of fairness.”

“I can do that,” she said. “I can see all the way back to the beginning, even to the moment when you met that girl at Ascot in your sister’s box.”

“Yes, but she wasn’t my sister. She was my brother’s wife.” It gave him a sense of triumph—rather childish triumph—to make this ridiculous correction. This woman knew too much.

“Even then,” she said, ignoring his interruption, “wholly in love as you were, you failed to understand how gay and childlike, how charmingly naïve under her pretense of sophistication, that young thing was. To be fair, I can see that she was not so keen on the country and your horses as she might have been. But that’s easy to understand. You should have broken that monotony by frequent visits to town. You should have permitted her to discover the compensation of trees after a surfeit of what she called life. You should have given her her head. You forgot that she was young. . . . But let’s go back to that letter. It makes me catch my breath. Didn’t you give a single moment’s consideration to the effect it would have on her life?”

“Yes, I did,” he said. “But why should I let her down lightly? I simply told the truth.”

“No, you didn’t. Everything in that letter is a bitter distortion of facts. You wrote it in a condition of egomania, of martyrdom, in a spirit of revenge. It's calculated to kill. I warn you that if she reads it all the rest of her life will be a living death. You have deliberately placed upon her shoulders your suicide tonight. It's monstrous. It's beyond belief. I speak to you as a judge, and I condemn you not to forgetfulness or to a comfortable escape, but to everlasting torture and regret."

He stiffened under her words. No one had ever dared to say such things before.

She grasped his arm with her small hand and raised her voice. "Why don't you ask me to help you? Why don't you come off those moral stilts and stand on earth? What you need is humbleness, my friend."

He groaned and said, "Yes, I know. But it's too late for me to be helped. All my boats are burned. Sheila has read that letter by now and my passage is booked. Half an hour after we put to sea tonight—*mafiche,* the end."

"No, no, no! By the grace of God, I can see that you have a chance. . . . Sheila has not gone home. There she is with her arms on the table and a cigarette in her mouth. She's laughing at something that man has said, although her thoughts are in your room. They're always in your room. She doesn't want to go home. It isn't a home. Once more, as so often, she expects merely to be met with coldness, antagonism, critical remarks, and biting irony. She's terrified of these. You have it in your power to redeem yourself; not only to live and heal the wounds you've made, but to give joy and happiness and a quiet harbor to a girl who will now be thankful to live among your trees."

There was a tremble on his lips.

"SHE'S still in Jermyn Street. That man is going to argue with her and beg her to go to his rooms. She won't, and has never been there, although you think she has. . . . She has risen and pushed back her chair. . . . She is talking to a woman in a brown hat on which there's a silver fish. There is another man at the door who intends to hold her up. . . . If you rush from this place, jump into the first taxi, and drive to Norfolk Street, you'll get there three or four minutes before Sheila does. But you must go at once. In those three minutes you can destroy that frightful letter, stand in front of the girl who loves you, throw yourself on her mercy, and begin all over again. Don't argue. Don't miss the one remaining chance that fate holds out. Go."

He made no move because his brain was in a whirl.

"Go, I tell you! Go!"

She waved away his thanks and with an eloquent gesture urged him to waste not even a moment by saying conventional things to the hostess. That lady was, in any case, working so hard in an effort to be clever that any such interruption would be immensely resented by her.

Under the exhilaration and amazement of a man whose sentence to death had been suddenly revoked, Bracknell went swiftly through those wholly indifferent people into the foyer, where he got his hat. From there he rushed into the street and hailed a cab. He felt strangely and boyishly inclined to say cheerful things to the doorman and the lad in uniform. The inspiration of that little woman had made his blood move through his veins like a tide. . . . She had whipped him. By Jove, she had whipped him! Like no one else on earth she had hit him in vital places and knocked him under the ropes. At the same time she had told him that in spite of his hideous errors he was loved. He believed her, although it seemed far too good to be true. He was obliged to believe her, because she had seen into his life and mind. Skepticism was absurd.

Solely in order that he might prevent his wife from undergoing the agony and horror of reading that ghastly letter in which, with all the cruelty of temporary madness, he had summed up the story of his jealousy, wounded vanity, suspicion, and intolerance, she had given him a reprieve. He was loved! He was loved, and the shock and the joy had drawn him from the edge of madness into sanity again. He was loved; and as fast as he could be driven he was going back, not into that house of dreadful misunderstanding, but home.

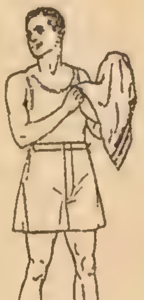
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

P-L-O-P!
Into the Drink
. . . (Stifled Laughs) . . .
He might keep out of the hazards if he'd keep out of hazardous underwear

ALL WET!

NOT only the ball, but the golfer himself, poor devil. His clinging, sweat-soaked underwear tugging at his shoulders—tying up his swing!

Can it be that he hasn't heard of the Lewis Golf Suit? Of the magic fabric that absorbs and evaporates perspiration so quickly you keep cool and fresh through the hottest match? Of the *new freedom* that saved millions of strokes for golfers last summer? Then what a treat he has ahead of him! The comfort of a *perfect* fit—natural crotch support—and the complete ease of movement that lets you forget you have underwear on . . . A comfort equally satisfying to those who never play golf . . . Try it today! Slip into a Lewis Golf Suit—the only original.



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Brings New Enjoyment to Every Sport

For Active Men in Every Field

Made by the makers of the famous Lewis Union Suits

LEWIS GOLF SUIT

The NEW UNDERWEAR That Gives NEW FREEDOM

GATHER THE ROSE
Continued from page seventy-seven

"Oh, my God!" he cried, as the old and rattling taxicab went through the crowded streets. "Let me be in time. Let me seize this blessed chance to start all over again."

To the rhythm of the engine he found himself—how strange a thing is the brain—fitting the words of an old song which he had heard when he was a boy. "Alas, to seize the moment when heart inclines to heart, and press a suit with passion is not a woman's part. If man come not to gather the roses where they stand, they fade among the foliage, they cannot seek his hand."

But the cab was held up twice—in a narrow street which had not been built for cars, and for the passage in the main canal of a procession of busses and trucks.

"Get on! Get on!" he called out.

And the answer he got was, "How?"

The little woman had seen Sheila as she was leaving the restaurant. If the man who was with her was a good driver and took the shortest way . . .

He couldn't stand this pause. Was it conceivable that his wife was to be the victim of a fleet of motors carrying indifferent people to unessential destinations at such a moment as this? He opened the door and sprang out, thrust some money into the driver's hand, and ran.

There was a car at the door of his house. It was an open car, a two-seater, extremely smart. He had seen the thing before. He knew that it belonged to the most persistent of the numerous men who had been prowling after his wife. Many times he had seen his hat in the hall.

But he had thrown away his latchkey with everything else which would have been so unnecessary in death—papers and personal things, and, especially, all the reminders of his honeymoon. He knocked and rang the bell, though not then with that masterful sense of ownership which he had felt before. He was an interloper now. One who had given up, handed over, gone out, dispossessed himself, and was returned by accident. No, by the mercy of God!

The maid gasped at the sight of him. Two hours ago he had left the place with his luggage and she had heard him give the cab driver the address of a club. She hardly knew this man. He seemed to her to have become unfrozen. There was a light behind his eyes.

That hat was in the hall.

He made a dash for the stairs, heard a laugh in the drawing-room, caught the whiff of Sheila's scent, and made for the bedroom whose door he had neglected to open until he had placed his letter there.

THERE were the invitations to the cocktail parties which went with killing time. But the one in which he had set out his perverted indictments of what he had called Sheila's shortcomings and disloyalties had been taken away.

It was worse than death.

"Oh, God!" he said to himself. "She is not to be let off. My punishment is to be made to see the agony of this girl."

Was it? Was he to find his hell in life and to work out his sentence for wrongdoing in a house in which—not home—his return had come too late?

There was laughter in the drawing-room—and the smell of a cigar.

Sheila was standing near the window. The inevitable cigarette was dangling from her lips. She had pitched her hat onto the sofa and the sun was on her hair. They were rivals in gold. Her mouth was as red as usual, and there were dabs of rouge on her cheeks, but she looked drawn and nerve-wracked and there was a queer new line on her young forehead which Bracknell had never seen. She was not then on the defensive because she had not heard his step. She was not pretending with fine courage and pride to be perfectly happy and indifferent, as he had forced her to do. And so he saw her for the first time as he had made her, unhappy and hurt. It came as a blinding shock. She was laughing in order to comply with the requirements of today. Everybody must laugh. The eager man was being kept off by the barrier of her hand. In the other she held the letter. It had not been opened yet.

Bracknell's first impulse was to possess himself of it before it could be read; his second to grab that man by the scruff of the neck, run him to the door, and hurl him down the stairs; and it is certain that he would have done so if he had not come straight back from the hard blows of truth. He had seen himself in the Embro estimate and it wasn't nice. And so he hauled himself under control. It was not easy because Fyffe, who was trying to kiss Sheila, was, of the numerous men who had been hoping to take advantage of her loneliness and misery, the one he detested most.

His "Hallo" had in it a note of geniality so new that Sheila turned in surprise. She was, in any case, astonished to see him, because she had been told by the servants that he had gone away.

"You?" she said. "But— Why have you come back?"

"I have changed my plans. All of them. Everything's changed. How are you, Fyffe?"

To the expert philanderer Bracknell was merely a husband, one to whom a wife had ceased to be a hobby, or who had been dropped by his wife. He had noticed him in the background, aloof and contemptuous. He had always seemed to him to be of less account in that house than the hunting prints on the stairs. Then why, all of a sudden, this friendliness? And why on earth had he chosen this moment in which to play the belated host? He had congratulated himself that his own hunt was nearing its end. "Curse the fellow," he said to himself, but muttered conventional words. Habit is hard to shake off.

WITH a curious excitement and even gayety Bracknell caught this attitude, said things about the weather, and then went into a description of the people with whom he had lunched.

Sheila was amazed.

And Fyffe became more and more bored. He resented this man's presence. What was he playing at? Why should he come to life without encouragement from having been ectoplasm? He was badly in the way.

It seemed to Sheila that some strange thing had happened to the earth. . . . Here was the man again with whom she had fallen in love. Here was the Oliver of those sunny days at Antibes—eager, kind, considerate, responsive, open to the eye—not the strange frozen person who had shut himself up in his room and treated her desire to be happy with the most bitter contempt. Here was the Oliver who had looked at her with admiration and tenderness, and not the queer unapproachable man who had seemed to read into her laughter deceit and trickery. . . . Had a miracle happened? Had an angelic vibration touched his heart? Why this letter, too? Was it possible that he had either seen or been made to see how deplorably he had misread her thoughts and acts, and that it had been written under the sudden emotion of shame? If only that were so! He had driven her to the very edge of a moral abyss.

With a curious shyness, with a boyish desire to permit Sheila to recover from her surprise before he humbled himself, Bracknell encouraged Fyffe. He insisted on making him perfectly comfortable and rang the bell for drinks. It put Fyffe into the most suspicious frame of mind. There must be something in this—cocktails, perhaps, or champagne. He had never seen such a change in any man before.

During this peculiar monologue, this astonishing effort to make himself pleasant and companionable in a room which he had always left to Sheila and her friends, Bracknell eyed that ghastly letter and was thinking of ways, all awkward, by which he could get it back. If he allowed his wife to read it, it would act like a knife in her heart. Every single word of it had been calculated to kill.

And then Sheila found her voice. "Where were you going this morning? How long were you going to be? Why didn't you let me know?" A dozen questions.

with accumulating amazement, and a total forgetfulness of Fyffe's presence which began to fill him with rage.

"What, I should like to know," Fyffe said to himself, "becomes of all my work? Horse, horse, play with me. . . . I might as well be a portrait of a stranger in a frame."

Bracknell caught all this and felt a certain glee. Conceited, complacent ass! He'd show him where he stood! . . . But the letter must not be read. Into that blue room of his madness Sheila *must not go.*

With a really excellent casualness he went to where she was standing with a box of cigarettes. "Let me relieve you of that," he said. "It's not worth opening. I'm hopeless with a pen."

But Sheila kept the letter. "I'm going to read it," she said. Her observation was keen, and it was quite obvious to her that he was in a state, for all his camouflage, of intense anxiety. His eyes had been on that letter from the moment that he had arrived.

And so he laughed as well as he could. "All right," he said, "but as it simply answers your question, why not tear it up?"

The curiosity that goes with a woman had been born in her. She put it behind her. "I collect your letters," she said. "I have a feeling that this is going to be the finest specimen."

What was he to do? Even if Fyffe had left them together, he couldn't struggle with her. Even in the days that he wanted to wipe out, his efforts to control had not been physical. His brutality had been mental, which was infinitely worse. He turned to Fyffe again. "Any ideas?" he asked, a little clumsily. He was not used to killing time in the usual social way.

In the manner of a vicious horse Fyffe raised his upper lip. "I have a very definite idea that I'm in your way," he said. "I'm not a bit a good hand in these connubial scenes. So long, Sheila dear, see you some day soon." He waved his hand, murmured inward blasphemies, and sauntered to the door. He was very neat and well waisted and his mustache was wonderful.

"I'll ring you up later," said Sheila. "We'll dine again and dance."

But Fyffe was halfway down the stairs.

WHEREUPON Bracknell said a most astounding thing. "Not tonight, darling, if you don't mind. You're dining and dancing with me."

Before Sheila could turn away, her eyes had filled with tears. Not for eighteen months had he spoken to her like that. . . . "What have I done? What's happened to you? I simply don't understand? Does this letter explain your transformation?" She opened it to see.

"Don't read it!" he cried out. "Please, for God's sake!"

"Why not? Who are you considering? Yourself—or me?"

"You—you! Strange as it may seem. Be supremely generous and tear that letter up. Otherwise . . . "

"What? Go on."

"I shall see something in your face that will be worse than death," he said.

His face was white, and there was something in his eyes which told her that this was true. She held the letter out.

He bent and kissed her hand and tore the letter to bits. The word "humble"—that new word—dominated his brain. "Thanks," he said very simply. "By the grace of God and your goodness, that gives me the chance I need."

"What chance?" She hung upon his words.

"To make amends to you—to wipe out all my jealousy, intolerance, conceit, and disbelief, which have made me inhuman, insane. . . . But I love you, and I'm sorry and ashamed. If it's possible for you to forgive me and let me begin again, I'll give the whole of my life—every hour and minute—to make you forget what I've done. Can you do such a thing—or have I come back too late?"

She fell into his arms.

"If man come not to gather the roses where they stand . . ."

THE END

"Each morning I now wake, vibrantly alive, eager to begin another day," says Mrs. Ethel Hickman of Prescott, Arizona. "But it was not always thus!

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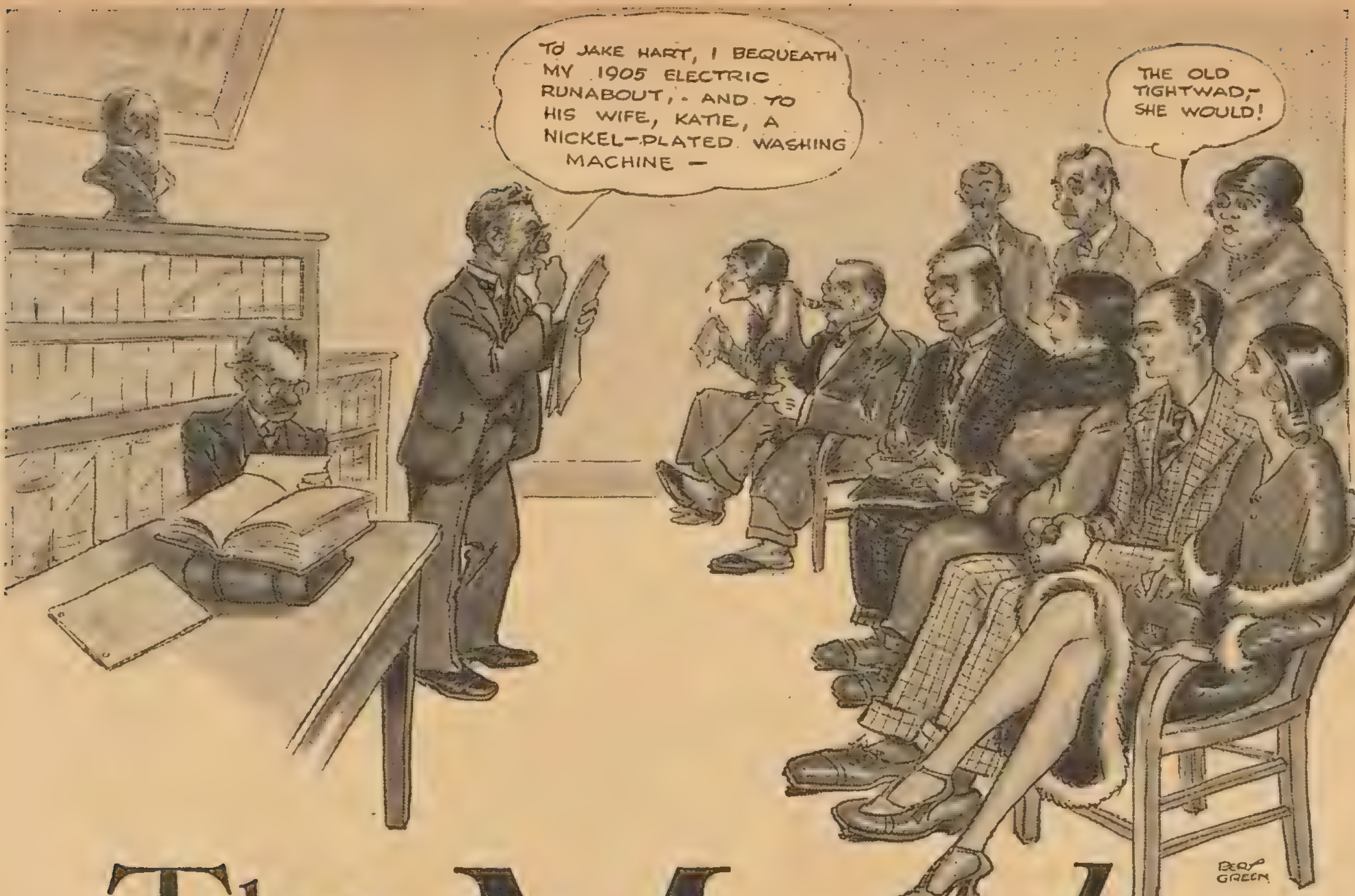

TO JAKE HART, I BEQUEATH MY 1905 ELECTRIC RUNABOUT, - AND TO HIS WIFE, KATIE, A NICKEL-PLATED WASHING MACHINE —
THE OLD TIGHTWAD,- SHE WOULD!
BERT GREEN

The Macks

Their Ship Comes In

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

IN case you were too busy yawning over the last installment of the Macks, I just want to let you know what's going on, otherwise you might turn over and get a good night's sleep.

This happens to be the *big day* for the Mack family. They have to appear at the lawyer's office and listen to the will being read. They expect to be left money; how much, if any, they don't know. It so happens that they were up and out of bed long before the ten-cent alarm clock broke out of its brassière. In fact, the milkman's horse was still working on its cereal, and the sparrows hadn't even had their ham and eggs yet. If you doubt my word, get out your handkerchief and tune in.

BUDDY MACK, who designs and builds the frosted chocolates for Mr. Leggitt, was the first member of the household to bounce out of bed. He would! He's been driving a straight eight—in his mind—ever since he heard his old man was about to inherit some heavy dough.

"Come on there, you folks!" yelled the sheik, banging on everybody's door. "Out you go! This is the *big day*."

"That's right," murmured Peg, the heart-smasher of the neighborhood. "It won't be long now before I'll be tellin' the boss I'm through!"

"Atta girl, Peg!" nodded her brother. "This goin' against the work business is crowdin' my nerves!"

"*Your* nerves?" inquired the vamp. "Don't be ridick! You don't call jerkin' soda *work*, do you?"

"How d'ya get that way?" insisted Bud. "I suppose *you* think you're the queen's eyebrows just because you wreck the carbon paper in a doggy bank. Behave, sister! Behave!"

An hour later the Macks had finished their breakfast and were putting the finishing touches to their wardrobe. Mrs. Mack, having had her hair waved for the occasion, nearly lost the waves trying to Houdini herself into a new $19.95 sensation that Peggy risked her life buying in a marked-down, dragged-out bargain sale.

Finding it a difficult matter to force her stylish-stout figure into a broadcloth mailing tube, something drastic had to be done. Ma Mack's diaphragm not being on speaking terms with the eighteen-day diet, compelled her to dig into the family trunk and resurrect a pair of old ironsides that had not been worn since Peggy's graduation.

Between pa and ma, Peggy had a tough time. As soon as they had ma laced in like the two chummy ends of a bologna, the rope broke and ma slipped out. Pa Mack had to dig into the closet and lace her up with an old fishline. Finally, when they had her pulled in, hooked up, and what not, she looked like a débutante thirty years late for the altar. Honest, she had more curves than a camel.

As for the old man— Brother, he was immense! He resembled a cross between a senator from the corn belt and a medical man who doubles in a side show.

Oh, and Buddy! He had on a two-flight theatrical cut that would stop a flesh-and-blood angel in her footsteps.

And you should have seen Peggy. When she got through wrestling with the old folks she had just enough time left to drag her form through a caped ensemble that would throw a blind man. One look at her and the traffic lights turned red.

BY eight o'clock the family had everything on but the piano front. At 8:05 the phone rang and Peggy grabbed it.

"Hello, hello. . . . Yes. . . . Well, of all things! We haven't seen you in ages. . . . Why, sure! . . . Yes. . . . O. K., we'll be ready. . . . Goo'by."

"Listen, angel face," inquired Buddy. "Who the deuce was that? I suppose it was that two-time clothes rack of yours that sports the raccoon coat?"

"Don't be scenario," ordered Peg. "You're right—you're wrong again!! It happened to be Uncle Jake. He wants to drive us down to the lawyer's office. Can you trump that?"

"Well, of all the gall!" roared the old man. "He didn't even know we were alive for the past ten years!"

"You said a spoonful!" butts in Bud. "He's just percolatin' around now because he's afraid we're goin' to get a bigger chunk than he gets."

"He would!" popped Peggy. "He's just the type! And what a pain in the instep he's married to. Of all the secondhand wives! That dame played first base on Brigham Young's baseball team."

Just then the doorbell rang and in blew Jake.

"Well, how's everybody? Are you ready?" piped Jake, as though he'd seen them every day of his life.

"You said it," chorused the troupe.

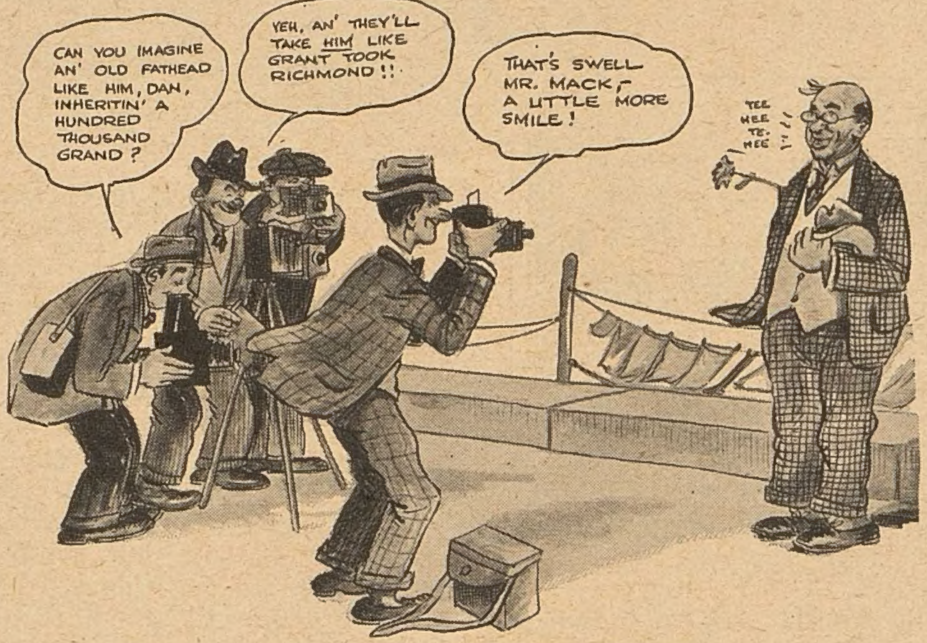
A few moments later the Mack family were on their way to the lawyer's office in Jake's 1924 Dodge.

"This is a very sad affair," murmured Ma Mack as they were winding their way through the traffic.

"Yes, an' Nellie Stub was such a good soul, too," returned Jake, never having seen her in his life. "She'd give her shirt away if she thought you needed it."

"How well did *you* know her?" questioned Peg.

"Know her? Why, she and me were the best of pals! We were practically inseparable when we were young."


CAN YOU IMAGINE AN' OLD FATHEAD LIKE HIM, DAN, INHERITIN' A HUNDRED THOUSAND GRAND?
YEH, AN' THEY'LL TAKE HIM LIKE GRANT TOOK RICHMOND!!
THAT'S SWELL MR. MACK,— A LITTLE MORE SMILE!
TEE HEE TE. HEE

A few minutes later the family entered the law offices of Hookum, Dooem & Chiselem and were escorted to the front seats by a Mr. Skinner.

At ten o'clock sharp, Mr. Dooem walked in and in a very dignified way addressed the prospective customers.

"LADIES and gentlemen," he began, "I suppose you folks all know each other and were related to the late Nellie Stub. Although this is a very sad thing to do, I am called upon, as Miss Stub's lawyer, to read you the contents of her will. Everybody must die sooner or later, and we should be happy in the thought that some of us were not forgotten by her."

With that, he drew forth from a manila envelope the sealed will and opened it. Everybody looked at one another in silence. You could have heard a fly walking on a bald head. The lawyer continued:

"'I, Nellie Stub, being of sound mind and memory and considering the uncertainty of this frail and transitory life, do, therefore, make, ordain, publish, and declare this to be my last will and testament. That is to say: First, after all my lawful debts are paid and discharged, I give to Mary Stub, my sister, $10,000 and all my personal effects; to Harry Stub of North Dakota, $5,000; to Susan Stub, his wife, $200; to Henry Stub, Pencil Stub, and Edith Stub of Arizona, $2,000 each; to Otto Cruse of New York, a painting of Washington crossing the Delaware; to my maid, Mamie Grogan, $2,500; to Maurice Wurz of New York, a marble bust of Lincoln; to Jake Hart, my 1905 electric runabout; and to his wife, Katie, a nickel-plated washing machine; to Thomas Mack, the only relative my dog wouldn't bite, $100,000; to his wife, Sarah, $5,000; to Peggy Mack, $2,000; and to Buddy Mack, her brother, $1 for the comic valentine he sent me years ago; to Harry Mould, Charles Porter, Arthur Erickson, and Lew Cody, a model T Ford between them.

"'Likewise, I make, constitute, and appoint Hookem, Dooem & Chiselem to be the executors of this my last will and testament.

"'(signed) NELLIE STUB.'"

Well, as soon as the will had been read, the talk among the relatives sounded like a riot in the madhouse annex. Nellie Stub, who had been the dearest, sweetest thing before the reading of the will, became a miserly, tight-fisted old maid before the finish.

"Did you hear what she left me?" stammered Jake Hart to his wife. "A 1905 electric runabout that's been so long out of date that they plant flowers in 'em."

"WHAT are you squawkin' about?" roared his shot and shell. "Why, the old fool left me a nickel-plated washin' machine. No wonder she died an old maid. No man would have her except a guy with pencils and a tin cup. Say, did you ever see her in a bathin' suit? Honest, she looked like a golf bag thrown overboard."

While the relatives were battling, the Mack family moved quietly out into the street and hailed a 15 and 5. As the cab drew in at the entrance of the flat, a bevy of news photographers from the afternoon "tabs" hopped on the running board like flies. The spokesman for the crowd singled out Mr. Mack, saying:

"Mr. Mack, we represent the afternoon newspapers, and we not only want to congratulate you upon the money that's been left you, but we want to take your picture."

"My picture?" smiled the old man, leaning heavy on the school-girl complex on. "Why—er—you don't want—"

And before he had finished, Peggy grabbed him by the arm and said:

"Sure, you're goin' to have your picture taken, pa. Think what it all means to the neighbors."

After that the old man was led to the roof and posed among the clotheslines. He was so dumb looking that a front-page cut would have sold out the news stands.

After the newspaper men had left and the excitement had died down, Pa Mack put his arms around his wife and said:

"Well, Sarah dear, we're *rich!!* We got money, fame, and everything!"

"Yes, and it's been a long, hard struggle, Tom."

"I'm rich, too!" chimed in Peg, putting on her hat and coat. "You just watch me step!"

"Sure, so am I," sighed Buddy Mack. "I've got one buck. I don't know whether to go out and buy that straight eight or a handful of peppermint sticks."

"Don't be silly," replied ma, trying to soothe them. "They'll be plenty to go around."

At that moment Peggy and ma were standing at the front door ready to go out.

"Where are you two going?" inquired pa.

"We're goin' down to the beauty parlor. Ma's goin' to have a facial and a boyish bob!!"

And *bang* went the front door.

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A Little Spartan

We had to face the north wind, coming home from a visit to a near-by neighbor on a cold winter night. Little Alden trudged along without a word. His father asked him if he was cold.

"No, I'm not; but, boy, that wind sure is!" he answered.—Ann A. Schneider, Scottsdale, Ariz.

* * *

"Out of the Mouths of Babes"

Certain members of the congregation desired to have their minister ousted and insisted on reading a petition to that effect while the pastor was preaching.

Johnny, the pastor's small son, tugged at his mother's dress and said, "Ma, this is no way for Christians to act."—J. T. Stobbs, Santa Rita, N. M.

Asparagus Tips

By

ETHEL SOMERS

GREEN vegetables, with their helpful vitamin content, valuable minerals, and ideal roughage, are coming more and more into the limelight. Reputable dietists and medical men insist on at least one serving of green vegetables daily. Asparagus is rich in valuable properties, a real vegetable aristocrat.

Two Healthful Methods of Cooking Asparagus

CARELESS cooking of green vegetables may be the means of robbing your family of a part—even as high as 30 per cent—of the much needed mineral food, as well as the pleasure derived from superior flavors. To insure excellence in asparagus service be sure to select *fresh* asparagus, indicated by the fact that the cut ends are not yet dried. Ideally, asparagus is cooked soon after gathering. The cooking process must be rapid and involve little contact with water. Waterless cooking, steam cooking in a very little water, or in a double boiler over water, or *en casserole* are ideal methods. If overcooked the color is destroyed.

One large bunch of asparagus weighs approximately two pounds and will make six servings.

Method No. 1

Tie the thoroughly cleaned asparagus in uniform bundles and steam over boiling water until tender (fifteen to thirty minutes, depending on the age and freshness of the asparagus). Many cooks prefer to stand the bundles upright for the first of the steaming and lay them flat for the last five minutes, when a fork will easily pierce the stalk.

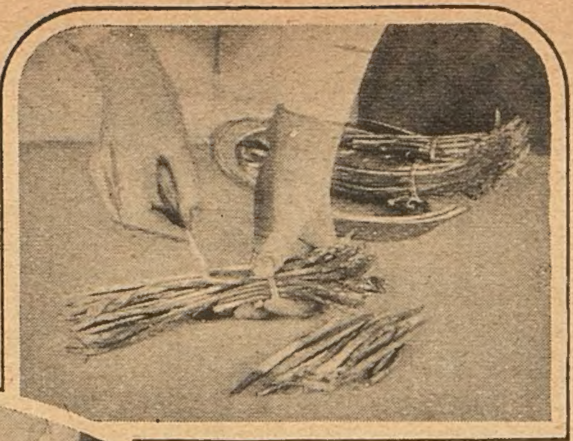
Method No. 2

Naturally the tender or budding end of the asparagus cooks more quickly than the main body of the stalk. Place the cleaned butts in a half cup of boiling water (or steam over boiling water) and cook until they begin to be tender. Add the tips and cook five minutes more.

Buttered Asparagus

1 pint cooked asparagus
2 tablespoons melted butter, or 3 tablespoons browned butter prepared by cooking and stirring over a low flame

ARRANGE the cooked hot asparagus on a hot platter with the heads all one way. Garnish with a strip of pimiento which may appear to tie the asparagus together. Pour the butter over the top. Serve hot.



Discard all below where the tips break off sharply.

Asparagus butts may be cooked first and the tips added later.

Cook asparagus bunches upright for about fifteen minutes, then flat for five.

Broiled Asparagus

2 to 3 pounds asparagus
½ cup crumbs
2 tablespoons melted butter
½ cup grated American cheese

TIE the cleaned asparagus in six bundles suitable in size for individual service. Steam until it is tender. Arrange on a broiling rack. Sprinkle with the crumbs which have been thoroughly blended with the melted butter. Then sprinkle with the cheese and place in a broiling oven about two inches below a high flame.

Watch closely, as the asparagus will brown in two or three minutes. When browned, remove to a hot serving platter or the individual plates. Before carrying to the table, garnish with a strip of pimiento. Serve plain or with hot cream sauce.

AS high as 30 per cent of the nourishment in vegetables may be killed by incorrect cooking. Remove this hazard and at the same time keep appetites eager for these vital foods by using the variegated list of vegetable recipes in Miss Somers' booklets. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Send for them now. And please use the coupon.

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Asparagus as a Main Dish

¼ cup butter or substitute
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup cream, evaporated milk, or rich milk
⅔ cup water in which asparagus was cooked
1 cup cheese cubes (American cheese preferred)
4 egg yolks or 2 eggs
6 hard-cooked eggs
2 pounds asparagus

FIRST, melt the butter. Stir in the flour, salt, and pepper, and when a smooth paste is formed, slowly stir in the cream and asparagus liquor. Boil and stir three minutes and then place over boiling water. Continue the cooking ten to fifteen minutes longer and then stir in the lightly beaten eggs. Add the hard-cooked eggs, cheese, and asparagus and serve on toast triangles or pour into an oiled casserole and bake uncovered in a moderately hot oven (400° F.) until delicately browned, about twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Cream of Asparagus Soup

1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1/16 teaspoon pepper
1 pound cooked asparagus
3 cups liquid (preferably 1 cup cream or evaporated milk, plus 1 cup milk, plus 1 cup water in which asparagus was cooked)

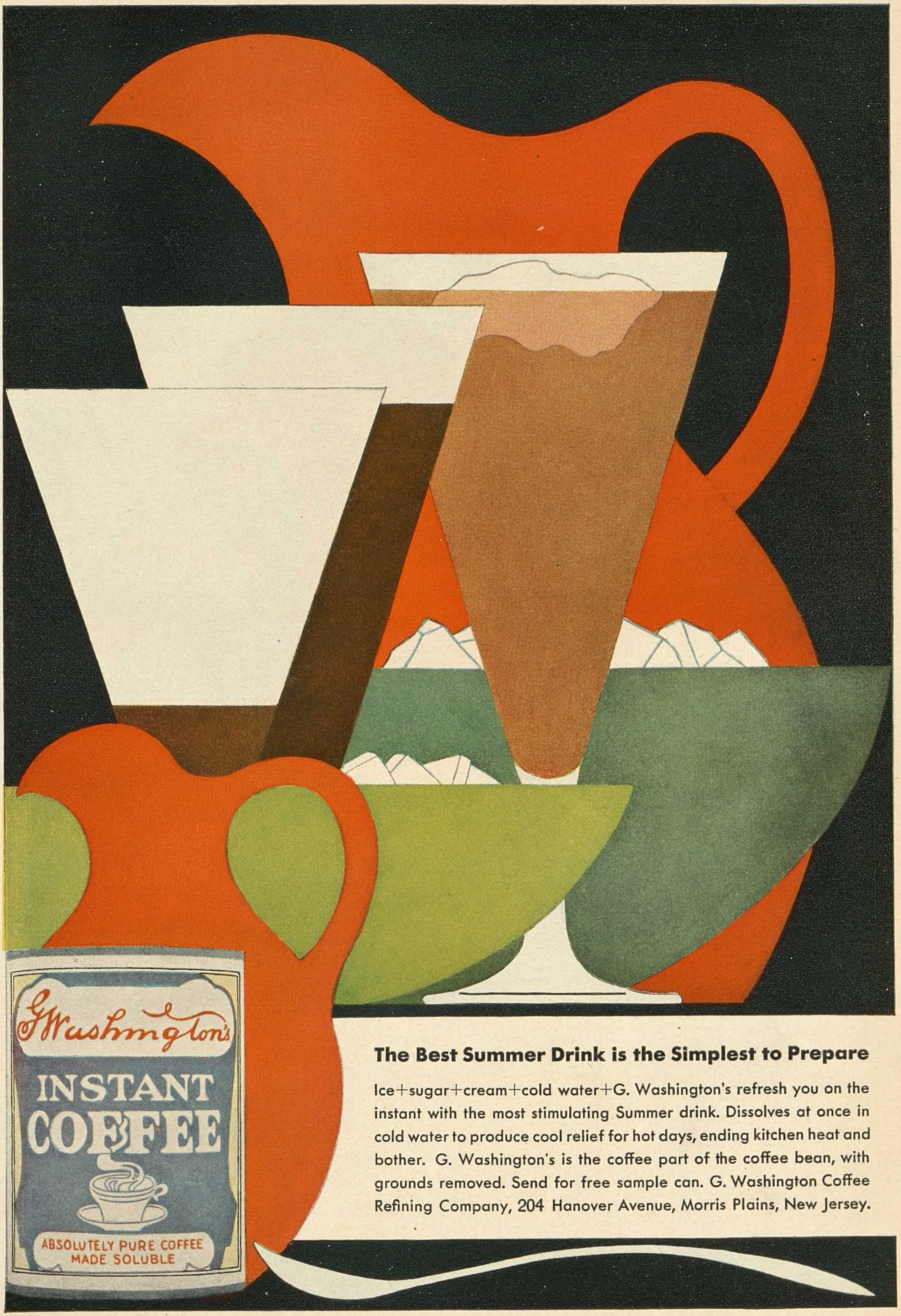
MELT the butter. Stir in the flour, salt, and pepper, and when mixed smooth slowly stir in half of the liquid. Boil and stir for three minutes or until slightly thickened. Then cook over boiling water for at least fifteen minutes longer. Add the remaining liquid and the cooked asparagus which has been rubbed through a sieve to form a purée. Serve piping hot with crackers or croutons.

Pickled Left-Over Asparagus

1 cup vinegar
½ tablespoon mixed pickling spice
2 strips red pepper, if desired
2 bay leaves
¼ onion sliced, if desired
2 tablespoons sugar
1½ cups left-over asparagus

IF a milder pickle is desired, cider may be substituted for the vinegar. Heat all the ingredients except the asparagus to boiling and cook at least five minutes to blend the seasonings. (If cider is used, boil for fifteen minutes with the spices.)

Pour while hot over the left-over asparagus, and after cooling keep in a covered dish in the refrigerator.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